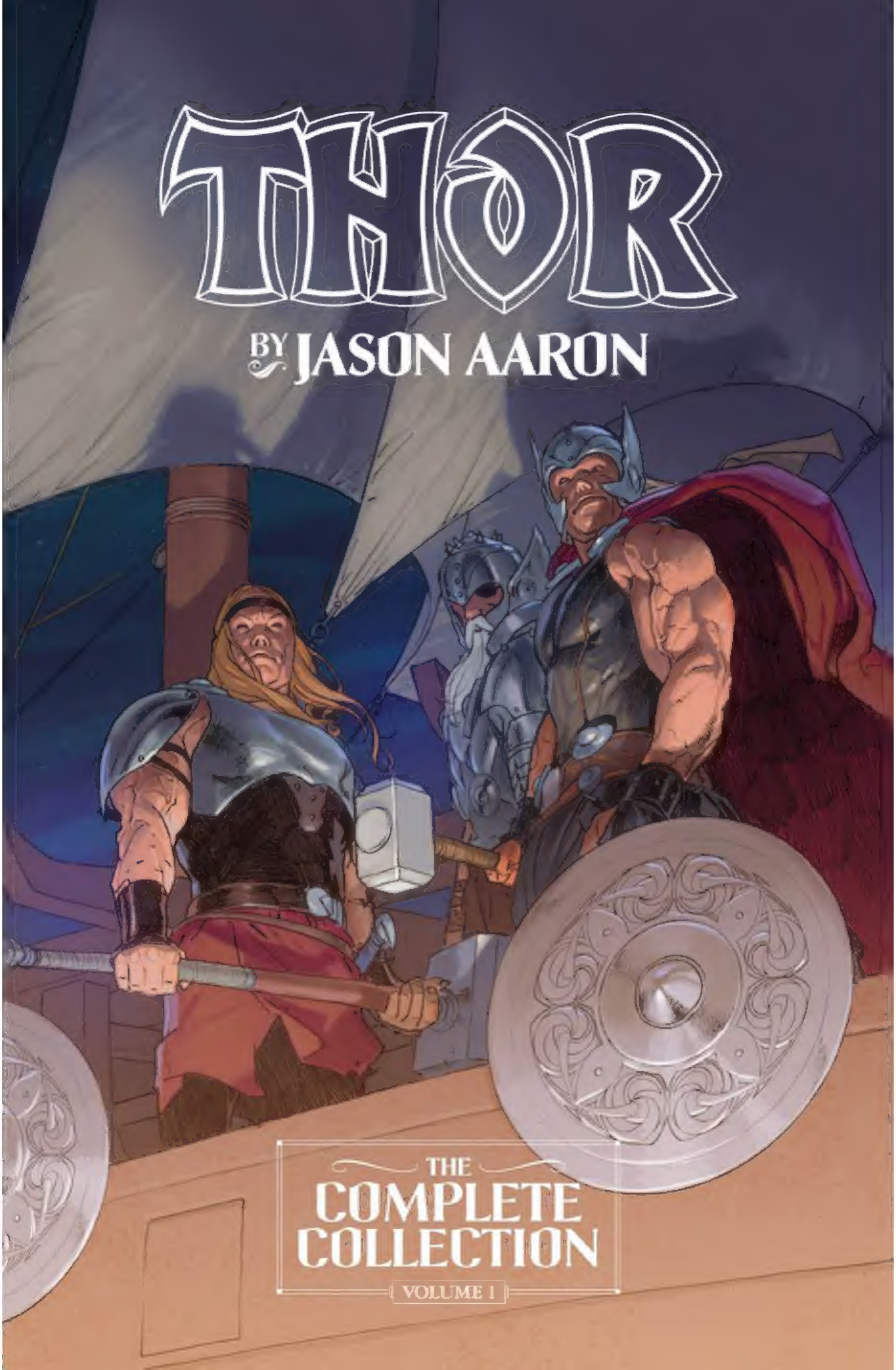
MARVEL
THOR
BY JASON AARON
THE COMPLETE COLLECTION
VOLUME 1
ESAD RIBIĆ · RON GARNEY · IVE SVORCINA


THOR
BY JASON AARON
THE
COMPLETE
COLLECTION
VOLUME 1

THE COMPLETE COLLECTION
VOLUME 1

THOR: GOD OF THUNDER #1-5 & #7-11
ARTIST Esad Ribić
COLOR ARTISTS Dean White (#1) & Ive Svorcina (#2-5 & #7-11)

THOR: GOD OF THUNDER #6
PENCILER Butch Guice
INKER Tom Palmer
COLOR ARTIST Ive Svorcina

THOR: GOD OF THUNDER #12
ARTIST Nic Klein

THOR: GOD OF THUNDER #13-17
ARTISTS Ron Garney with Ema Lupacchino (#15-17)
COLOR ARTISTS Ive Svorcina with Lee Loughridge (#14)

THOR: GOD OF THUNDER #18
ARTIST Das Pastoras

LETTERER VC's Joe Sabino
COVER ART Esad Ribić (#1, 2-3, 4-10, 11, 12, AND 18) Ron Garney & Ive Svorcina (#13-17)
ASSISTANT EDITORS Jake Thomas & Joe Moisan
EDITOR Lauren Sankovitch

THOR CREATED BY STAN LEE, LARRY LIEBER & JACK KIRBY
COLLECTION EDITOR JENNIFER GRÜNWALD
ASSISTANT EDITOR CAITLIN O'CONNELL
ASSOCIATE MANAGING EDITOR KATERI WOODY
EDITOR, SPECIAL PROJECTS MARK D. BEAZLEY
VP PRODUCTION & SPECIAL PROJECTS JEFF YOUNGQUIST
SVP PRINT, SALES & MARKETING DAVID GABRIEL
BOOK DESIGNER JAY BOWEN
DIGITAL MANAGER PRODUCTION RAE SHIRIN S
DIGITAL PRODUCTION ANNIE CHENG
EDITOR IN CHIEF C.B. CEBULSKI • CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER JOE QUESADA
PRESIDENT DAN BUCKLEY • EXECUTIVE PRODUCER ALAN FINE

© 2015 MARVEL. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the USA.

1

A WORLD WITHOUT GODS

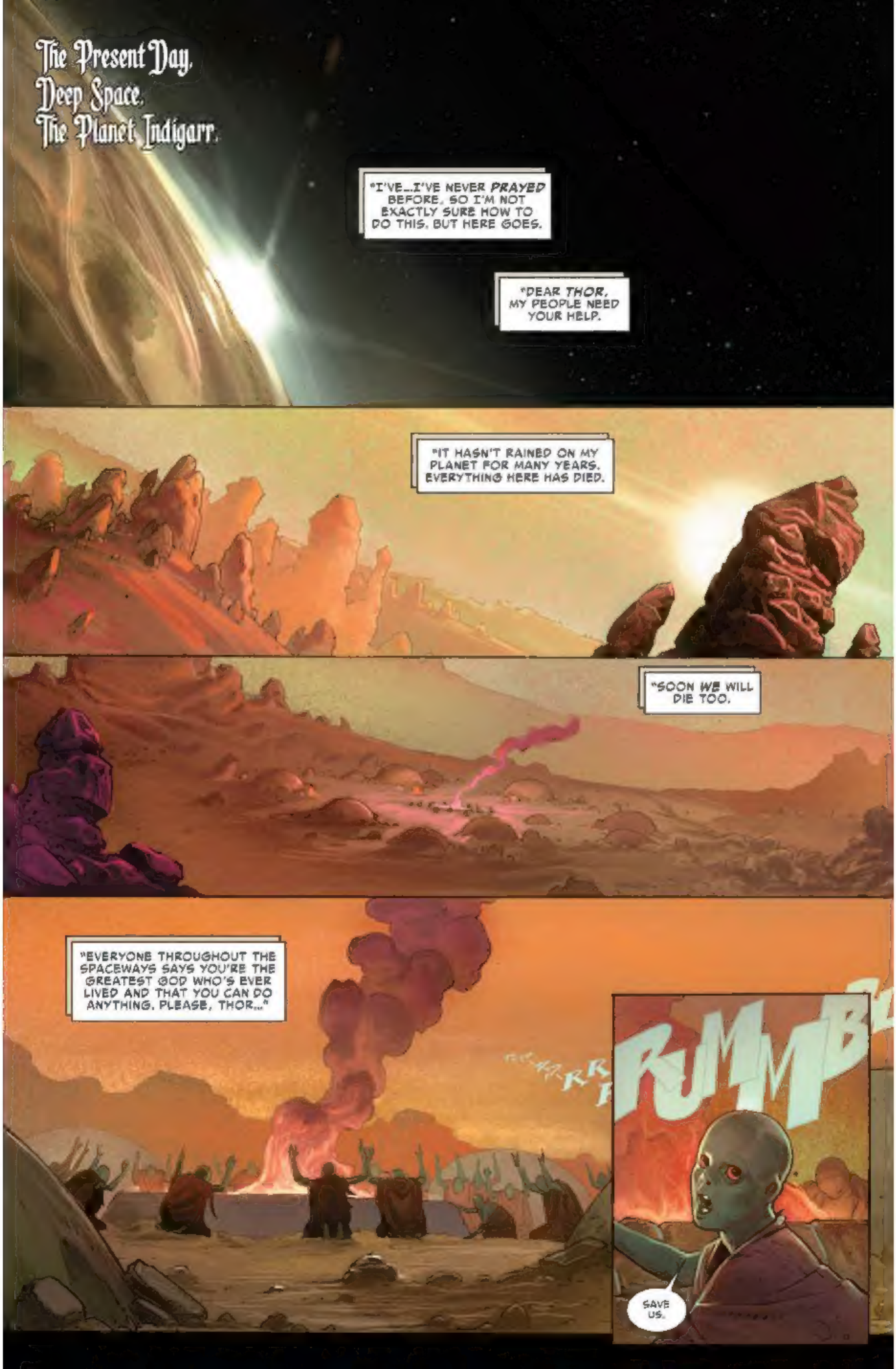
893 A.D.
Earth.
The Western Coast of Iceland.
The FROST GIANT had terrorized these people for weeks. It had eaten three goats, four dogs and two children.
The mothers in the village prayed for help from the gods. And help they did receive.
I led a group of twenty men, tracking the giant to its den in the highlands. It battled us for hours, swinging trees and hurling boulders. Many vikings found their way to Valhalla.
until my AXE hacked its guts to bloody slush and lopped off its head.
That was four days ago. Since then I have eaten more goats than the Frost Giant, drank enough mead to drown a dozen sailors and made love to half the women in the village.
I am THOR ODINSON. God of thunder. Prince of Asgard. Heir to the throne of the realm eternal.
I LOVE my life.

AARRGHH
A CRY IN THE NIGHT. PLEASE LET IT BE ANOTHER GIANT.
THERE'S SOMEONE IN THE WATER! A DEVIL MAN! I SAW HIS FACE!
THE GIRL SPEAKS THE TRUTH. THERE'S SOMEONE THERE ALL RIGHT.
OR AT LEAST... WHAT'S LEFT OF THEM.
RED CHUNKS HAVE BEEN WASHING UP FOR HOURS NOW, ALL ALONG THE SHORE.
POOR BASTARD MUST HAVE FALLEN OFF A SHIP AND BEEN TORN APART ON THE ROCKS. IS HE FROM OUR VILLAGE?
HEL, IT COULD BE MY FATHER FOR ALL I KNOW. THERE'S NOT ENOUGH LEFT OF THE FOOL TO TELL MUCH OF ANYTHING.
NOT SO. I CAN TELL YOU ONE THING FOR CERTAIN...

HE WAS NOT FROM OUR VILLAGE.
I HAVE HEARD TELL OF FEATHERED MEN SUCH AS THIS. FROM NORSEMEN WHO CLAIM TO HAVE SAILED ON ACROSS THE SEA, TOWARD THE EDGE OF THE WORLD.
YOU ARE HALF RIGHT, ULFAR SON OF ORN. OUR VISITOR IS INDEED FROM ACROSS THE WATER. BUT I DO NOT BELIEVE HE IS A MAN AT ALL.
LORD THOR, PRAY TELL...
WHAT DO YOU SEE WHEN YOU LOOK INTO THOSE EYES?
HE WAS A GOD.

A GOD? ODIN'S BEARD.
BUT...WHAT COULD HAVE DONE *THIS* TO A GOD? EVEN A HEATHEN ONE FROM ACROSS THE SEA?
MUST HAVE BEEN A *SEA SERPENT*. ONLY THING IT COULD HAVE BEEN.
LOOK AT THAT FLESH. THERE'S NOT A BITE ON HIM. HE WASN'T EATEN. HE WAS *BUTCHERED*.
WHAT IN ALL THE NINE WORLDS...CAN BUTCHER A *GOD*?
WHATEVER IT WAS, I GUARANTEE YOU ITS SKULL IS NO MATCH FOR *ASGARDIAN STEEL!*
COME NOW, NORSEMEN. WHY STAND WE HERE WITH THE DEAD WHEN YOU'VE A LONGHOUSE FILLED WITH COLD MEAD AND WARM WOMEN? THOR FOR ONE HAS YET TO DRINK HIS FILL OF *EITHER!*
BOY.
FETCH SOME WOOD.
ENOUGH TO BUILD A *FUNERAL PYRE*.

A BUTCHERED GOD. TELL ME, MY LORD, HAVE YOU EVER SEEN *ANYTHING* SUCH AS THIS?
I'VE SEEN WAR IN THE HEAVENS. I'VE SEEN GODS SUFFER AND BLEED. I'VE SEEN IMMORTAL FATHERS SUBJECT THEIR OWN SONS TO TORMENTS YOU COULD NEVER IMAGINE. I'VE SEEN HEL ITSELF. BUT *NO*...
I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THE *HORROR* IN THIS GOD'S EYES.
TO WHAT GODS DO YOU *PRAY*, OLD WOMAN?
ALL OF THEM.


The Present Day.
Deep Space.
The Planet Indigarr.
"I'VE...I'VE NEVER PRAYED BEFORE. SO I'M NOT EXACTLY SURE HOW TO DO THIS. BUT HERE GOES.
"DEAR THOR, MY PEOPLE NEED YOUR HELP.
"IT HASN'T RAINED ON MY PLANET FOR MANY YEARS. EVERYTHING HERE HAS DIED.
"SOON WE WILL DIE TOO.
"EVERYONE THROUGHOUT THE SPACEWAYS SAYS YOU'RE THE GREATEST GOD WHO'S EVER LIVED AND THAT YOU CAN DO ANYTHING. PLEASE, THOR..."
RRR
RUMBL
SAVE US.

KRA KOOM
I HEAR THE PRAYER FROM A UNIVERSE AWAY ACROSS THE COSMOS, I BRING WITH ME THE STORM.
KA POOM
I CRACK THE GROUND 'TIL WATER GUSHES FORTH I CARVE RIVERS WHERE ONCE WAS DESERT
I AM THOR. WARRIOR OF ASGARD. AVENGER OF EARTH. AND I SWEAR BY ALL THAT IS HOLY
NO ONE WILL DIE HERE TODAY.

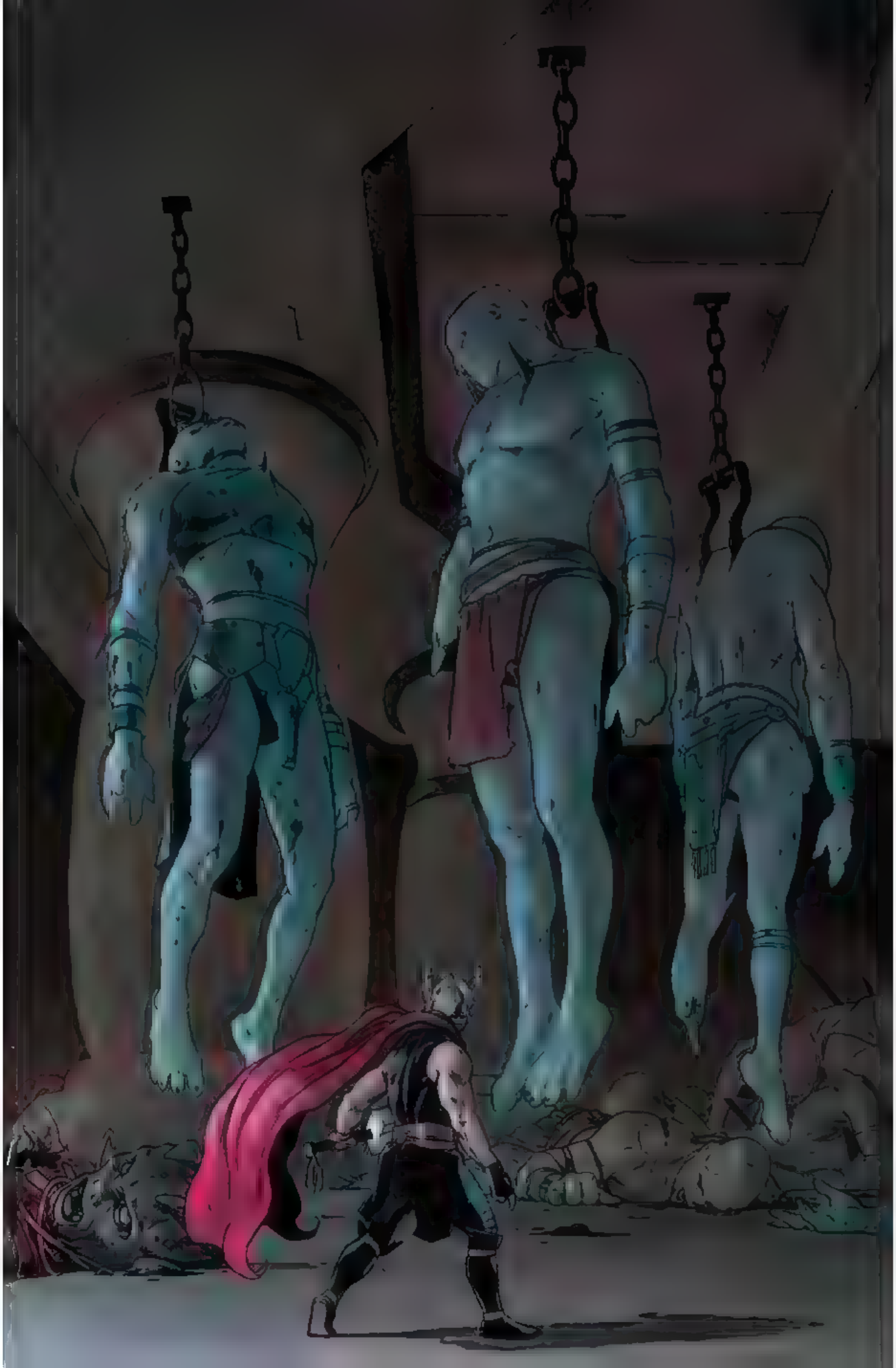
YOU CAME. I NEVER DREAMED YOU ACTUALLY WOULD.
I HEARD YOUR PRAYER, LITTLE ONE. AND WHAT KIND OF GOD WOULD I BE IF I DID NOT ANSWER PRAYERS?
NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME. THERE IS ALWAYS SOMEONE SOMEWHERE IN NEED OF SMITING WITH A VERY LARGE HAMMER AND THOR IS ALWAYS HAPPY TO OBLIGE.
PLEASE, STAY. WE HAVEN'T MUCH, BUT WHAT WE HAVE IS YOURS. OUR COOKS DO WONDROUS THINGS WITH ROCK WORM AND SCAB BARK. AND WE BREW THE FINEST CAVE SLIME ALE IN ALL THE SYSTEM
SO THERE I WAS, RIDING A CHARIOT PULLED BY FLYING GOATS WITH 300 ANGRY STORM GIANTS IN PURSUIT, AND ME LAUGHING ALL THE WHILE.
WHEN AT LAST I CROSSED THE RAINBOW BRIDGE AND BEHELD THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SIGHT IN ALL THE NINE REALMS ..
I'M SORRY BUT I SIMPLY MUST ..
...DID YOU SAY ALE?
ASGARD
GOLDEN CITY OF THE GODS. WHERE ALL-FATHER ODIN AND NOBLE QUEEN FREYJA TOGETHER RULED THE HEAVENS SURROUNDED BY AN ARMY OF THE BRAVEST WARRIORS TO HAVE EVER HEFTED A SWORD.
ARE THERE DRAGONS THERE TOO?
DRAGONS? YES, SOMETIMES. PLUS ELVES AND DWARVES AND THE OCCASIONAL TROLL OR TWO.
BUT MOSTLY JUST GODS. THE FINEST GODS WHO'VE EVER LIVED.
[redacted] THAN THERE ARE STARS IN THE SKY.

WE OWE YOU OUR LIVES, LORD THOR.
YOU OWE THE GIRL. IT WAS HER PRAYER THAT BROUGHT ME HERE. BUT TELL ME, ELDER WHY DID SHE NOT PRAY TO HER OWN GODS?
SLEEP SOUNDLY YOUNG ONE MAY THE EYES OF ASGARD BE EVER UPON YOU.
HER OWN GODS? I DON'T UNDERSTAND. HERE ON MIDGARR WE HAVE NO GODS.
NO GODS? IN ALL MY TRAVELS, I HAVE NEVER KNOWN OF A WORLD WITHOUT GODS.
WHEN I WAS A CHILD, MY MOTHER TOLD ME STORIES OF GODS FROM LONG AGO WHO LIVED IN A JEWELED CITY HIGH IN THE CLOUDS.
BUT THOSE WERE JUST STORIES FOR CHILDREN, LIKE THE ONES YOU TOLD ABOUT YOUR DRAGONS AND MAGIC RAINBOWS
THERE WAS A TIME I MIGHT HAVE KILLED YOU FOR AN INSULT SUCH AS THAT OLD MAN. I SAVE YOUR WORLD AND YOU DARE DOUBT ME?
I MEANT NO OFFENSE, MY LORD I JUST THOUGHT...
DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME, THERE REALLY ARE RAINBOW BRIDGES AND FLYING GOATS AND THAT YOUR FATHER TRULY DOES SIT ON THE THRONE OF HEAVEN?
MY LORD?
LET US SPEAK NO MORE OF MY FATHER.
TELL THE GIRL WHEN THOR FINDS HER WAYWARD GODS ..

"He will see that they come HOME."
A world without gods
With such a myriad of pantheons spread across the cosmos I never dreamed such a thing possible.
As it turns out...
It is not.

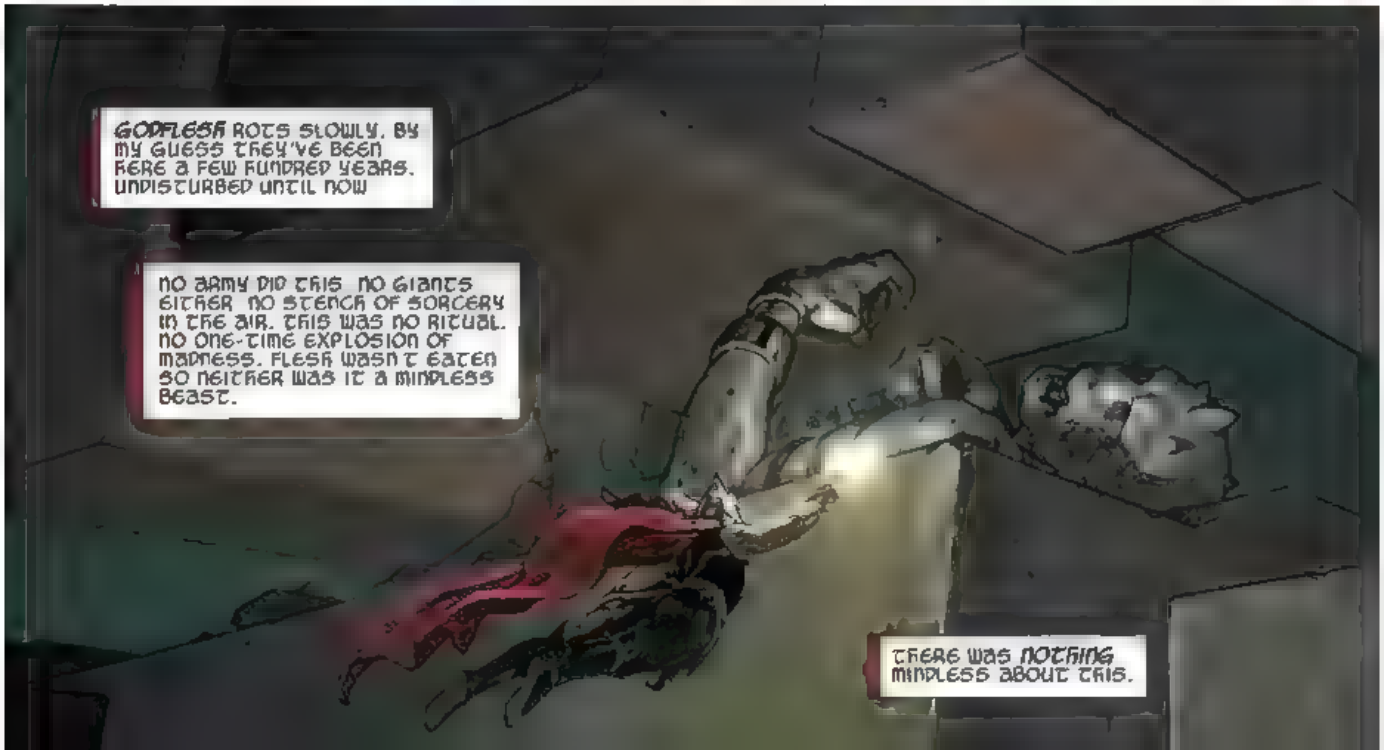
INDEED THERE *WAS* A TIME THIS WORLD HAD GODS.
SO WHAT THEN HAS *BECOME* OF THEM?
HO! *SKY LORDS OF INDIGARR!* A FELLOW IMMORTAL COMES IN PEACE!
SHOW YOURSELVES!
NOTHING NOTHING IN THE AIR BUT ECHOES AND DUST
I FIND A TREASURE ROOM FILLED WITH MOUNTAINS OF GOLD, UNTOUCHED FOR MANY YEARS
AND AN ARSENAL STILL STOCKED WITH ALL MANNER OF WEAPONS. SWORDS RUSTING IN THEIR SCABBARDS.
BUT NO GODS.

IN THEIR LIBRARY ARE COUNTLESS SCROLLS FILLED WITH TALES OF THE RUTHLESS AND POWERFUL WARRIORS WHO ONCE CALLED THIS SKY CASTLE HOME
YET I FIND NO SIGN OF WAR OR DISASTER. NO TRACE OF ANYTHING LIVING OR DEAD
NO CLUE AT ALL WHAT BECAME OF THEM.
A MYSTERY FOR ANOTHER DAY, I SUPPOSE.
I AM READY TO LEAVE THIS CITY TO ITS GHOSTS.
...WHEN I HAPPEN TO NOTICE ONE LAST BUILDING
A STORAGE HOUSE BY THE LOOKS OF IT.
I DON'T EVEN CONSIDER IT WORTH CHECKING.
UNTIL I NOTICE THE CHAINS.
NO OTHER DOOR IN THE CITY BORE CHAINS.
KRNG
I REALIZE WHY THIS ONE DOES AS SOON AS THE SMELL HITS ME.

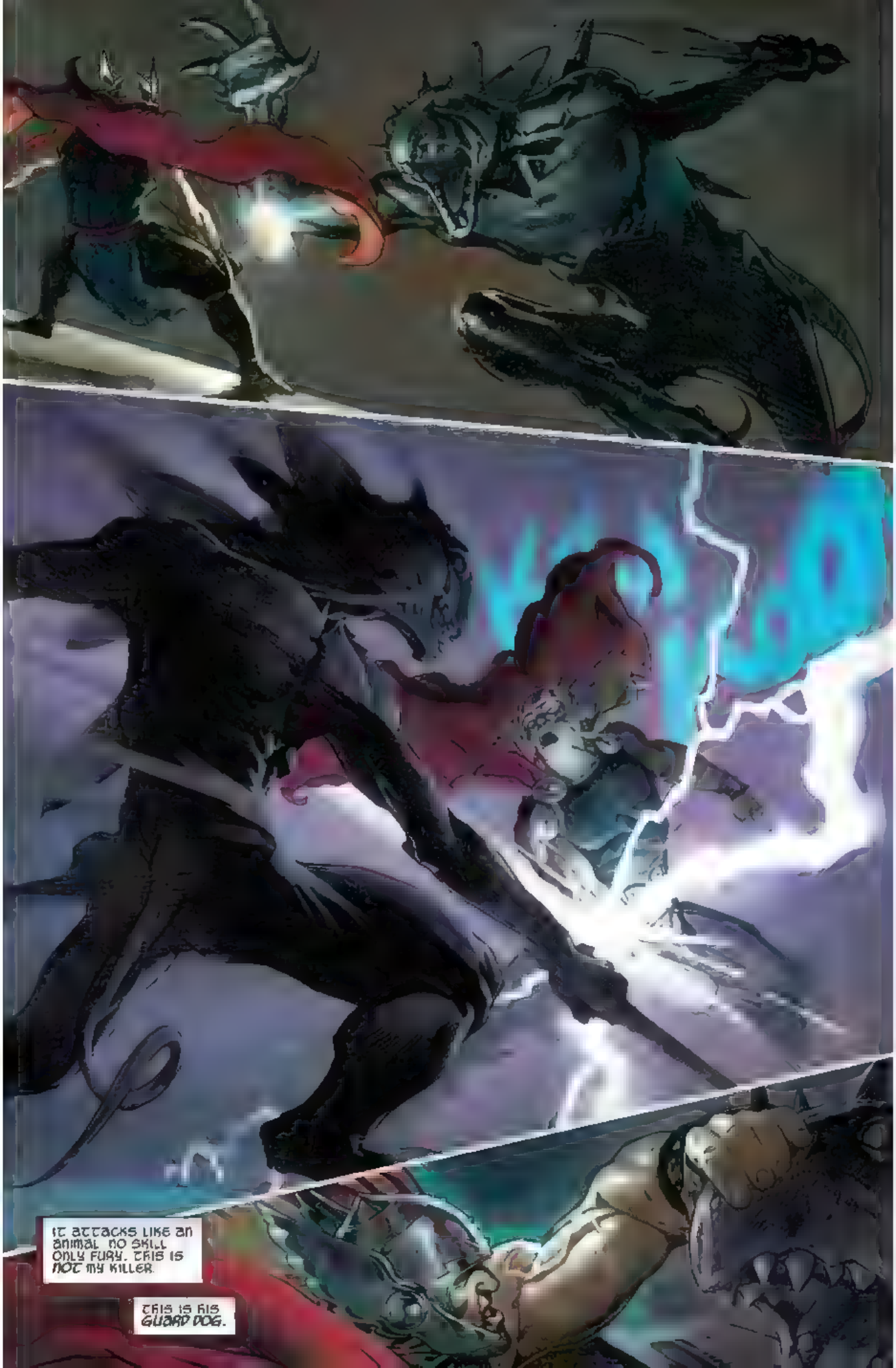


HOGGSCARR THE HARSH. KRAWSKIN THE CRUEL. LADY VYLE THE GODDESS OF ATROCITIES. LORD ALL-BLUD THE INEXORABLE AND HIS THIRTEEN SONS BY THIRTEEN BRIDES. I RECOGNIZE THEM ALL FROM THE STORIES IN THE SCROLLS.
THESE ARE THE MISSING GODS OF INDIGARR
THUS IS ONE MYSTERY SOLVED AS ANOTHER IS BORN.

AN ENTIRE PANTHEON OF FEARSOME IMMORTALS, EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD, ALL BUTCHERED LIKE ANIMALS IN THEIR OWN FORTRESS. WITHOUT ANY SIGNS OF INVASION OR WARFARE. WITHOUT A SIGN OF COMBAT OF ANY KIND
NO, TO EVEN CALL THIS BUTCHERY IS AN INSULT TO HONEST BUTCHERS.
THIS...
THIS WAS SOMETHING ELSE ENTIRELY.


GODFLESH ROTS SLOWLY. BY MY GUESS THEY'VE BEEN HERE A FEW HUNDRED YEARS. UNDISTURBED UNTIL NOW
NO ARMY DID THIS. NO GIANTS EITHER. NO STENCH OF SORCERY IN THE AIR. THIS WAS NO RITUAL. NO ONE-TIME EXPLOSION OF MADNESS. FLESH WASN'T EATEN SO NEITHER WAS IT A MINDLESS BEAST.
THERE WAS NOTHING MINDLESS ABOUT THIS.

THEIR DEATHS WERE SKILLFULLY PROLONGED THEIR SUFFERING RELISHED.
THIS WAS THE WORK OF ONE HAND. ONE THAT WAS STEADY AND ACCOMPLISHED AND EXTREMELY WELL-VERSED IN ITS ART
THERE'S A VARIETY TO THE WOUNDS. THE WORK OF MANY DIFFERENT WEAPONS. BUT NO SIGN OF A SINGLE ONE
MEANING THE KILLER CARRIES THEM WITH HIM LIKE A CARPENTER WITH HIS TOOLBOX.
THIS WAS FAR FROM THE FIRST TIME HE'D KILLED AND UNLESS HE'S STOPPED, FAR FROM THE LAST.
THE FACE OF A GOD FROZEN FOREVER IN AGONY AND TERROR I HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS SINCE...
SINCE
OH HEL.


IT ATTACKS LIKE AN ANIMAL. NO SKILL. ONLY FURY. THIS IS *NOT* MY KILLER.
THIS IS HIS *GUARD DOG.*

HIS VERY STRONG GUARD DOG.
BOOM
I REMEMBER A DAY A MILLENNIUM AGO A DEAD GOD FLOATING IN THE SEA. AND LATER A WINGED HORSE DRENCHED IN BLOOD A CAVE OF HORRORS.
I KNOW WHO DID THIS
IF GORR THE GOD BUTCHER YET LIVES, IT CAN ONLY MEAN ONE THING...
MORE GODS ARE SURE TO DIE.

Many Millennia From Now.
The Great Hall Of Asgard.
THE QUIET THAT'S WHAT I HATE THE MOST
THE WRETCHED UNENDING QUIET OF THIS PLACE
THIS HALL USED TO BE FILLED WITH THE NOISE OF BATTLE OF FEASTING.
NOW THERE'S JUST THE SKUFFLE OF THOSE THINGS OUT THERE, MOCKING ME WITH THEIR BLACKENED SILENCE
AND THE SOFT LABORED BREATHING OF A TIRED OLD GOD
DAMN THIS QUIET IF I'M TO DIE, IT WILL BE WITH A WEAPON IN MY HAND AND A ROAR IN MY THROAT.
BRING ME MY ARM!
NO ANSWER. I'M SO DAMN OLD I KEEP FORGETTING... THERE'S NO ONE LEFT NO ONE LEFT BUT ME.
I AM THOR ODINSON. KING OF A BROKEN ASGARD. LAST OF ALL THE GODS.
AND TODAY I WILL TRY YET AGAIN TO SEE VALHALLA

I VAGUELY REMEMBER HOW THIS STARTED, SO LONG AGO. WITH A DEAD GOD FLOATING IN THE SEA
AND LATER A LITTLE GIRL'S PRAYER ON A WORLD WITHOUT GODS
COME, DOGS! THERE IS STILL ONE GOD LEFT IN ASGARD!
AND HE WOULD HAVE WORDS WITH THEE!
AND NOW THIS IS HOW IT ENDS WITH BLOOD AND THUNDER WITH HAMMER AND SWORD. WITH ONE LAST STAND AT THE GATES OF HEAVEN
THE ODINSWORD IS DRAWN. THE END OF ALL THINGS IS NIGH! DEATH TO THE BUTCHER OF GODS AND HIS BLACK BERSERKERS!
DEATH TO THE ENEMIES OF ASGARD!
WHATEVER HAPPENS NOW WHATEVER MY FATE.

...KNOW THAT I FACE IT LIKE A GOD.

2

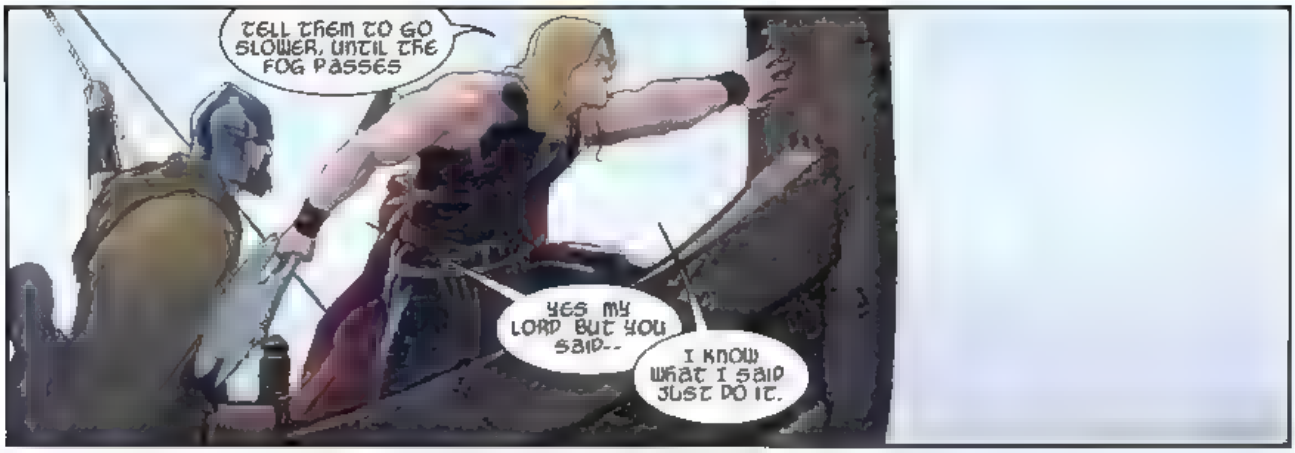
BLOOD IN THE CLOUDS

Many Years Ago.
The Great Weapons Hall of Asgard.
FORGED BY DWARVES FROM MYSTIC URU METAL. IN FIRES THAT WOULD MELT THE SUN LADEN WITH ENCHANTMENTS BY THE ALL-FATHER HIMSELF.
ABLE TO SHATTER WHOLE PLANETS AS EASY AS PEBBLES. IT IS THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPON IN ALL THE NINE REALMS.
BUT ONLY THE WORTHY MAY LIFT IT.
I HAVE WRESTLED DRAGONS WITH MY BARE HANDS SLAIN WOLVES THE SIZE OF LONGBOATS I HAVE FOUGHT IN MORE BATTLES THAN MOST GODS TWICE MY AGE. SO TELL ME...
HOW MUCH MORE WORTHY MUST I BE?
RRRRRRRRGGGH. MOVE. YOU BLASTED CHUNK OF METAL!
GAAHHH!!!
BY THE BRISTLING BEARD OF ODIN, YOU ARE ONE STUBBORN HAMMER!
SOMEDAY MJOLNIR SOMEDAY YOU WILL BE MINE
AND ON THAT BLESSED MORN WHEN I FINALLY BESTRIDE THE HEAVENS, HAMMER IN HAND .

...WOE BE UNTO THE ENEMIES OF THOR.
AAARRGGHH!!!
RRRRRRGHHH!!!
FASTER, YOU DOGS!
THERE'LL BE NOTHING LEFT WORTH PILLAGING BY THE TIME WE GET THERE.

893 A.D.
The Baltic Sea.
YOU HEARD YOUR GOD OF THUNDER! ARE YOU NOT NORSEMEN? THEN WHY DO YOU ROW LIKE LAND-LOVING SAXONS?
ROW LIKE VIKINGS OR BE DAMNED! THE LOT OF YOU ROW FOR DEATH AND GLORY
ROW FOR THOR!
MY LORD...
..THE FOG GROWS THICKER. PERHAPS WE SHOULD SLOW OUR PACE OR ELSE RISK RUNNING AGROUND.
I HAVE SAILED THROUGH TEMPESTS OF FIRE IN THE BURNING LAND OF MUSPELHEIM AND ENDLESS HURRICANES OF ICE IN FROZEN NIFFLEHEIM. NO MERE FOG OF MIDGARD WILL SLOW THE SON OF ODIN.
CALM YOUR FEARS MAN OF THE NORTH.
YOU HAVE THE EYES OF A GOD TO GUIDE YOU.

THERE S SOMETHING N THE MIST.
A FIGURE! WALKING UPON THE WATER AS IF IT WAS DRY LAND!
STOP YOUR BLUBBER NG NONSENSE YOU DRUNKEN FOOL. SIT DOWN AND GET BACK TO--
I SAW TS FACE!
T WAS...
"IT WAS NOT THE FACE OF A MAN"
CEASE YOUR CHATTERING! YOU ARE NOT CHILDREN TO BE SPOOKED BY MERMA DS! YOU ARE VIKINGS! YOU ARE THE ONES FEARED ALONG EVERY COAST OF MIDGARD.
NOW BACK TO YOUR ROWING OR YOU WILL HAVE MY AXE JARNBJORN TO ANSWER TO.


TELL THEM TO GO SLOWER, UNTIL THE FOG PASSES
YES MY LORD BUT YOU SAID--
I KNOW WHAT I SAID JUST DO IT.

I SMELL
GODFLESH.
LEAD AWAY, LITTLE GODLING
LEAD ME TO YOUR KIN

Three Days Later, Along the Banks of the Neva River, In What Will Someday Be Called Russia.
WE CAN WAIT NO LONGER! MY MEN HUNGER FOR DEATH AND PLUNDER! LET THE BATTLE BEGIN
NO!
I DID NOT CROSS AN OCEAN MERELY TO FACE A BUNCH OF SLAVS WITH SPEARS. THOR WAS TOLD THERE WOULD BE GODS HERE!
RIVER MEN! WHERE ARE THE GODS YOU SWORE WOULD PROTECT YOU? CALL THEM DOWN AND PRAY THAT THEY GIVE THOR A DECENT FIGHT!
OUR GODS WILL BE HERE SOON ENOUGH NORSE SWINE. AND THEY WILL STILL THAT WAGGING TONGUE OF YOURS
WHEN PERUN THE STORM LORD AND CHERNOBOG THE BLACK COME FLYING IN ON THEIR GREAT WINGED STALLIONS, GOLDEN AXES IN HAND, THUNDERBOLTS FLYING, YOU WILL SING A DIFFERENT--
HERE THEY COME!
LORD PERUN!
IS IT...IS IT HIM?
WAIT... I DON'T SEE...
THAT... IS YOUR GOD?

BEHOLD THE BLOODY HORSE OF DOOM, DEFENDER OF THE SLAVS
THAT IS PERUN'S STEED, BUT WHERE IS OUR GREAT GOD?
LORD THOR IT WOULD APPEAR THEIR GODS HAVEN'T THE NERVE TO FACE YOU. MIGHT WE HAVE YOUR LEAVE TO--
DO AS YOU WISH.

"JUST SAVE A CASK OF ALE FOR ME."
THE CLOUDS DRIP BLOOD.
GODBLOOD.
IMMORTALS HAVE DIED IN THESE SKIES TODAY.
AND IT WOULD APPEAR THE RAIN OF DEATH HAS JUST BEGUN

CHERNOBOG THE BLACK, I PRESUME.
A BLOODY RIDERLESS HORSE AND A HEADLESS GOD. SOMEONE HAS RUINED MY FUN FOR THE DAY
THE GODS OF THE SLAVS COULD HAVE DONE THIS TO THEMSELVES I SUPPOSE. FOUGHT EACH OTHER OVER ODIN-KNOWS-WHAT.
I ONCE SAW TWO GODS SLAY ONE ANOTHER IN AN ARGUMENT OVER THE DAY OF THE WEEK.
BUT THAT WOULD NOT EXPLAIN THE NAGGING FEELING IN THE BACK OF MY SKULL.
THE ONE I HAVE HAD SINCE SEEING THE DEAD GOD'S FACE IN THE WATERS OF ICELAND.
I IMAGINE IT'S THE SAME FEELING THE BOAR GETS WHEN THE GREAT HORN SOUNDS AND THE WARRIORS RUSH INTO THE TREES THE MOMENT RIGHT BEFORE THE SPEARS GO FLYING...
WHEN THE BEAST FIRST REALIZES IT'S BEING HUNTED

FEEL THAT, LITTLE LORD OF HEAVEN? THAT SENSE OF HELPLESSNESS AS YOU FALL?
THAT IS HOW IT FEELS TO BE MORTAL.
NEXT YOU WILL LEARN HOW IT FEELS TO BE BUTCHERED

THUMP
AEE-YAAAH!
AH, A FIGHTER I DO SO LOVE THE FIGHTERS
YOU'D BE SURPRISED HOW MANY GODS DIE LIKE FRIGHTENED CHILDREN.
THE NAME IS THOR. CLOUD STALKER. OF ASGARD. A WARRIOR-BORN!

AND THE LAST GOD YOU WILL EVER SEE!
ASGARDIAN, EH?
I BELIEVE YOU WILL BE MY FIRST OF THOSE BUT FRET NOT OVER BEING LONELY
YOUR ENTIRE PANTHEON WILL JOIN YOU BY THE TIME I AM THROUGH
OF THE DAY I LEARNED THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN WAR AND MURDER.
AS I GAZE INTO THE FACE OF THIS KILLER OF GODS I CANNOT HELP BUT BE REMINDED OF A TIME MANY YEARS AGO.
OF ANOTHER SET OF COLD BLACK EYES. OF A MAD GOD IN A PIT.

I WAS JUST A BOY WHEN A GOD NAMED DAGR WENT ON A WANTON KILLING SPREE. ALL ACROSS THE NINE REALMS.
HE'D SLAIN HUNDREDS BY THE TIME THEY CAUGHT HIM AND TOSSED HIM IN A PIT IN ASGARD TO AWAIT HIS FATE. IN CONFUSION, I WENT TO ODIN.
THOUGH I WAS BARELY ABLE TO WALK, I HAD ALREADY SEEN MY FATHER SLAY THOUSANDS. INVADING TROLLS, WARRING GIANTS, WHOLE ARMIES.
HE WOULD COME HOME DRENCHED IN THEIR BLOOD AND SONGS WOULD BE SUNG OF HIS GREATNESS.
THAT WAS WAR, MY FATHER TOLD ME. AND WAR WAS SOMETHING VERY DIFFERENT THAN WHAT DAGR HAD DONE.
HE SAID EVEN THE GREATEST OF WARRIORS NEVER RELISHED THE KILLING STROKE. TO DO SO WAS TO LOSE ONE'S SELF TO BLOODLUST. TO BECOME A MONSTER.
BUT STILL I WAS CONFUSED SO LATE ONE NIGHT I SNUCK FROM MY BED CHAMBER AND CREPT THROUGH THE EMPTY HALLS OF ASGARD...
AND I WENT TO SEE THE MAD GOD IN THE PIT

I only wanted to see his face. To see for myself how the eyes of a murderer were different than those of my father
I gazed down into the pit, straining for a view. Next thing I knew, my footing had slipped. .
and I was tumbling down into darkness
I saw his eyes all right.
But they weren't wild like I expected. They were calm and frighteningly serene.
I made ready to defend myself. To bite into his face with what few teeth I had
But all he did was talk.
In a delicate voice about what he'd done. About who he'd done it to and why.
The WHY I struggled to understand. But he spoke with such passion. Such remarkable conviction, that it seemed more MY failing than his.
He'd killed children no bigger than me he said. Babies even. But the God in the pit never laid a hand on me.
And yet the way he looked at you so coldly through the darkness made you feel almost as if...
as if you were ALREADY dead.

I WAS IN THE P T FOR FIVE HOURS BEFORE ANYONE FOUND ME.
CRACK
THE NEXT DAY, THE MURDEROUS GOD DIED BENEATH ODIN'S BLADE.
HE NEVER BEGGED FOR MERCY NEVER FOR A SECOND SHOWED A BIT OF REMORSE. HIS SEVERED HEAD WAS STILL SMILING STILL FULL OF PRIDE FOR WHAT HE'D MANAGED TO ACCOMPLISH.
ODIN AND THE OTHERS DISMISSED HIM AS MAD BUT ONLY I KNEW THE TRUTH.
THAT WHAT HE *TRULY* WAS...
WAS SOMETHING *FAR* MORE FRIGHTENING.

YOU'RE USED TO FIGHTING THINGS THAT SHIVER BEFORE YOU AND GAWK IN AWE AT YOUR GREATNESS, AREN'T YOU, GOD OF ASGARD?
NOT SOMEONE WHO DARES MEET YOUR DIVINE GAZE, LET ALONE GLARE BACK.
AARGHH!
...WITH COMPLETE AND UTTER CONTEMPT FOR ALL THAT YOU ARE
I AM USED TO FIGHTING [redacted] AND YOU ARE MOST DEFINITELY NOT THAT BUTCHER OF GODS!
I HAVE SEEN YOUR LIKE BEFORE.
NO NO, I DON'T BELIEVE YOU HAVE
RARGH!!!
I DIDN'T SLEEP FOR WEEKS AFTER MY TIME IN THE PIT. I WAS HAUNTED BY THAT VOICE. BY THOSE EYES.
EVERY NIGHT FOR MONTHS I WOULD PRAY TO THE ELDER GODS THAT I MIGHT NEVER AGAIN HAVE TO GAZE UPON SUCH A VISAGE.
NOW IT SEEMS THAT AS WITH MOST PRAYERS IN LIFE...
...MINE HAVE GONE MOST PROFOUNDLY UNHEARD

I CANNOT HELP BUT WONDER, LITTLE GOD, TO THE POOR DAMNED FOOLS BELOW US WHO WORSHIP YOU...
WHAT ARE YOU THE GOD OF?
AXES? DRUNKENNESS? VANITY?
OR WAR PERHAPS? I HAVE KILLED SO VERY MANY GODS OF WAR
AND GODS OF FEAR. GODS OF CHAOS. GODS OF BLOOD AND WRATH AND JEALOUSY AND LIES
OF PLAGUES AND EARTHQUAKES GENOCIDE AND REVENGE OF DEGRADATION. OF DEATH
VERY FEW GODS OF POETRY AND FLOWERS. THOUGH I KILLED THOSE JUST THE SAME.
TELL ME NOW, PRINCE OF ASGARD, BEFORE ALL YOU'RE ABLE TO DO IS WHIMPER AND SCREAM.
WHAT WAS THOR THE GOD OF BEFORE HE DIED?
THUNDER.

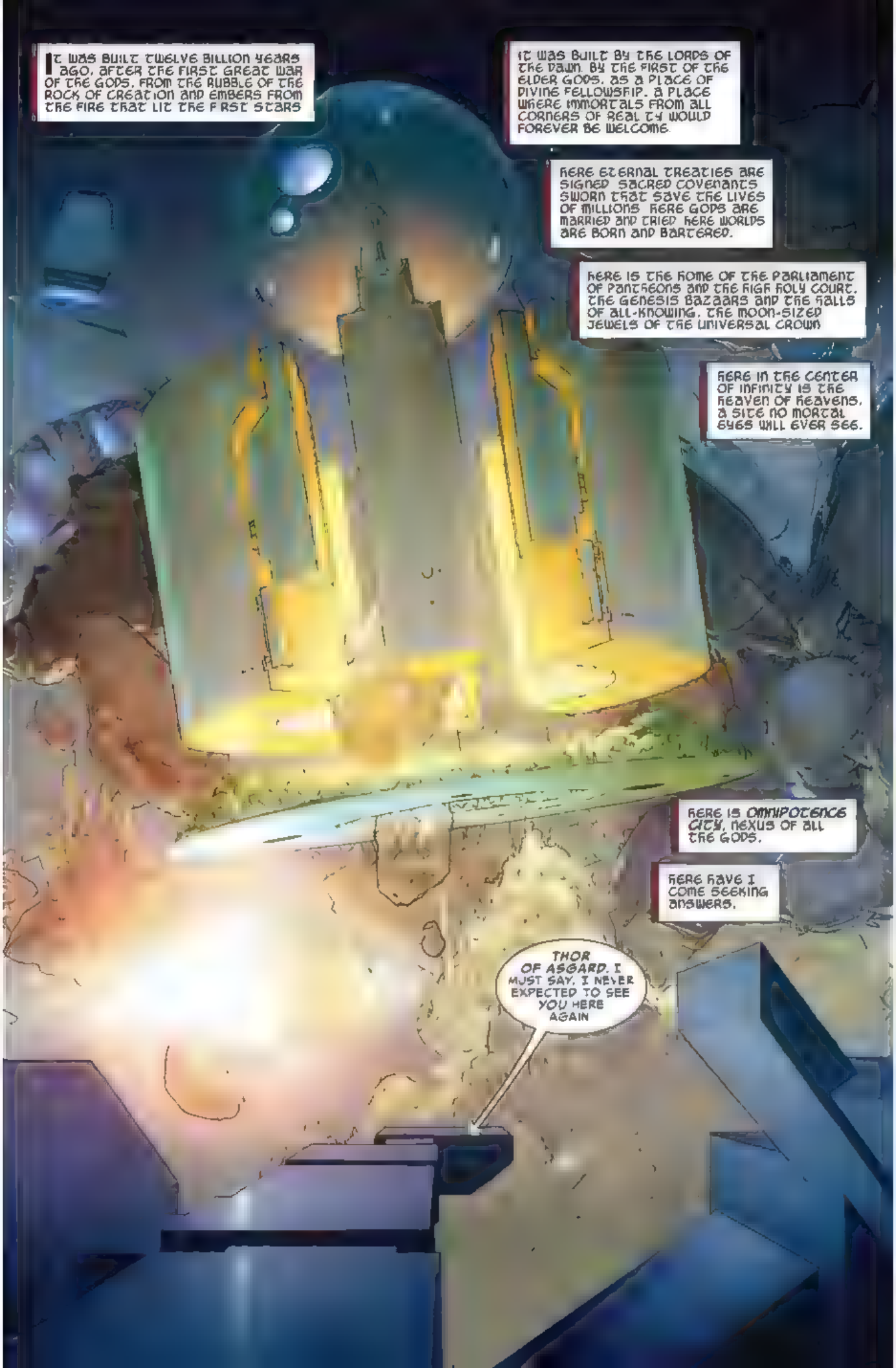
KRAK
GGRRRGGRR!!!

The Present Day.
Deep Space.
A World of Dead Gods.
It takes hours but the servant of the God Butcher finally falls.
To make constructs such as this, his power must have grown CONSIDERABLY in the time since last we fought.
But I expect he will still be easy enough to find.
I will simply follow the trail of dead gods.
I knew you not gods of Indigarr but nevertheless you WILL be avenged so swears Thor of Asgard.
I will finish what I started long ago. No matter the Butcher's power. No matter where he runs.

"NO MATTER HOW LONG IT TAKES."
FLY, MJOLNIR TO OMNIPOTENCE CITY. TO THE HALLS OF ALL-KNOWING!
FLY WITH ALL THE SPEED YOU CAN MUSTER. FOR THE LONGER WE TARRY ..
"THE MORE GODS WHO WILL SUFFER."

3

THE HALL OF THE LOST


It was built twelve billion years ago, after the first great war of the gods. From the rubble of the rock of creation and embers from the fire that lit the first stars
It was built by the lords of the dawn. By the first of the elder gods, as a place of divine fellowship. A place where immortals from all corners of reality would forever be welcome.
Here eternal treaties are signed. Sacred covenants sworn that save the lives of millions. Here gods are married and tried. Here worlds are born and bartered.
Here is the home of the parliament of pantheons and the high holy court. The genesis bazaars and the halls of all-knowing. The moon-sized jewels of the universal crown.
Here in the center of infinity is the heaven of heavens, a site no mortal eyes will ever see.
Here is *Omnipotence City*, nexus of all the gods.
Here have I come seeking answers.
Thor of Asgard. I must say, I never expected to see *you* here again

YOU WERE JUST A BOY ON YOUR LAST VISIT TO THE HALLS OF ALL-KNOWING BROUGHT HERE BY YOUR FATHER TO STUDY THE OLD GODS, ALONG WITH THAT EQUALLY CHARMING BROTHER OF YOURS
I MUST SAY, YOU NEVER STRUCK ME AS SOMEONE WITH A GREAT DEAL OF READING IN HIS FUTURE
MY LORD LIBRARIAN...
THOUGH YOU DID STRIKE ME IN OTHER WAYS, SEVERAL TIMES ABOUT THE LEGS AND HINDQUARTERS, FROM WHAT I REMEMBER.
MY LORD, I DO APOLOGIZE FOR THE FOLLY OF MY YOUTH, BUT PLEASE, I COME NOW SEEKING KNOWLEDGE
KNOWLEDGE? OH MY, HOW EXCITING AND WHAT KNOWLEDGE DO WE HAVE IN THESE DUSTY OLD HALLS THAT COULD POSSIBLY BE OF INTEREST TO THE GREAT THOR OF ASGARD?
WE HAVE NO HALL OF BLUNT INSTRUMENTS, I'M AFRAID, NOR HALL OF THUNDER UNLESS YOU COUNT THE LAVATORY WHEN THERE ARE TROLL GODS ABOUT.
PERHAPS THE HALL OF WAR, THERE ARE SEVERAL MENTIONS OF YOUR FATHER THERE, AFTER ALL, THOUGH MOST ARE NOT EXACTLY OF THE FLATTERING VARIETY
I SEEK THE NAMES OF GODS WHO HAVEN'T BEEN SEEN IN YEARS WHO SIMPLY DISAPPEARED
AH WELL, IN THAT CASE, I IS MY GREAT PLEASURE TO WELCOME YOU, PRINCE OF ASGARD...
TO THE HALL OF THE LOST.

THE HALL OF THE LOST? DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME EACH OF THESE BOOKS AND SCROLLS... REPRESENTS A GOD WHO IS MISSING?
GODS WHO ARE NACTIVE. YES WHO'S TO SAY IF THEY'VE ACTUALLY BEEN MISSED OR NOT?
THIS IS UNBELIEVABLE. WHY HASN'T ANYONE BEEN ALARMED BY THIS?
GODS COME AND GO, SON OF ODIN SUCH IS THE WAY OF THINGS AND ONE GROUP NEVER MUCH CARES WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE OTHER. WHY SOMEDAY EVEN THE GREAT THOR HIMSELF MAY BE FORGOTTEN.
LET US HOPE SO AT LEAST
THESE GODS DID NOT SIMPLY FADE AWAY THEY WERE MURDERED!
IF IT'S THE HALL OF MURDER YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, IT'S DOWN THE OTHER WAY. YOU'LL LOVE IT. THERE'S AN ENTIRE WING DEVOTED TO YOUR FAMILY
I HAVE TO SEE THE PARLIAMENT I HAVE TO WARN THE PANTHEONS.
WELL, BEST SUBMIT YOUR REQUEST RIGHT AWAY LAST I HEARD THERE'S A 200-YEAR WAITING LIST TO SEE THE PARLIAMENT
AND BEFORE YOU ASK, NO YOU MAY NOT WAIT HERE
SO MANY. I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO START. COULD ALL OF THESE GODS REALLY HAVE BEEN MURDERED BY ONE MAN?
I SUPPOSE THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT.

THE OAKEN KING AND SEQUOIA QUEEN OF GLENGLAVENGLADE, THE GARDEN ETERNAL.
GODS OF THE COSMIC SEASONS, LORDS OF A FORESTED HEAVEN.
NO ONE HAS SEEN THEM FOR 2,000 YEARS.
I FIND THEM IN THE EMBRACE OF THE FOREST THEY LOVED.
I FIND THEM NAILED TO THEIR TREES.
AND THAT ISN'T ALL I FIND.

THE WAR FAERIES OF WEMPIGORGE. THE NINE GUARDIANS OF THE HORNWOLD
IT'S SAID THEY LIVED IN A PALACE WITH CARAMELIZED WALLS, IN A VALLEY WHERE THE SKIES RAINED MILK AND THE TREES OOZED HONEY.
THEY WERE LAST SEEN 1,200 YEARS AGO.
THESE DAYS THE TREES ARE STRUNG WITH GORE AND THE AIR IS BLACK WITH FLIES.
AND WHEN IT RAINS ONLY MAGGOTS FALL FROM THE SKY.
I DON'T HAVE T ME TO BURY OR BURN THEM. NOT WHILE HE'S STILL OUT THERE
NO TIME TO DO ANYTHING BUT FOLLOW HIS BLOODY TRAIL.

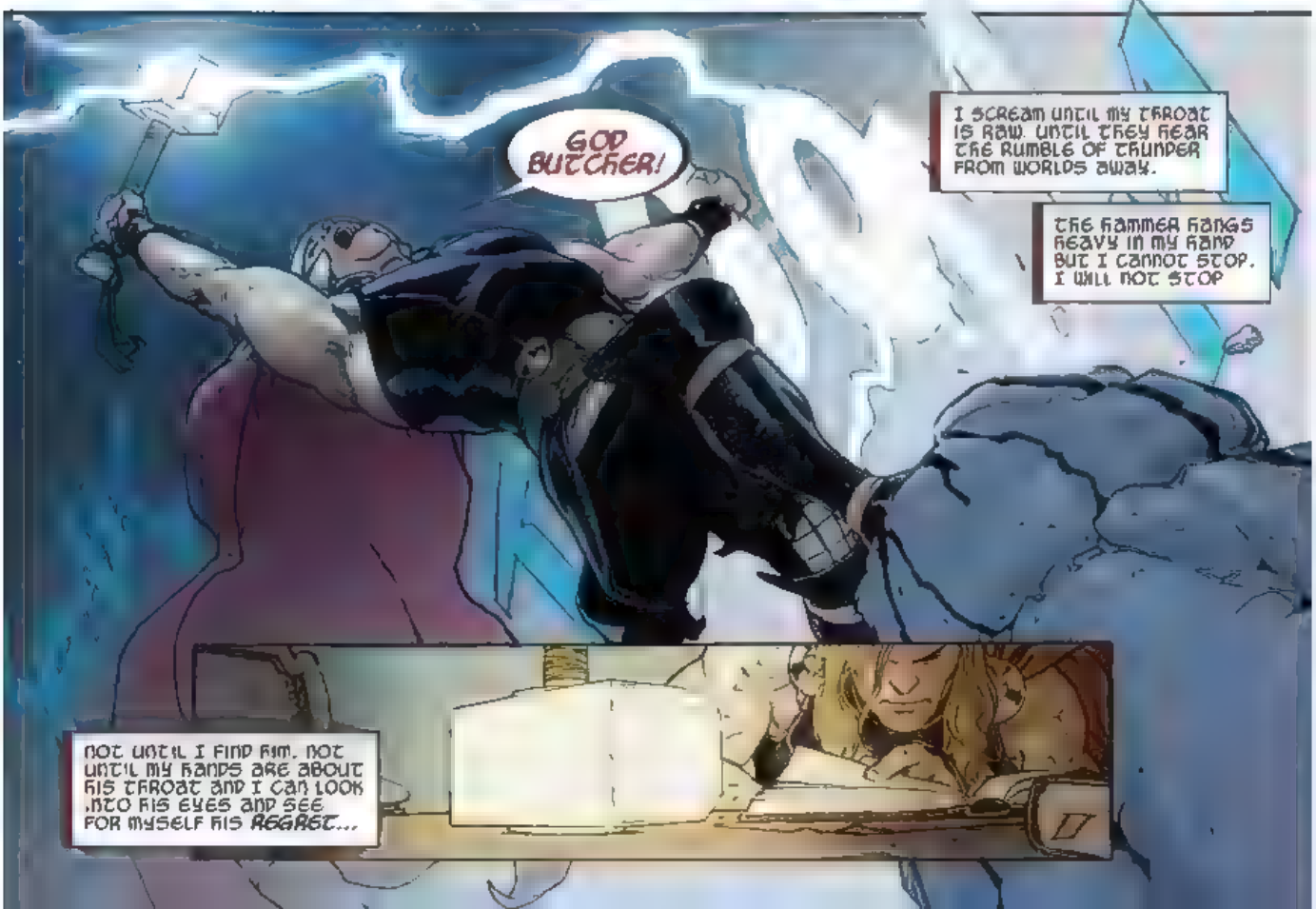
THE CORAL IMMORTALS OF CATARACT THE WALKERS OF THE OUTER VOID. THE LAST OF THE LAVA COLOSSI
VOORD BLOODEYE, THE BABOON GOD OF BEHEADINGS. ZORR'KIRI THE SKRULL GODDESS OF LOVE. YUG-SLUGGOTH THE UNSEEABLE. BARON OF THE ELDER HELL
ALL GODS WHO VE BEEN MISSING FOR 500 YEARS ALL MISSING NO LONGER.
I FIND GOD AFTER GOD DEAD AND ROTTING. SOME ALONE. SOME IN PILES SO LARGE I CAN SEE THEM FROM SPACE.
EACH BOOK FROM THE HALL OF THE LOST LEADS ME TO MORE CARNAGE. MORE EYELESS ATTACK DOGS BUT NO GOD BUTCHER.
THERE'S NO PATTERN TO HIS SPREE. FOR 2,000 YEARS HE HAS SIMPLY CRISSCROSSED CREATION. KILLING ANYTHING IMMORTAL HE FINDS.
WHAT DOES IT SAY ABOUT THE GODS IN THIS UNIVERSE THAT NO ONE HAS EVER EVEN *NOTICED* OR CARED?
WHAT DOES IT SAY ABOUT *ME*?

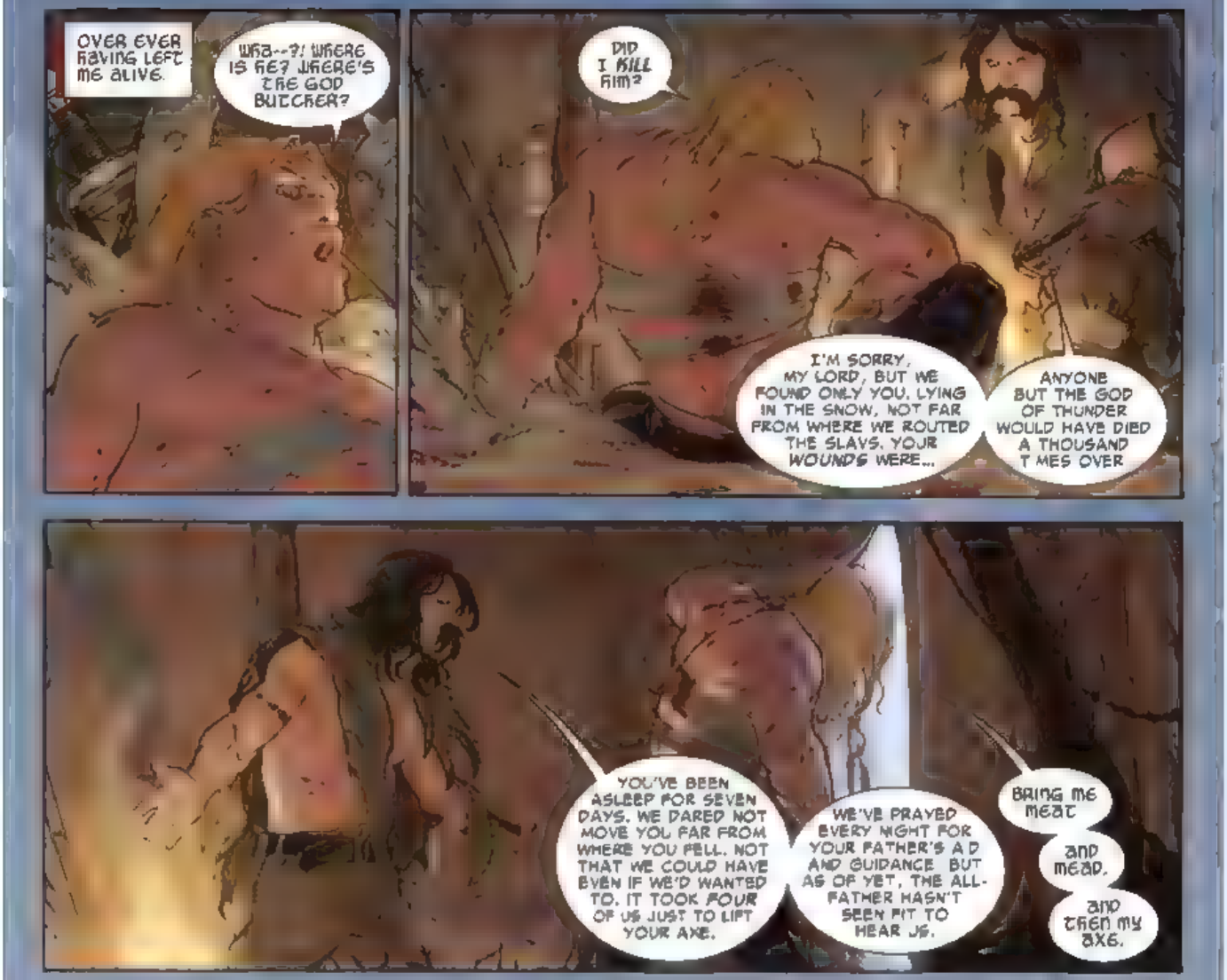
I KNEW THIS GOD
FALLEN, THE SEVENTH & FIFTEENTH GOD OF THE GALAXY'S ATMOSPHERE. VARIATION OF THE WARRIOR OF MINOR SINS FOR FIVE CENTURIES STRAIGHT. THEY SAY HE WRESTLED BLACK HOLES JUST FOR FUN.
I USED TO HIT BARELY A HUNDRED YEARS SHY WE PASSED ONE ANOTHER IN THE SPACEWAYS AND WAVED
HE'S BEEN DEAD FOR FIVE YEARS. SAY HIS MOURNERS ARE WORSHIPPERS WHO COME EVERY DAY TO KNEEL IN HIS OFFAL AND PRAY FOR RESURRECTION.
EW. NOTHING STIRS WITHIN THIS GIANT ANYMORE.
NOTHING TRULY ALIVE, AT LEAST.
THIS IS MY TRIAL. THIS IS HOW ALL THE OTHERS DIED BECAUSE OF MY FOOLISHNESS
BUT NO MORE. SO SWEARS THE GOD OF MURDER
NO MORE!

YES, KEEP COMING, YOU MINDLESS BEAST! LET US SEND A MESSAGE TO YOUR MASTER!
WHEREVER YOU ARE, IN WHATEVER DISTANT SHADOW YOU COWER AND HIDE...I HOPE YOU FEEL THIS BUTCHER OF GODS.
I HOPE THESE THINGS ARE A PART OF YOU AND THAT YOU FEEL EVERY SECOND OF ME BEATING THEM TO A BLACKENED PULP.
I HOPE YOU FEEL IT AND KNOW DOWN DEEP IN YOUR WRETCHED YELLOW BONES
THAT YOUR END IS NEAR

GOD BUTCHER! can you HEAR me?!
how many more of your dogs must I dismember before you come out and FACE me you coward?!

you want to kill gods?! well here stands the god of thunder! COME KILL ME, you worm.
come kill THOR if you dare!


GOD BUTCHER!
I scream until my throat is raw. until they hear the rumble of thunder from worlds away.
the hammer hangs heavy in my hand but I cannot stop. I will not stop
not until I find him. not until my hands are about his throat and I can look into his eyes and see for myself his REGRET...

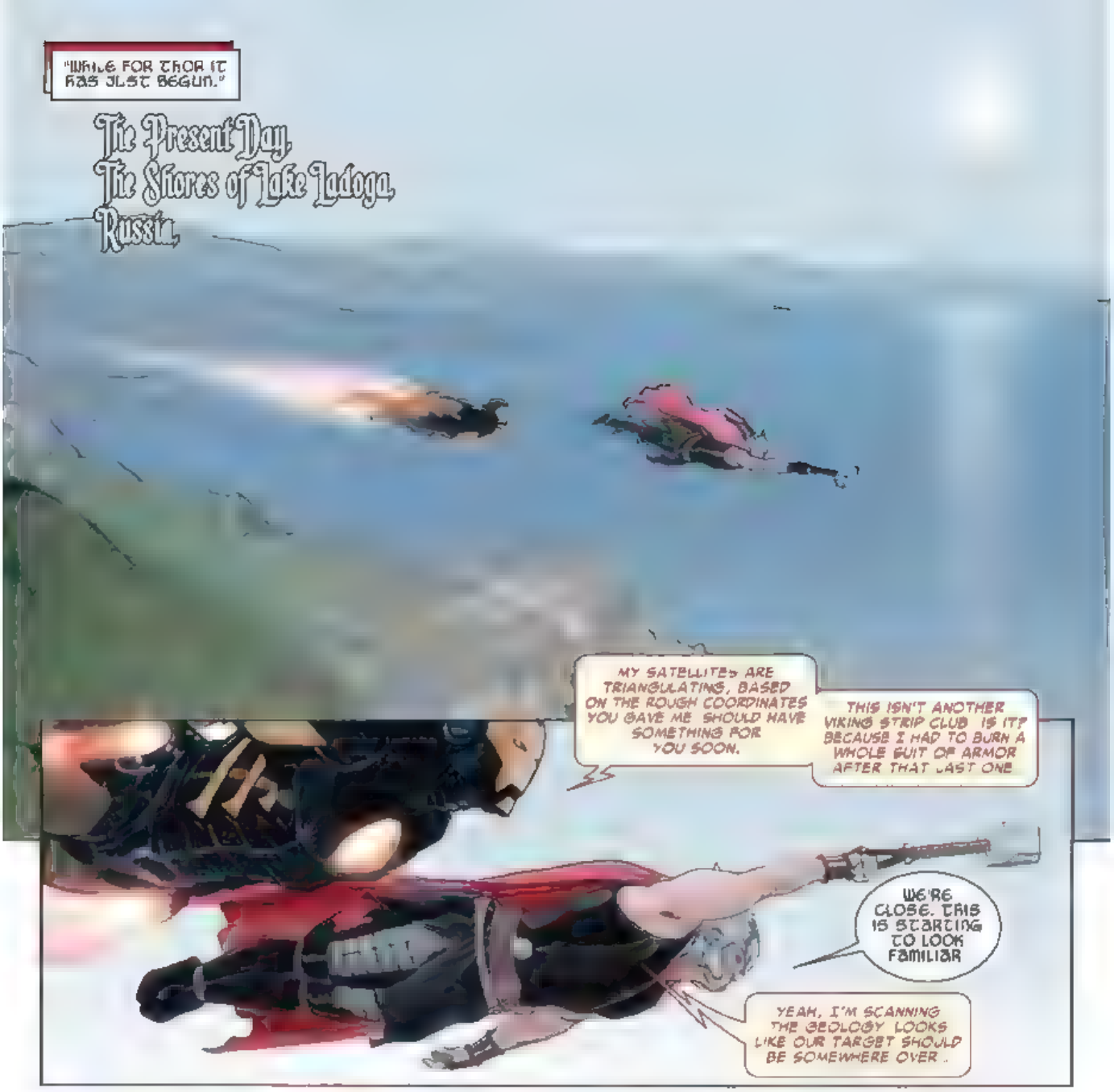

OVER EVER HAVING LEFT ME ALIVE.
WHA--?! WHERE IS HE? WHERE'S THE GOD BUTCHER?
DID I KILL HIM?
I'M SORRY, MY LORD, BUT WE FOUND ONLY YOU, LYING IN THE SNOW, NOT FAR FROM WHERE WE ROUTED THE SLAVS. YOUR WOUNDS WERE...
ANYONE BUT THE GOD OF THUNDER WOULD HAVE DIED A THOUSAND T MES OVER
YOU'VE BEEN ASLEEP FOR SEVEN DAYS. WE DARED NOT MOVE YOU FAR FROM WHERE YOU FELL. NOT THAT WE COULD HAVE EVEN IF WE'D WANTED TO. IT TOOK FOUR OF US JUST TO LIFT YOUR AXE.
WE'VE PRAYED EVERY NIGHT FOR YOUR FATHER'S A D AND GUIDANCE. BUT AS OF YET, THE ALL-FATHER HASN'T SEEN FIT TO HEAR US.
BRING ME MEAT
AND MEAD.
AND THEN MY AXE.

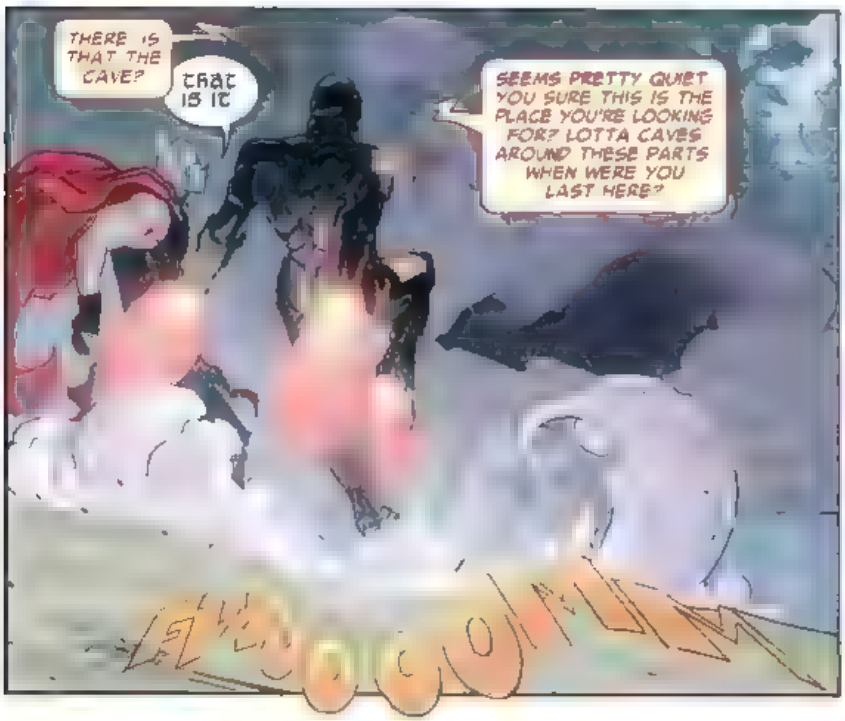
893 A.D.
Along The Banks of The Neva River,
In What Will Someday Be Called Russia.
WHOEVER DARED ATTACK YOU KNOWS NOT WHAT MANNER OF GOD THEY TRIFLE WITH, DO THEY, MY LORD? I CANNOT WAIT TO SEE YOU CALL DOWN THE RAGE OF YOUR FATHER AND ALL OF YOUR WONDROUS FRIENDS UPON THEM.
THE ARMIES OF ASGARD WILL MARCH THIS DAY!

Hours Later.
ARE YOU...ARE YOU THE NORSE GOD CALLED THOR?
WHO ASKS?
I AM ..I WAS HINKON, SIBERIAN GOD OF THE HUNT THE BLACK BUTCHER..HE SAID TO TELL YOU HE WAITS FOR YOU IN HIS CAVE, ALONG THE LAKE. JUST FOLLOW THE SCREAMS.
YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE COME ALONE
I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'RE IN MUCH OF A POSITION TO OFFER ADVICE IN MATTERS OF COMBAT HINKON GOD OF THE HUNT.
TRUE. SO TRUE. HE CAME AT ME OUT OF THE DARKNESS, THE SHADOWS THEMSELVES WERE ALIVE AROUND HIM. IF I HAD NOT BEEN SO DRUNK. PERHAPS...
THERE IS NO HONOR IN THE WAY THE GOD BUTCHER FIGHTS NOR WILL I GRANT HIM HONOR IN HIS DEATH YOU HAVE THE WORD OF THOR ON THAT.
PLEASE, THOR .BEFORE YOU GO..
YES OF COURSE
BE AT PEACE NOW HINKON. THE HUNT FOR YOU HAS ENDED

"While for Thor it has just begun."

The Present Day,
The Shores of Lake Ladoga,
Russia.





UM. I KNOW IT'S PROBABLY NONE OF MY BUSINESS, BUT WHEN HAVE I EVER LET THAT STOP ME BEFORE? I HAVE TO TELL YA, B G GUY, THE LOOK IN YOUR EYES RIGHT NOW IS REALLY FREAKING ME OUT. I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU THIS UNNERVED BEFORE.
WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO YOU IN THAT CAVE?
YOU SURE YOU DON'T NEED THE AVENGERS WITH YOU ON THIS ONE?
STARK...
STARK, WAIT
RIGHT. GOD BUSINESS. I GOT IT. IT'S OKAY. I'VE GOT PLENTY OF BORING OLD MORTAL PROBLEMS TO DEAL WITH. I'LL BE ON THE MOON IF YOU NEED ME.
ALL THOSE YEARS AGO I CAME TO THIS PLACE ALONE. OUT OF STUBBORN PRIDE. AND I NEVER TOLD ANOTHER LIVING SOUL WHAT HAPPENED TO ME HERE.
NOW GODS ARE DYING BECAUSE OF MY SILENCE. BECAUSE OF MY FOOLISHNESS. I CANNOT MAKE THAT SAME MISTAKE AGAIN.
YOU ARE AS MUCH A GOD AS ANY IMMORTAL I HAVE EVER KNOWN, TONY STARK. PLEASE...I COULD USE YOUR HELP
I TELL IRON MAN WHAT I KNOW AND SEND H.M TO OLYMPUS TO BEGIN WARNING THE GODS OF EARTH.
MY SEARCH FOR THE GOD BUTCHER HAS LED ME NOWHERE. NO CLUES WHERE HE MIGHT BE HIDING. NO IDEA WHERE HE MIGHT STRIKE NEXT.
SO WITH NOWHERE ELSE TO TURN, I AM HERE.
A PLACE I HAD HOPED NEVER TO SEE AGAIN.

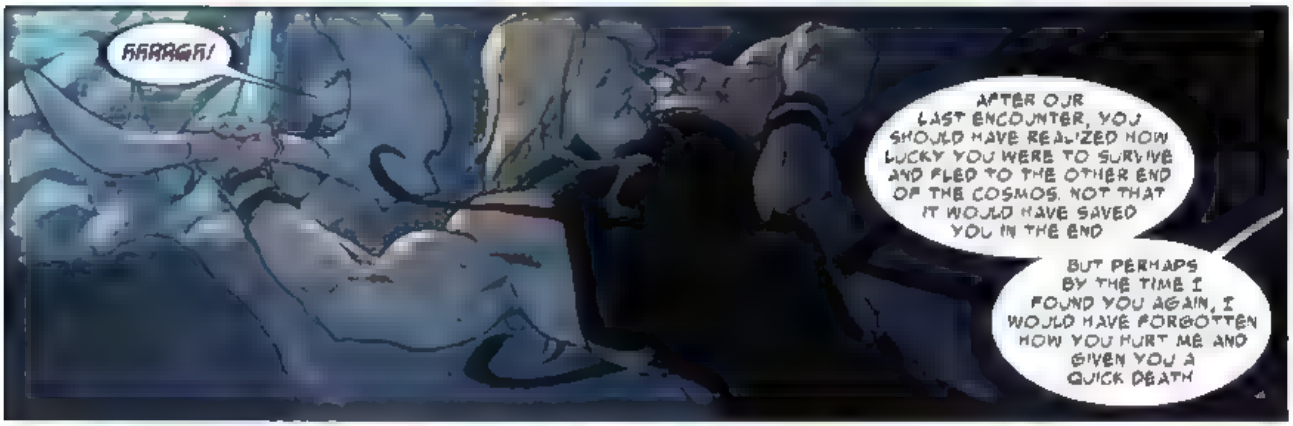
I am a *YOUNG* God, as my father always likes to remind me. But compared to my mortal friends, I have lived a very long time.
There are thousands of years worth of memories rattling around inside my head. Even in the mind of a God there isn't room for everything
Memories evaporate over time such is the price of being immortal of much of my distant past I can recall only fragments and glimpses. Some moments are gone completely.
I've forgotten the face of the first maiden I kissed of the first troll I felled or dragon I tamed.
I've forgotten the first star I walked upon and the sight of my father smiling.
For a God the lives of mortals seem to pass by in the blink of an eye. Which leaves much of my early time on Midgard an irreparable haze.
There are mortal women I know I've loved and men I've stood by in battle who I'm ashamed to say I can no longer recall.
But this *cave...*
This cave I will remember 'til the end of time.

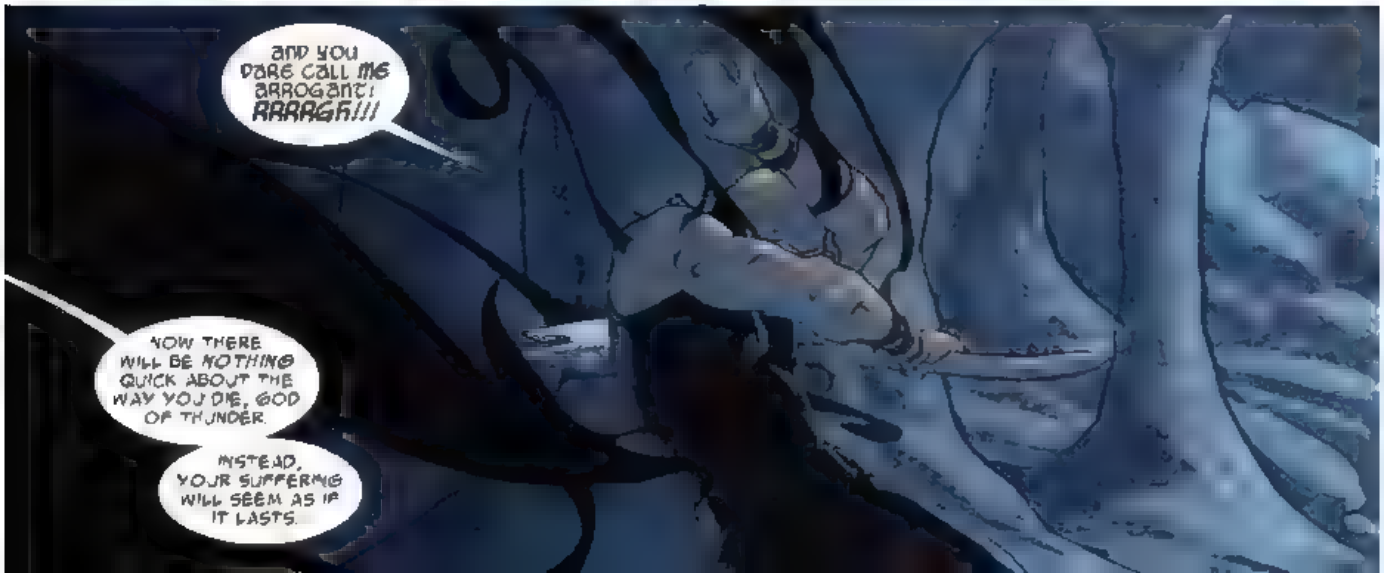
THIS IS WHERE THE GOD BUTCHER TAUGHT ME FEAR.
ALL-MOTHER? ALL-MOTHER, CAN YOU HEAR ME?
DAMN THESE SUMMONING STONES
QUEEN FREYJA! THE GOD OF VALINDER WOULD HAVE WORDS WITH THEE!
THIS IS WHERE HE SHOWED ME THE TRUE DEPTHS OF HIS HORROR
THOR? MY BOY, IS THAT YOU? YOU'LL HAVE TO SPEAK UP THE CONGRESS IS MEETING AND YOU KNOW HOW DWARVES GET WHEN THEY'RE ANGRY.
MY QUEEN ASGARDIA AND EVERYONE IN IT IS IN DANGER!
THIS IS WHERE I NEARLY DIED AT HIS HANDS
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? HAVE YOU GOTTEN INTO TROUBLE AGAIN? PLEASE DON'T TELL ME YOUR BROTHER'S INVOLVED
QUEEN FREYJA, LISTEN TO ME, YOU HAVE TO CALL EVERY ASGARDIAN HOME AND LOCK THE GATES BEHIND THEM: ANYONE OF IMMORTAL BLOOD IS UNDER THREAT!
THOR WHAT'S HAPPENED? UNDER THREAT BY WHO?
THOR?
THIS IS WHERE I THOUGHT I KILLED HIM.
RAAAAGHH!!!

GOD BUTCHER!
COME OUT OF YOUR HOLE AND LET'S FINISH WHAT WE STARTED!

YOU CAME ALONE I KNEW YOU WOULD

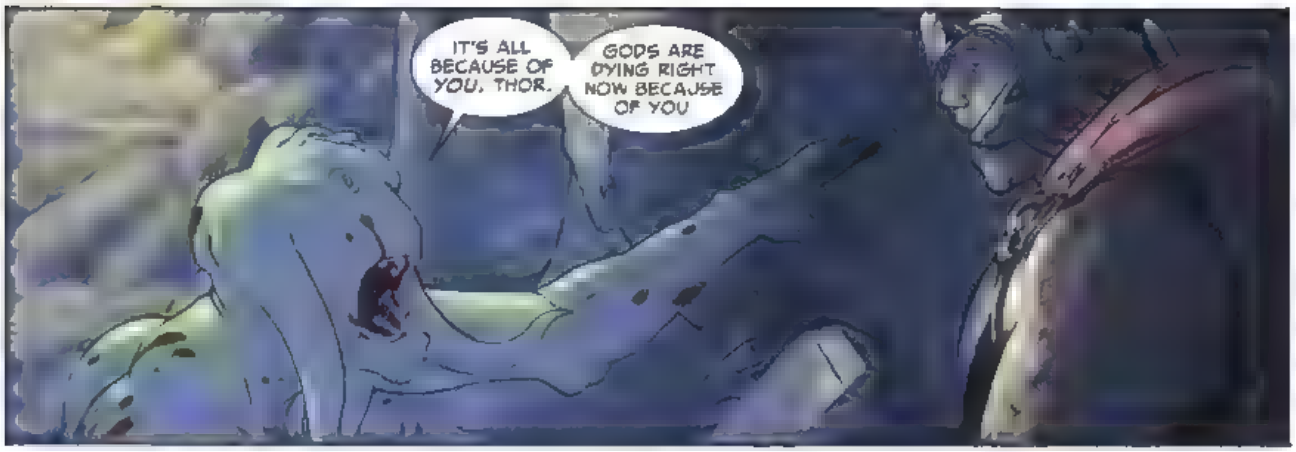
GODS ARE NOTHING IF NOT PREDICTABLE, ESPECIALLY WHEN IT COMES TO ARROGANCE


RRRAGH!
AFTER OUR LAST ENCOUNTER, YOU SHOULD HAVE REALIZED HOW LUCKY YOU WERE TO SURVIVE AND FLED TO THE OTHER END OF THE COSMOS. NOT THAT IT WOULD HAVE SAVED YOU IN THE END
BUT PERHAPS BY THE TIME I FOUND YOU AGAIN, I WOULD HAVE FORGOTTEN HOW YOU HURT ME AND GIVEN YOU A QUICK DEATH


AND YOU DARE CALL ME ARROGANT! RRRAGH!!!
NOW THERE WILL BE NOTHING QUICK ABOUT THE WAY YOU DIE, GOD OF THUNDER.
INSTEAD, YOUR SUFFERING WILL SEEM AS IF IT LASTS

"UNTIL THE VERY END OF TIME."
AARGHH!!!
NO!!! I WILL NOT FALL AGAIN! NOT TO YOU!
NO MATTER HOW MANY OF YOUR BLACK BERSERKERS YOU SEND TO SULLY ASGARD!
DO YOU HEAR ME, GOD BUTCHER?. THOR WILL NOT FALL!
THOR WILL NEVER...

GOD BUTCHER!
NO MORE RUNN NG! TIME TO FIN SH--
WAIT
PLEASE DON'T HURT ME I'M NOT HIM!
I'M NOT GORR!
WHO ARE YOU? WHY ARE YOU IN THIS CAVE?
HIDING FROM HIM. HIDING IN THE LAST PLACE HE WOULD EVER LOOK. DON'T YOU REMEMBER? DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT THIS PLACE IS?
EVERYTHING HE'S DOING NOW, IT'S ALL BECAUSE OF TH S CAVE AND WHAT YOU DID TO HIM HERE


IT'S ALL BECAUSE OF YOU, THOR.
GODS ARE DYING RIGHT NOW BECAUSE OF YOU

GGAAARGRR!!!
SCREAMING. YES, THERE WILL BE MUCH MORE OF THAT BEFORE YOU DIE.
ALL GODS WILL SCREAM BY THE TIME I AM THROUGH

"DOWN TO THE VERY LAST ONE"

4

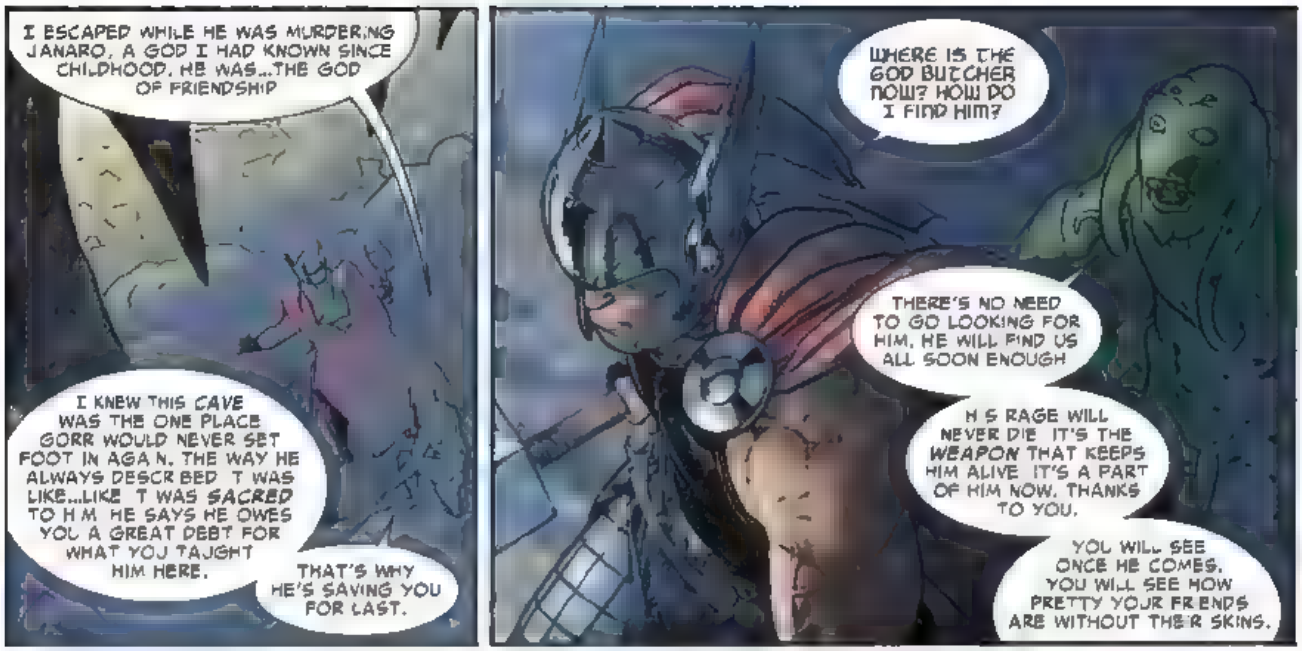
THE LAST GOD IN ASGARD

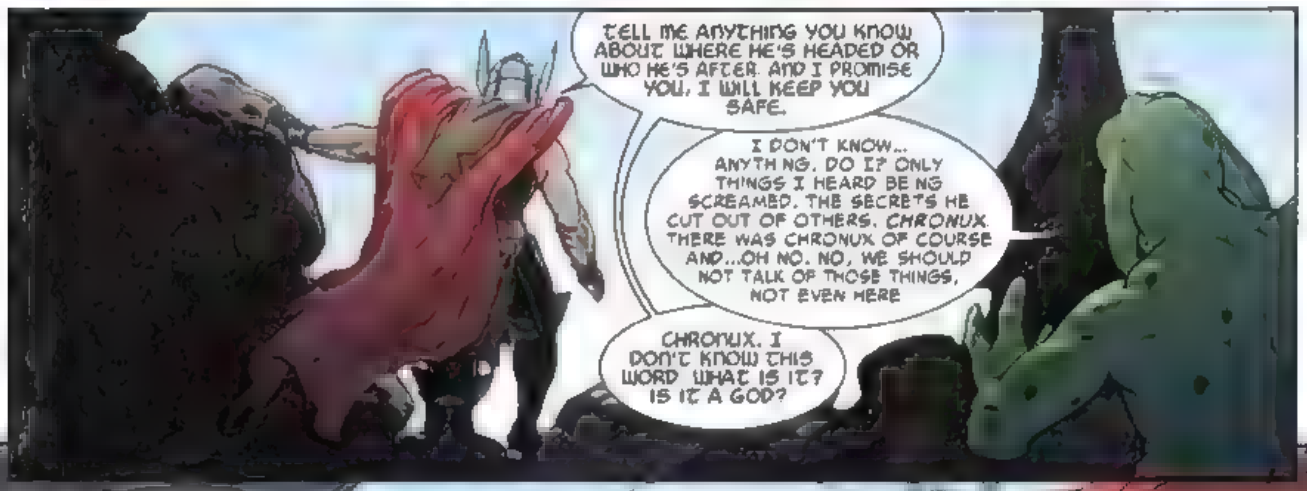
Asgard.
Thousands of Years From Now.
As darkness comes over me as all pain fades I feel myself floating
Floating through Asgard. past the broken shards of the Rainbow Bridge. past the statues of the fallen.
past the crypt where I buried my mother and father. my wives. and all of my children.
I feel myself floating on but I am not dismayed. I go with a glad heart. I go to be with my family. at long last..
I go to Hel.

THERE WILL BE NO GRAND FUNERAL FOR ME IN ASGARD. NO SONGS SUNG OF MY PASSING. NO MONUMENTS ERECTED.
THIS RUINED HUNK OF ROCK THAT WAS ONCE THE REALM ETERNAL... THIS WILL BE MY TOMBSTONE. AND THE TESTAMENT TO MY FAILURE.
ASGARD DESERVED BETTER. IT DESERVED A BETTER KING.
I WAS ALWAYS MORE SUITED TO SWINGING A HAMMER THAN I WAS TO WEARING A CROWN. ULTIMATELY, I WASN'T FIT TO HOLD EITHER.
I LIVED FAR TOO LONG. THAT WAS MY GREATEST MISTAKE. LONG ENOUGH TO SEE EVERYONE I EVER CARED FOR DIE. LONG ENOUGH TO SEE THE TRUE END OF ALL THINGS.
THERE ARE NO MORE RAGNAROKS HERE AT THE END OF TIME. NO EPIC BATTLES. NO HOPES OF RESURRECTION OR REBIRTH.
THERE IS ONLY ONE SAD OLD GOD WITHERING AWAY IN SHAME AND SILENCE...
RELIEVED THAT IT IS FINALLY OVER.

I KNOW THE FEEL OF THIS SEAT. I KNOW IT ALL TOO WELL.
THIS ISN'T THE AFTERWORLD
NO. THIS ISN'T... WAIT.
COME BACK
COME BACK HERE YOU WRETCHED DOGS!
THE GOD BUTCHER...HE WON'T EVEN GIVE ME THAT ONE SMALL VICTORY. WILL HE?
COME BACK HERE AND KILL ME!
HE WON'T EVEN LET ME DIE

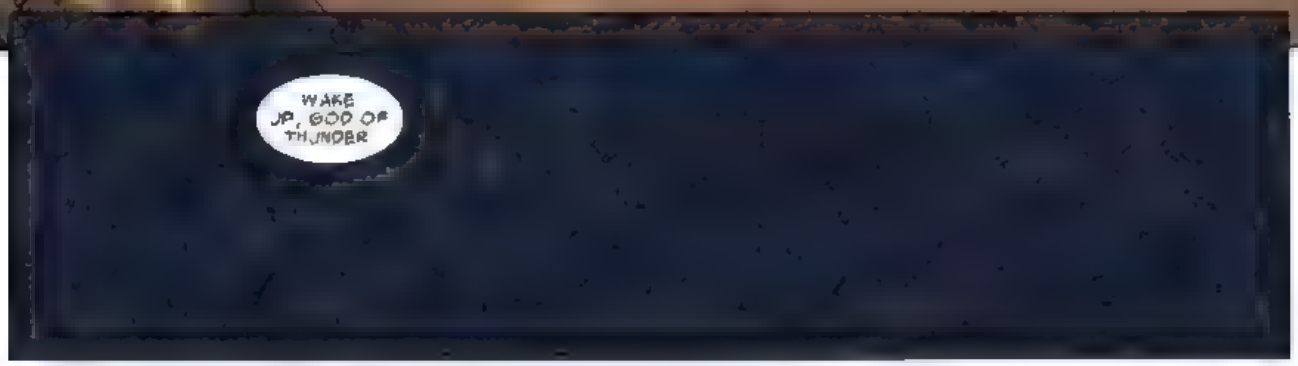
Earth Now
WHO ARE YOU?
I'M THE SORT OF GOD YOU DON'T MEET EVERY DAY. A GOD WHO HAS LOOKED UPON THE FACE OF GORR...
..AND LIVED LIKE YOU, YES? THE MIGHTY THOR. OH, HOW I'VE HEARD HIM TALK ABOJT YOJ.
I WAS CALLED SHADRAK OF THE DIAMOND MOONS OF OGHOGHO I WAS THE GOD OF... OF WINE AND WATERFALLS UNTIL HE CAME UNTIL THE GOD BUTCHER.
I DON'T KNOW WHY HE KEPT ME ALIVE WHY HE MADE ME WATCH AS HIS BLACK BERSERKERS SLAUGHTERED THE REST OF MY PANTHEON IT SEEMED TO AMUSE HIM..THE MORE I SCREAMED.
EVERY DAY, I BEGGED HIM TO K LL ME NEXT. BUT INSTEAD HE CUT OFF ALL MY EYELIDS, SO I HAD NO CHO CE BUT TO SEE. HE TRJLY IS AN ARTIST, YOJ KNOW? I MEAN THAT. THE THINGS HE CAN DO WITH THAT WEAPON OF HIS, THE TH NGS THAT HE SHOWED ME...
GODS ARE SUCH BEAUTIFUL CREATURES, I VE NEVER BEEN MORE SURE OF THAT BECAJSE I'VE SEEN WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE ON THE INSIDE.
I'M NOT CERTA N... BUT I TH NK I MAY HAVE GONE MAD AT SOME POINT

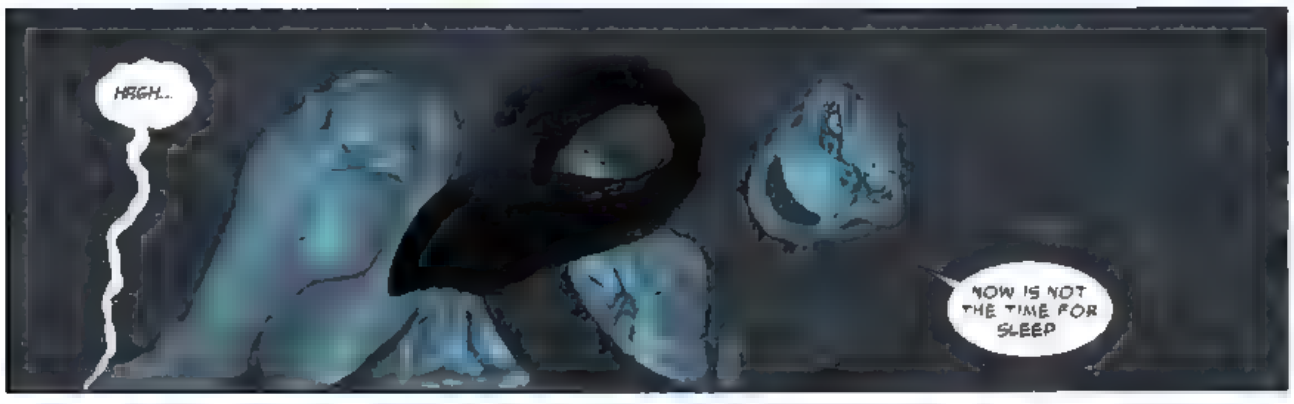

I ESCAPED WHILE HE WAS MURDERING JANARO, A GOD I HAD KNOWN SINCE CHILDHOOD. HE WAS...THE GOD OF FRIENDSHIP
I KNEW THIS CAVE WAS THE ONE PLACE GORR WOULD NEVER SET FOOT IN AGA N. THE WAY HE ALWAYS DESCR BED T WAS LIKE...LIKE T WAS SACRED TO H M. HE SAYS HE OWES YOU A GREAT DEBT FOR WHAT YOJ TAJGHT HIM HERE.
THAT'S WHY HE'S SAVING YOU FOR LAST.
WHERE IS THE GOD BUTCHER NOW? HOW DO I FIND HIM?
THERE'S NO NEED TO GO LOOKING FOR HIM. HE WILL FIND US ALL SOON ENOUGH
H S RAGE WILL NEVER DIE IT'S THE WEAPON THAT KEEPS HIM ALIVE IT'S A PART OF HIM NOW. THANKS TO YOU.
YOU WILL SEE ONCE HE COMES. YOU WILL SEE HOW PRETTY YOUR FR ENDS ARE WITHOUT THEIR SKINS.


TELL ME ANYTHING YOU KNOW ABOUT WHERE HE'S HEADED OR WHO HE'S AFTER. AND I PROMISE YOU, I WILL KEEP YOU SAFE.
I DON'T KNOW... ANYTH NG. DO I? ONLY THINGS I HEARD BE NG SCREAMED. THE SECRETS HE CUT OUT OF OTHERS. CHRONUX. THERE WAS CHRONUX OF COURSE AND...OH NO. NO, WE SHOULD NOT TALK OF THOSE THINGS, NOT EVEN HERE
CHRONUX. I DON'T KNOW THIS WORD WHAT IS IT? IS IT A GOD?

JUST LEAVE ME BE. JUST LET ME HIDE HERE JNTIL THE END OF TIME. I QUITE LIKE EATING BUGS AND SLEEPING IN MUD BETTER THAN I DO BEING BUTCHERED.
JUST COME WITH ME, SHADRAK, AND I SWEAR TO YOU THE GOD BUTCHER WILL NEVER TOUCH YOU AGAIN.
COME WITH ME..

"AND WE CAN END THIS ONCE AND FOR ALL."
Omnipotence City. Nexus of All The Gods.
LIBRARIAN!
LORD HIGH LIBRARIAN. WE SEEK YOUR AID!
I'VE CHANGED MY MIND I'D LIKE TO GO BACK TO THE CAVE NOW
YOU ARE SAFE HERE. THESE ARE THE HALLS OF ALL KNOWING. IF THERE IS A GOD CALLED CHRONUX ANYWHERE IN THE UNIVERSE HERE WE WILL TRACK HIM DOWN.
LIBRARIAN!
WHERE THE DEVIL IS THAT BITTER OLD.
UGGGH...
LORD LIBRARIAN!
NO OH NO. IF ONLY I COULD CLOSE MY EYES


WAKE UP, GOD OF THUNDER


HRGH..
NOW IS NOT THE TIME FOR SLEEP

893 A.D.
The Cave of The God Butcher.
NOW IS THE TIME FOR SUFFERING.
AND FOR TALK.
GRRRGGH! TAKE THESE CHAINS OFF ME AND I'LL SHOW YOU SUFFERING YOU SNAKE-FACED COWARD!
THAT IS NOT THE SORT OF TALK I HAD IN MIND
YOU WILL TELL ME ALL YOU KNOW ABOUT THE MANY GODS OF THIS WORLD INCLUDING YOUR FAMILY AND EVERY LAST ONE OF YOUR FRIENDS.
YOU WILL TELL ME WHERE TO FIND THEM. IN ASGARD, WAS IT? THEN YOU WILL TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE, AS YOU WATCH ME KILL THEM.
WRAP ME IN AS MANY CHAINS AS YOU LIKE, BUTCHER! ALL I'M EVER GOING TO TELL YOU ..IS TO GO TO HEL!

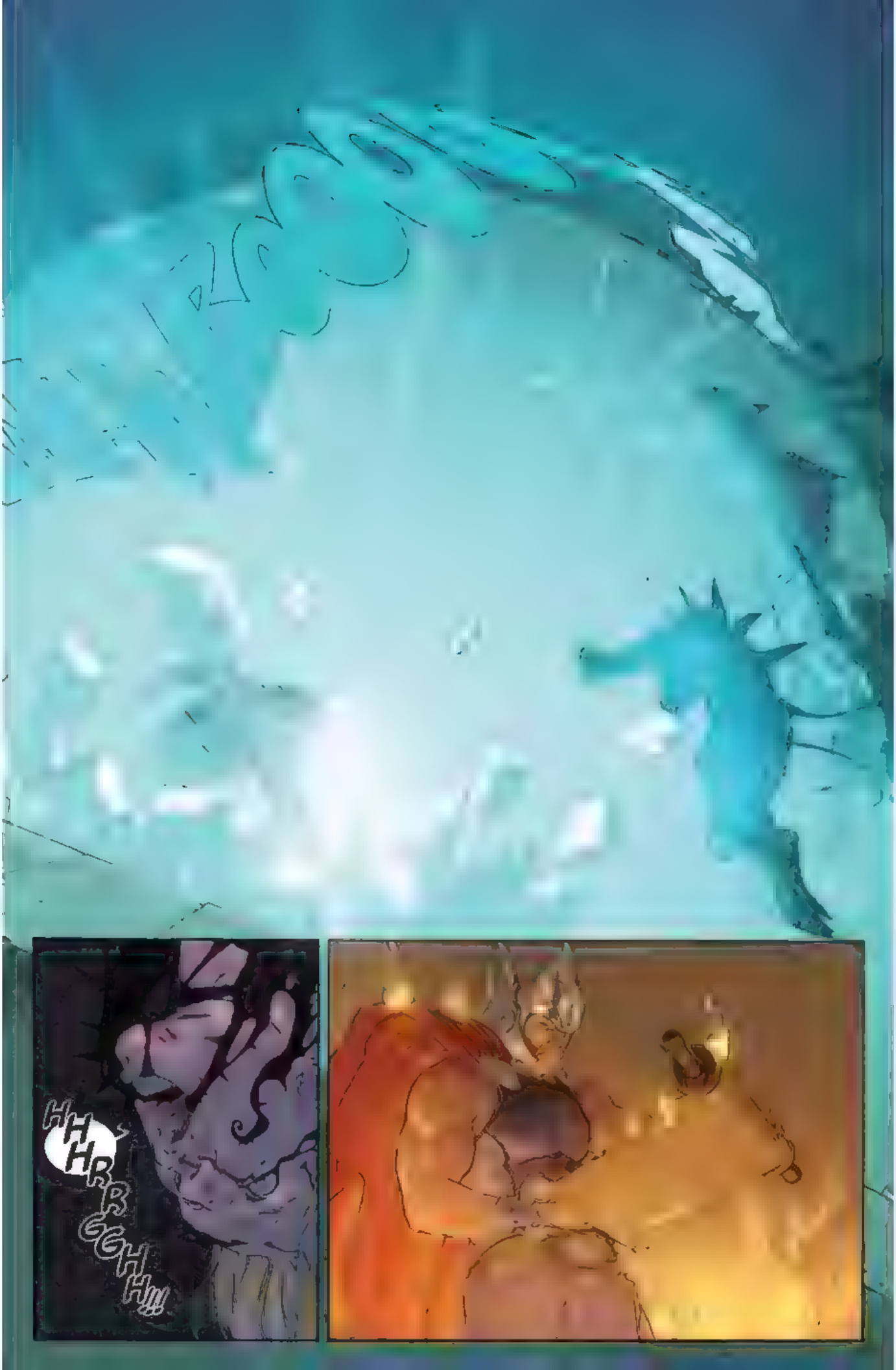
RRAGGHHH!!!
I AM NOT EXACTLY A NOVICE IN THE WAYS OF TORTURE, YOU UNDERSTAND. I ONCE TORTURED A GOD OF TORTURE
AFTER AN EVENING ALONE WITH ME, HE TOLD ME WHERE HIS OWN CHILDREN WERE HIDING
GGGRRGHH!!! I WILL KILL YOU.
FIGHT ALL YOU LIKE. THESE BONDS HAVE HELD A THOUSAND GODS BEFORE YOU, SOME THE SIZE OF MOUNTAINS.
THEY ALL START OUT SO FULL OF CONFIDENCE AND RAGE. SO CONVINCED OF THEIR OWN BLESSED IMMORTALITY. UNTIL I SHOW THEM WHAT THEY REALLY ARE. WHAT THEIR MOTHERS ARE. THEIR LOVERS. THEIR INFANTS.
YOU'RE MEAT, JUST LIKE THE REST OF US. LITTLE BOYS. MEAT AND BONE AND BLOOD AND INNARDS.
I WILL SHOW YOU YOUR TRUE FACE, THOR OF ASGARD. BY PEELING AWAY THIS MASK OF FLESH YOU WEAR
AND I WILL CHEW OUT YOUR EYEBALLS WITH MY TEETH YOU BLEATING--
HHRRGHH! HHRGGGGH!!!
I SO RARELY GET TO TAKE MY TIME ANYMORE. THERE ARE SO MANY GODS IN NEED OF ATTENTION, AFTER ALL.
THERE WAS AN IMMORTAL ON A WORLD LONG AGO, WHO DARED ASK ME IF I WAS A GOD MYSELF. NOW WITH HIM I INDEED TOOK MY TIME
ALL GODS HAVE THEIR BREAKING POINTS. IT TOOK ME NINE DAYS TO FIND HIS AND HIS FLESH WAS MADE OF STONE.
I AM HOPEFUL THAT YOU CAN KEEP ME ENTERTAINED FOR AT LEAST HALF AS LONG
KRAAAKKK

KRATOS
NO...PLEASE... I'M NOT GOING BACK TO GORR. HE CAN'T...
HE CAN'T MAKE ME WATCH ANYMORE!
GGRRGGHH!!!
WHAM

LOVELY FRIENDS YOU'VE BROUGHT WITH YOU, GOD OF THUNDER.
KROOM
THEY'RE BLACK BERSERKERS AND THEY'RE AFTER SOMETHING. TRYING TO HIDE SOMETHING FROM...
CHRONUX!
LORD LIBRARIAN, WHERE ARE THE BOOKS ON A GOD CALLED CHRONUX!
CHRONUX ISN'T A GOD, YOU IMBECILE. IT'S A WORLD. A HIDDEN ONE. AND THE ONLY BOOK THAT CAN TELL YOU WHERE TO FIND IT..
..IS OVER THERE BURNING!
THOR

HHRGGHH...
I WILL NOT SIT.. ON THAT BLASTED THRONE. A SECOND LONGER.
IF I CANNOT WALK TO MY DEATH LIKE A GOD OF THE VIKINGS
I WILL CRAWL TO IT. LIKE A WOUNDED DOG.
COME MJOLNIR OLD FRIEND
SHOW ME THERE'S STILL SOME MAGIC LEFT IN THESE DEAD HALLS

FWAAAH!
FOR ASGARD


HHHRRGGHH!!!

DAMNED USELESS ENCHANTMENTS! WHERE THE DEVIL ARE THOSE WATER PIXIES?
I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'RE A GOD OF SPRINKLERS, ARE YOU?
I AM SHADRAK, GOD OF SONGS AND SOMERSAULTS.
TERRIFIC. TRY ROLLING AROUND IN THAT FIRE TO PUT IT OUT.

YOUR BOOK BURNED TO ASH IN MY HANDS LIBRARIAN BUT I READ ALL I NEED.
I FLY TO CHRONUX THE PALACE OF INFINITY!

"I FLY TO CLAIM THE HEAD OF GORR."
Chronux, The Palace of Infinity
ARRGHH!
BLEED THEM WELL, MY BERSERKERS.

WE'RE GOING TO NEED EVERY LAST DROP

WILL IT BE ENOUGH?
IT WILL HAVE TO BE. THERE'S NO ONE LEFT.
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS. I COULD ALWAYS CUT OFF YOUR ARMS AND LEGS
IT WILL BE ENOUGH
YES. I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT SAY THAT

JUST KNOW THAT IF I DON'T RETURN, MY BLACK BERSERKERS WILL TEAR YOU APART
I...I CAN'T PROMISE THAT YOU WON'T BE KILLED ONCE YOU GET TO WHERE YOU'RE GOING YOU DO REALIZE WHAT YOU'LL FIND, GOING THAT FAR BACK IN TIME? YOU DO KNOW WHAT *WAITS* FOR YOU THERE?
I KNOW MORE ABOUT GODS AND THEIR HISTORY THAN YOU DO, LAST GOD OF CHRONUS. BECAUSE I KNOW THE SECRETS THEY SCREAM WHEN THEY'RE *DYING*.
ENOUGH! TALK. SHOW ME YOUR MAGIC.

THIS IS MONSTROUS, WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO THE POOL OF FOREVERS. A FEW DROPS OF OUR OWN SACRED BLOOD WERE ALL WE EVER USED TO TRAVEL THE TIMEWAYS, TO SHEPHERD THE HERDS OF YESTERDAYS AND PRUNE THE WILD FIELDS OF TOMORROWS
WE TIME GODS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN PEACEABLE BEINGS. CARETAKERS OF TIME, NOTHING MORE. WE NEVER DID ANYONE HARM.
IN MY TRAVELS I HAVE LEARNED THAT THERE ARE TWO KINDS OF GODS. THOSE WHO DO HARM, AND THOSE WHO DO NOTHING AT ALL. I HAVE YET TO DECIDE WHICH I FIND MORE WORTHY OF MY WRATH
BUT SOON ENOUGH IT WILL NO LONGER MATTER, AS ALL GODS WILL HAVE ONE VERY IMPORTANT TRAIT IN COMMON
THEY WILL ALL BE DEAD

GAAARGHH!!!
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR, YOU IDIOT BEASTS? YOU'VE WON.
DO YOU HEAR ME GORR? YOU'VE WON!
THOR IS BEATEN!
FINISH IT ALREADY!
I'M TOO OLD TOO TIRED. I CAN'T FIGHT YOU ANYMORE I CAN'T ..
FLASH

WHERE IS .
THE BUTCHER OF GODS?

5

DREAM OF A GODLESS AGE

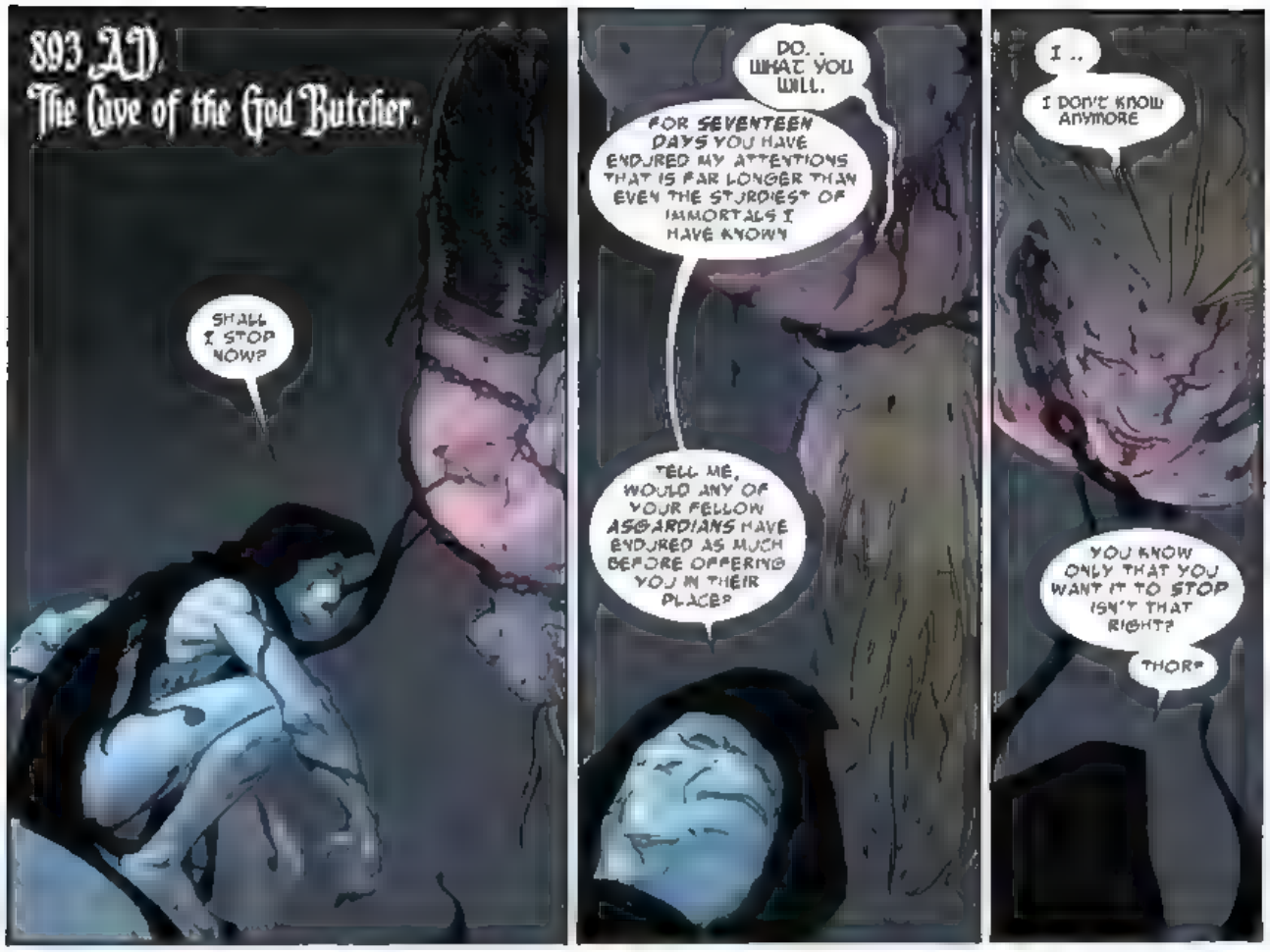
The Present Day. Chronux.
The Palace of Infinity.
WHERE I COME FROM, WE KNEW NOTHING OF THE WORLD BEYOND WHAT WE COULD SEE WITH OUR OWN EYES.
AND EVEN MUCH OF THAT WE COULD NOT COMPREHEND.
I WAS RAISED TO BELIEVE THAT STARS WERE THE EYES OF OUR ANCESTORS, OF THE ONES WHO'D PLEASED THE GODS AND PROVED WORTHY OF THE SOOTHING EMBRACE OF THE NIGHT.
THE DAMNED SUFFERED FOREVER IN THE SUN. SO THE MORE WHO DIED UNWORTHY, WE WERE TOLD, THE HOTTER OUR WORLD WOULD BURN.
THAT'S HOW WE WERE TAUGHT TO HONOR OUR GODS. THROUGH FEAR.
BUT WHERE WERE THOSE GODS WHENEVER WE NEEDED THEM, I ALWAYS ASKED?
WHERE WERE THE GODS WHEN I NEEDED THEM MOST?
THEY WERE WHERE THEY ALWAYS ARE, ALL THROUGHOUT THE UNIVERSE...
THEY WERE NOWHERE TO BE FOUND.

Fourteen Billion Years Ago
The Void.
I WAS TAUGHT THAT THE UNIVERSE WAS BORN FROM THE TEARS OF THE FIRST GOD, WHEN HE BEHELD THE EMPTINESS AROUND HIM AND HIS HEART WAS FILLED WITH LONELINESS.
THE TEARS BECAME OCEANS, WHICH BECAME ICE, WHICH BECAME WORLDS.
AND THERE THE LONESOME GOD PLANTED THE SEEDS OF ALL LIFE AS WE KNOW IT.
AND THE FIRST GOD LOOKED UPON HIS WORK AND SMILED.

AS I STAND HERE NOW, WITNESSING WITH MY OWN EYES THE FIRST AWKWARD FUMBLINGS OF LIFE IN THE VOID, I SEE NO LONESOME WEEPING GOD.
NO TEARS EXCEPT THOSE SHED BY THE MISSHAPEN CREATURES AROUND ME, MINUTES OLD AND ALREADY BEGGING FOR DEATH.
I SEE NO GRAND PLAN AT WORK. NO BENEVOLENT OMNIPOTENCE ON DISPLAY. I SEE ONLY AN INBRED OFFSPRING OF THE ELDER GODS, TREATING PRIMORDIAL LIFE AS HIS FLESHY PLAYTHING.
BUT DESPITE THE BEST EFFORTS OF THE GODS, I KNOW THAT LIFE WILL STILL FIND A WAY. WORLDS WILL BE BLASTED INTO BEING AND CREATURES WILL SLITHER FROM THE OOZE TO EVOLVE AND THRIVE.
AND ULTIMATELY LEARN TO FEAR AND WORSHIP THE BUMBLING DEITIES THEY ASSUME TO BE THEIR MAKERS.
BUT FOR THIS YOUNG GOD, AT LEAST, THERE WILL BE NO TEMPLES ERECTED.
MY NAME IS ØORR, SON OF A NAMELESS FATHER, OUTCAST FROM A FORGOTTEN WORLD.
I HAVE SLAIN MY WAY THROUGH MULTITUDES TO STAND HERE AT THE GENESIS OF ALL THINGS, BLACKENED WITH VENGEANCE, WET WITH HOLY BLOOD, ONE SIMPLE DREAM STILL STRONG IN MY HEART...
...THE DREAM OF A GODLESS AGE.

The Present Day. Chronux.
The Palace of Infinity.
IMPOSSIBLE
SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, LAST TIME GOD OF CHRONUX, BUT GORR YET LIVES
AND HE HAS CLAIMED HIS PRIZE
BY THE STARS OF ALL THE HEAVENS, IS THAT ..
THE STILL WARM HEART OF AN ELDER GOD, YES
NOW ALL I NEED IS A MOON OR TWO, SOME CENTURIES TO MYSELF AND THE SPACE IN WHICH TO BUILD
AND SLAVES. SO VERY MANY SLAVES.
KRUMBLE

BUTCHER OF GODS.
GUH
PREPARE TO KNOW THE WRATH OF THOR!


893 AD.
The Cave of the God Butcher.
SHALL I STOP NOW?
DO. . WHAT YOU WILL.
FOR SEVENTEEN DAYS YOU HAVE ENDURED MY ATTENTIONS THAT IS FAR LONGER THAN EVEN THE STURDIEST OF IMMORTALS I HAVE KNOWN
TELL ME, WOULD ANY OF YOUR FELLOW ASGARDIANS HAVE ENDURED AS MUCH BEFORE OFFERING YOU IN THEIR PLACE?
I . .
I DON'T KNOW ANYMORE
YOU KNOW ONLY THAT YOU WANT IT TO STOP ISN'T THAT RIGHT?
THOR?

YES.
YES. I WANT IT TO STOP.
AND IT WILL. ONCE YOU'VE DONE AS I'VE ASKED. ONCE YOU'VE SHOWN ME THE WAY TO ASGARD
WE'LL BEGIN WITH SOMETHING EASY. IS THERE ANYONE IN YOUR FAMILY YOU HATE? A SIBLING PERHAPS? MAYBE EVEN A PARENT?
I... I . .
JUST TELL ME WHO THEY ARE, AND I PROMISE TO KILL THEM FIRST

IN HERE! WE'VE FOUND HIM.
WHO DARES?
REDDEN YOUR SPEARS BERSERKERS! LET FLY YOUR RAGING HANDS! RATHER A THOUSAND DEATHS THAN ONE RETREAT!
THIS NIGHT WE FEAST IN VALHALLA
THIS NIGHT WE DIE FOR THOR!

GORR. HAVE AT THEE, COWARD!
NO MORE HIDING BEHIND THESE EMPTY HUSKS! MJOLNIR GROWS WEARY OF BLUDGEONING THEM!
TODAY THE BLOOD THAT FLIES WILL BE YOURS! AND THE TEARS! AND THE TEETH!
HOW LOVELY I SEE YOU'VE GROWN UP NICELY SINCE LAST WE MET
AND MY BLACK BERSERKERS ARE FAR FROM EMPTY HUSKS, GOD OF THUNDER THEY ARE A PART OF ME. THANKS IN NO SMALL MEASURE TO YOU
DAMN YOUR DEVILRY! FIGHT LIKE A GOD!
THOUGH THEY DO STILL HAVE A MIND OF THEIR OWN. THE ONES WHO ATTACKED YOU AT THE HALLS OF ALL-KNOWING, FOR INSTANCE. I DID NOT SEND THEM. NOT CONSCIOUSLY, AT LEAST
THOUGH PERHAPS DEEP DOWN INSIDE, SOME PART OF ME WANTED YOU HERE, THOR, PRINCE OF ASGARD THOR, THE GOD WHO GOT AWAY
WANTED YOU HERE TO BEAR WITNESS AS I BEGIN THE NEXT PHASE OF MY MISSION. AFTER ALL...

"NONE OF THIS WOULD HAVE BEEN POSSIBLE WITHOUT YOU."
STOP THIS! I AM NOT HERE TO HURT YOU, MEN OF EARTH! I COME INSTEAD TO LIBERATE YOU AND YOUR KIND FROM THE YOKE OF DIVINE SERVITUDE!
AND WE COME TO LIBERATE THAT HIDEOUS HEAD OF YOURS FROM ITS SHOULDERS! CUT HIM DOWN!
DON'T WORRY, LORD THOR, WE'LL HAVE YOU FREE OF THESE CHAINS OR DIE TRY--

LISTEN TO ME, YOU FOOLS DO NOT THROW YOUR LIVES AWAY ON SOMETHING AS USELESS AS A GOD!
GAAHHHK!!!

HE ISN'T WORTH YOUR DEVOTION NONE OF THEM ARE! JUST LISTEN TO ME! LISTEN AND LET ME TELL YOU OF MY DREAM. A DREAM OF A--
FOR THE LOVE OF ODIN, SOMEONE GET A SPEAR IN THAT THROAT AND STOP THIS WRETCH'S MEWLING!
VERY WELL. DIE FOR YOUR GOD IF YOU WISH. SEE IF HE EVER TAKES NOTICE
HAAAARRGGHHHH!!!

RRRRGGH! YOUR PUPPETS FALL, GORR. YOU WILL ANSWER TO THE FURY OF MY HAMMER!
I DO!
BOFF
THOSE VIKINGS OF YOURS FOUGHT LIKE DEVILS THAT DAY IN THE CAVE. DO YOU EVEN REMEMBER THEIR FACES?
"OF COURSE, I'D SEEN MEN WILLING TO DIE FOR THEIR GODS BEFORE ON MORE WORLDS THAN I CAN COUNT BUT NEVER WITH SUCH...SUCH WICKED GLEE."
FOR ASGARD GAAAARRGHHH!!!
YOUR VIKINGS TAUGHT ME TWO IMPORTANT LESSONS THAT DAY, THOR ONE, THAT MORTALS' CHILDLIKE FEAR OF A GODLESS WORLD IS FAR STRONGER THAN THEIR FEAR OF DEATH, NO MATTER HOW PAINFUL. AND TWO
"NO MATTER HOW FIERCE MY DEVOTION OR HOW INVINCIBLE MY WEAPON MIGHT MAKE ME, NO MATTER HOW JUST MY CAUSE..."
I COULD NO LONGER DO MY JOB ALONE

KRRAK
RRRRRRRGHHH
I WALKED THE COSMOS FOR TWO THOUSAND YEARS, KILLING GOD AFTER GOD WITH THESE VERY HANDS. I TORTURED THEM AND SKINNED THEM AND BURNED THEM ALIVE AND LEFT THEM ROTTING IN THEIR HEAVENS
I MADE NO PROCLAMATIONS. I ISSUED NO THREATS OR DEMANDS I SIMPLY KILLED EVERY IMMORTAL TYRANT I COULD FIND. AND THEN MOVED ON THROUGH THE SHADOWS
"A GOD DID SOMETHING USEFUL."
BUT YOU BROUGHT ME OUT OF THE DARKNESS, THOR. YOU SHOWED ME A WHOLE NEW WAY. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE HISTORY OF THE COSMOS.
TELL ME, AS YOU DIE, MEN OF EARTH, DO YOU AT LAST SEE THE TRUTH?
WHERE ARE YOUR GODS NOW? WHERE ARE THE GREAT LIES YOU WASTED YOUR LIVES WORSHIPPING? WHERE IS YOUR SAVIOR? WHERE IS
THOR?

YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE KILLING ME THAT DAY IN THE CAVE. BUT INSTEAD, YOU SAVED ME. YOU SAVED ME FROM A LIFE OF FAILURE. YOU SAVED MY DREAM.
AND FOR THAT, I WILL FOREVER BE INDEBTED TO YOU, THOR OF ASGARD
THAT IS WHY YOU DIE LAST

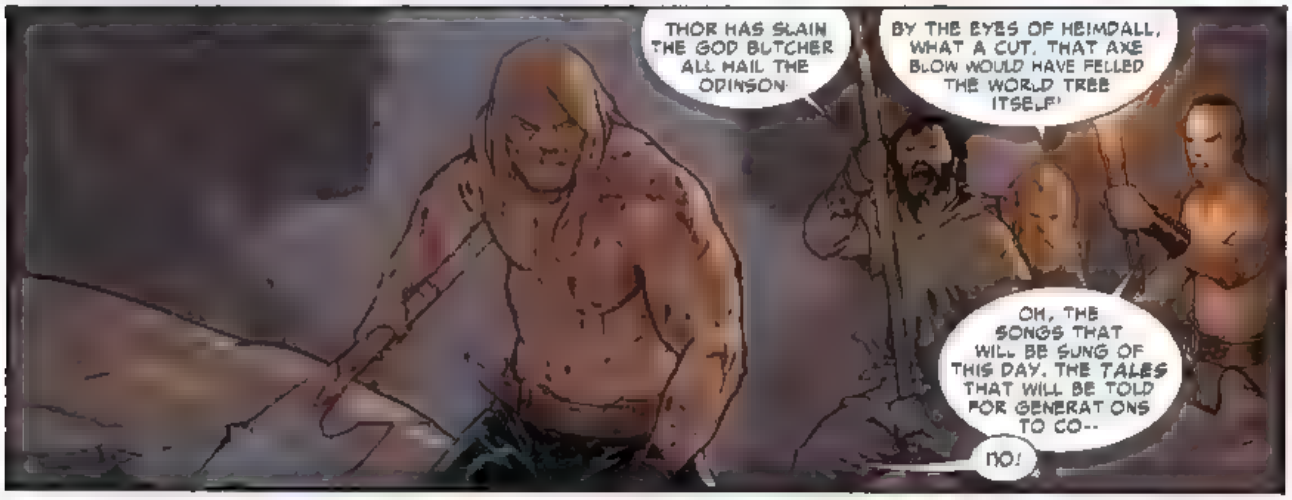
IS IT DONE?
I'VE PROGRAMMED THE TIME POOL AS YOU ASKED. NOW PLEASE, YOU PROMISED YOU'D LET ME LIVE
NO. I ONLY PROMISED THAT UNLIKE THE GOD OF THUNDER HERE.
HHUURGH
YOU WOULD NOT HAVE TO WATCH UNTIL THE END
NO!! I SWEAR BY THE SPIRES OF ASGARD NO MORE GODS WILL DIE!
YOU'RE NOT LISTENING, ARE YOU, THOR? ALL GODS WILL DIE. FROM THE FIRST UNTIL THE LAST. NO ALMIGHTY GETS OUT ALIVE. I GO NOW TO MAKE IT SO.
BUILDING MYSELF AN ARMY WAS JUST THE BEGINNING. WITH THESE NEXT STEPS...
I GO TO EXPLORE NEW HORIZONS OF DEICIDE.

DIE YOU BLACK-HEARTED BASTARD!
HHHRRRRRRGHHH!!!
NO! I REFUSE TO DIE
I REFUSE TO DIE WHILE GODS YET LIVE I--
KA BOOM!!!
GOODBYE, THOR. PLEASE DO STAY ALIVE FOR A VERY LONG TIME
I WOULD BE SO TERRIBLY DISAPPOINTED IF WE DID NOT MEET AGAIN.
NO!!!

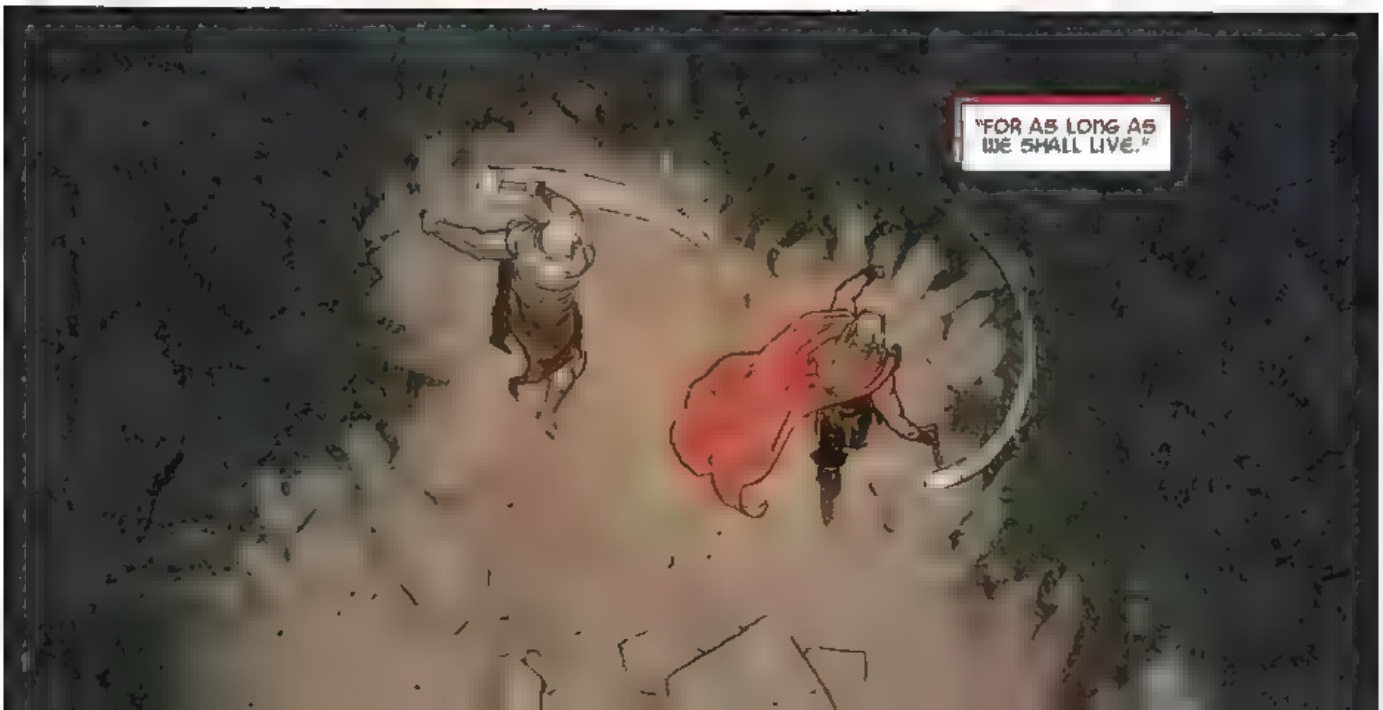
GORR! YOU WILL NOT ESCAPE ME AGAIN.
NO UNIVERSE IS BIG ENOUGH TO HIDE YOU FROM THOR!
KRAK

Thousands of Years Later.
Asgard
WHERE IS .
...THE BUTCHER OF GODS?
I'LL BE DAMNED. WASN'T EXPECTING YOU BOY
FATHER? WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ASGARD?
I'M NOT YOUR FATHER, YOU BEARDLESS WHELP. NOW GET READY WITH THAT HAMMER. TIME TO SHOW ME YOU'RE ALL I REMEMBER YOU TO BE.
WHAM

HE'S DEAD

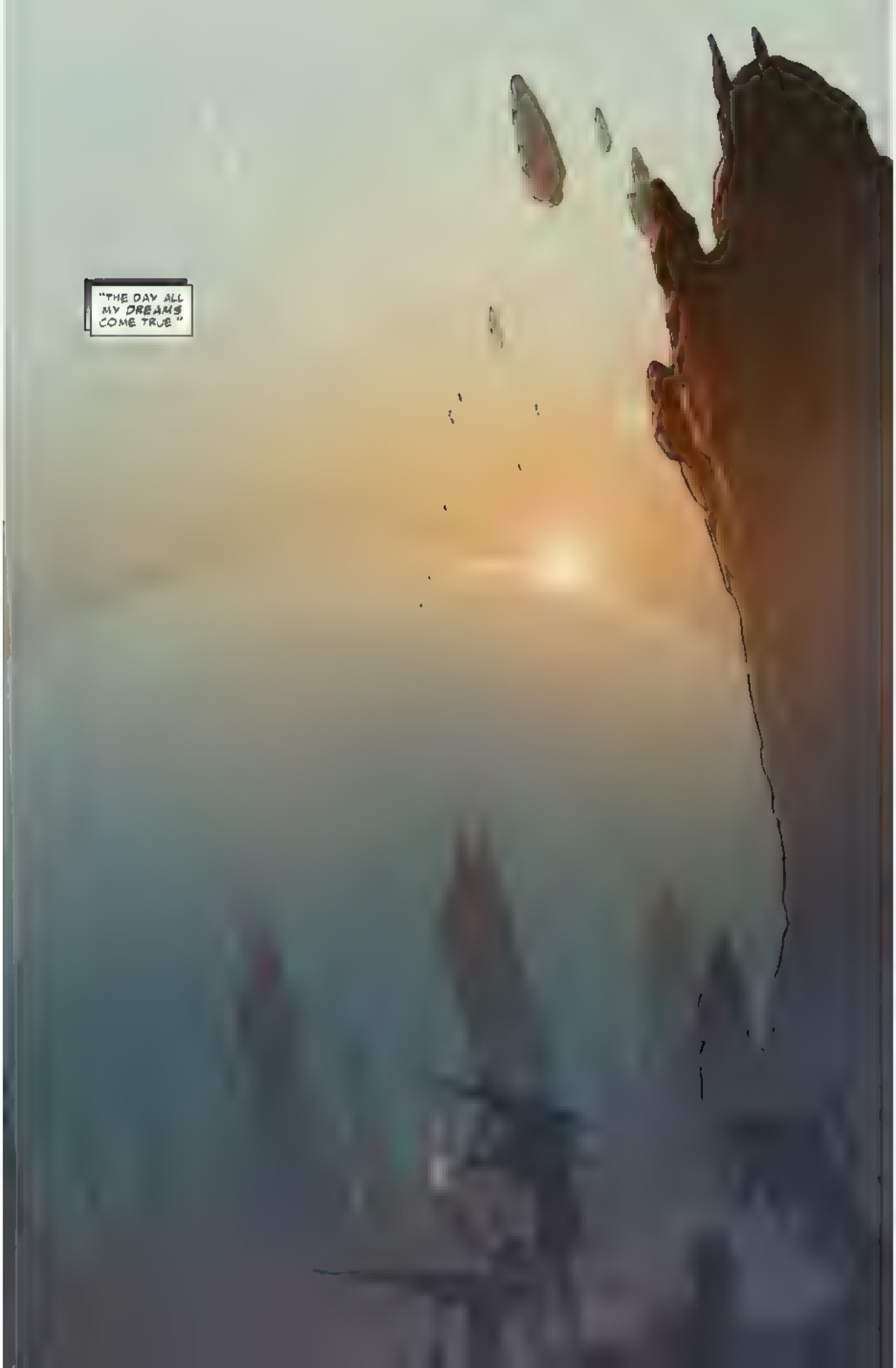

THOR HAS SLAIN THE GOD BUTCHER ALL HAIL THE ODINSON!
BY THE EYES OF HEIMDALL, WHAT A CUT. THAT AXE BLOW WOULD HAVE FELLED THE WORLD TREE ITSELF!
OH, THE SONGS THAT WILL BE SUNG OF THIS DAY. THE TALES THAT WILL BE TOLD FOR GENERATIONS TO CO--
NO!

WE WILL NEVER SPEAK OF THIS DAY AGAIN DO YOU HEAR ME? NEVER!


"FOR AS LONG AS WE SHALL LIVE."

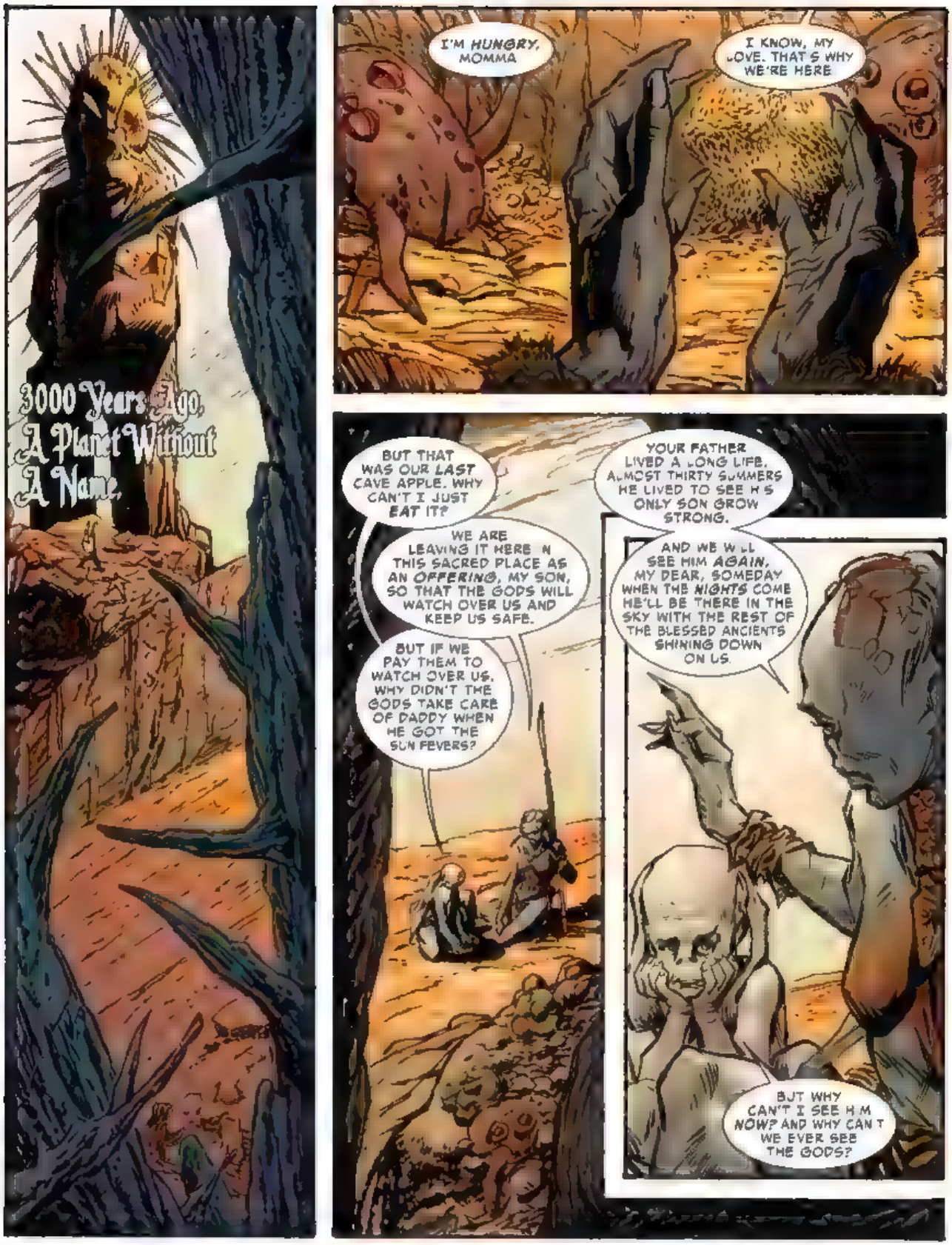
THEY'RE DISSOLVING. HE'S PULLING THEM BACK
BLESS MY EYE WE MAY HAVE ACTUALLY WON.
THE GOD BUTCHER? WHERE IS HE? I WAS RIGHT BEHIND HIM.
RIGHT BEHIND HIM? YOU RE EVEN DUMBER THAN I REMEMBER, AREN'T YOU?
YOU APPEARED IN THE EXACT SAME SPOT HE DID, I'LL GIVE YOU THAT. BUT YOU'RE A BIT LATE, BOY
THE GOD BUTCHER HAS BEEN HERE FOR 900 YEARS.

"AND HE'S BEEN BUSY"
HMMM.
ANOTHER THOR? HOW SPLENDID! ONE CAN NEVER HAVE TOO MANY OF THOSE.
AND JUST IN TIME, AS WELL.
I SAID I WOULD SAVE YOU FOR LAST, GOD OF THUNDER, AND THAT DAY IS IMMINENT.
THE FIRST DAY OF A NEW AGE OF FREEDOM

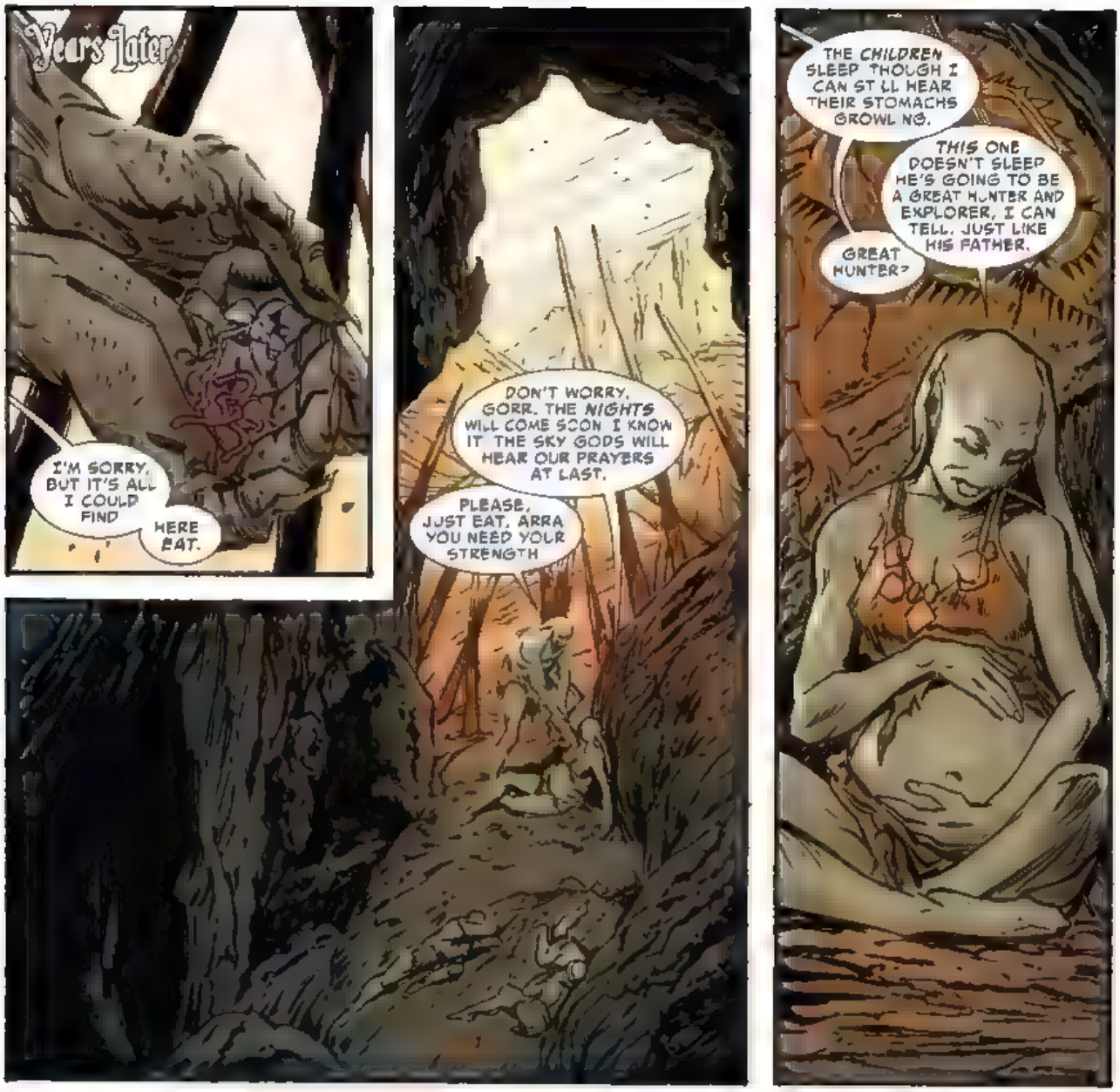

"THE DAY ALL MY DREAMS COME TRUE"

6

WHAT THE GODS HAVE WROUGHT


3000 Years Ago, A Planet Without A Name.
I'M HUNGRY, MOMMA
I KNOW, MY LOVE. THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE
BUT THAT WAS OUR LAST CAVE APPLE. WHY CAN'T I JUST EAT IT?
YOUR FATHER LIVED A LONG LIFE. ALMOST THIRTY SUMMERS HE LIVED TO SEE HIS ONLY SON GROW STRONG.
WE ARE LEAVING IT HERE IN THIS SACRED PLACE AS AN OFFERING, MY SON, SO THAT THE GODS WILL WATCH OVER US AND KEEP US SAFE.
AND WE WILL SEE HIM AGAIN, MY DEAR, SOMEDAY WHEN THE NIGHTS COME HE'LL BE THERE IN THE SKY WITH THE REST OF THE BLESSED ANCIENTS SHINING DOWN ON US.
BUT IF WE PAY THEM TO WATCH OVER US, WHY DIDN'T THE GODS TAKE CARE OF DADDY WHEN HE GOT THE SUN FEVERS?
BUT WHY CAN'T I SEE HIM NOW? AND WHY CAN'T WE EVER SEE THE GODS?
YOU WILL SEE THEM SOMEDAY, ALL AROUND YOU, ONCE YOU TRULY BELIEVE
I DO, MOMMA
I THINK I DO.
ALWAYS HONOR THE GODS, MY SON, AND THEY WILL SHOWER YOU WITH BLESSINGS AS THEY HAVE ME. YOU ARE MY GREATEST BLESSING, MY DARLING LITTLE BOY
MY BELOVED GORR.

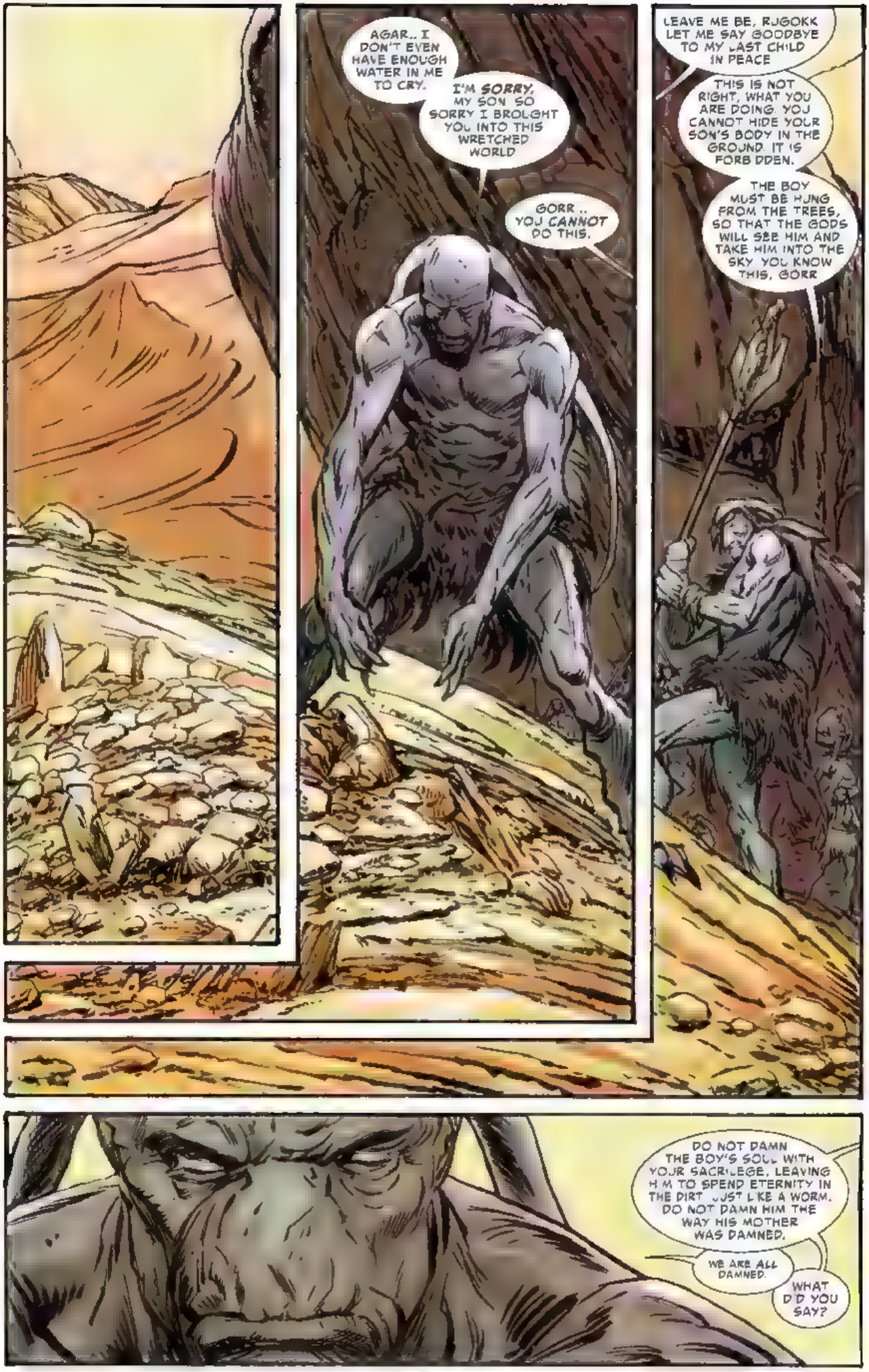
CRIKKKSSSSSS
MOMMA..?
ON YOUR FEET, GORR. QUICKLY.
SSSSSSSKAKAKA
SAND TIGERS RUN, GORR RUN AND DON'T LOOK BACK.
KAKAHA
KA-KA-KAKAKA
"AND MAY THE GODS WATCH OVER YOU."
AAAAAAAARRRGGHHHHH
KAKAH
SSSSS
"...JUST AS THEY HAVE WATCHED OVER ME."


Years Later
I'M SORRY, BUT IT'S ALL I COULD FIND
HERE EAT.
DON'T WORRY, GORR. THE NIGHTS WILL COME SOON I KNOW IT THE SKY GODS WILL HEAR OUR PRAYERS AT LAST.
PLEASE, JUST EAT, ARRA YOU NEED YOUR STRENGTH
THE CHILDREN SLEEP THOUGH I CAN ST LL HEAR THEIR STOMACHS GROWL NG.
THIS ONE DOESN'T SLEEP HE'S GOING TO BE A GREAT HUNTER AND EXPLORER, I CAN TELL. JUST LIKE HIS FATHER.
GREAT HUNTER?

WE'RE STARVING, ARRA THE WHOLE TRIBE.
OUR CAVES ARE EMPTY OF ALL BJT SALT WORMS AND WHAT DAMPNESS WE CAN LICK OFF THE WALLS. WE HAVE TO GO OUT, SUN BE DAMNED.
WE HAVE TO LEAVE THE CAVES F WE'RE GOING TO LIVE
SHHH, MY LOVE.
THE GODS WILL PROVIDE, GORR. THEY ALWAYS HAVE
YOU JUST HAVE TO PUT YOUR LIFE IN THE R HANDS MY LOVE YOU JJST HAVE TO CALM YOURSELF
AND LISTEN FOR THEIR VOICES

ARRA...
RRRUMMBLEEE
GORR WHAT'S--
ARRA
GOD SAVE MEEEEEEE!!
ARRA!!!!

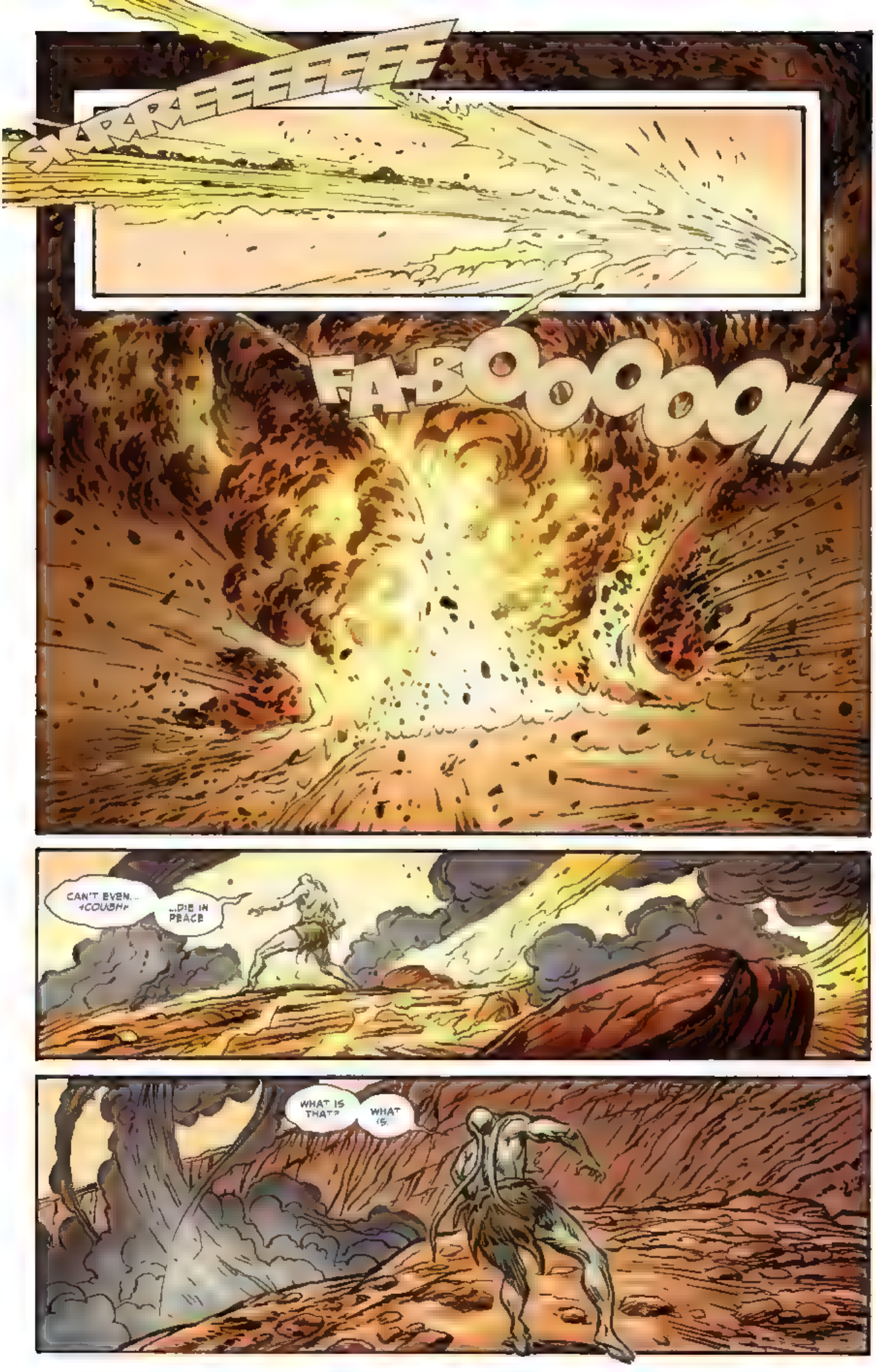
Months later...
MOMMA?
WHERE'S MY MOMMA?
YOUR MOTHER HAS BEEN DEAD FOR SEVEN SANDSTORMS, AGAR. REST YOURSELF NOW. WE'LL BE THERE SOON.
MOMMA IS DEAD? JUST LIKE MY SISTERS WITH THE SUN FEVERS LIKE BAKK.
I TOLD HIM DADDY I TOLD HIM NOT TO EAT SO MANY STONES.
REST, MY SON. WE'RE ALMOST THERE.
I CAN SEE THE FOREST JUST AHEAD, JUST BEYOND THE NEXT HILL.
IS THERE A WATERFALL? I THINK I HEAR A WATERFALL.
YES, THERE'S A WATERFALL AND TREES THICK WITH FRUIT MORE THAN WE COULD EVER EAT. JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES, SON...
AND YOU'LL NEVER BE HUNGRY AGAIN.


AGAR.. I DON'T EVEN HAVE ENOUGH WATER IN ME TO CRY.
I'M SORRY, MY SON SO SORRY I BROUGHT YOU INTO THIS WRETCHED WORLD
GORR .. YOU CANNOT DO THIS.
LEAVE ME BE, RUGOKK LET ME SAY GOODBYE TO MY LAST CHILD IN PEACE
THIS IS NOT RIGHT, WHAT YOU ARE DOING. YOU CANNOT HIDE YOUR SON'S BODY IN THE GROUND. IT IS FORBIDDEN.
THE BOY MUST BE HUNG FROM THE TREES, SO THAT THE GODS WILL SEE HIM AND TAKE HIM INTO THE SKY. YOU KNOW THIS, GORR
DO NOT DAMN THE BOY'S SOUL WITH YOUR SACRILEGE, LEAVING HIM TO SPEND ETERNITY IN THE DIRT JUST LIKE A WORM. DO NOT DAMN HIM THE WAY HIS MOTHER WAS DAMNED.
WE ARE ALL DAMNED.
WHAT DID YOU SAY?

OPEN YOUR EYES, YOU IGNORANT BASTARD WE MOVE FROM ONE DRIED-UP CAVE TO ANOTHER EATING SL ME OFF THE BOTTOM OF ROCKS, LEAVING A TRAIL OF OUR DEAD BEHIND US, UNDER A SUN THAT WILL NEVER SET!
WE ARE ALL GOING TO STARVE AND BURN!
FORGET ABOUT YOUR MADE-UP DAMNATIONS' WE ARE ALL ALREADY DAMNED! R GHT HERE RIGHT NOW!
BE CAREFUL OF YOUR BLASPHEM ES, GORR. THE GODS HEAR YOUR EVERY WORD
THE WAY THEY HEARD MY MOTHER'S PRAYERS, WHEN SHE WAS EATEN ALIVE RIGHT IN FRONT OF THEIR IDOL?
OR MY WIFE'S PRAYERS FROM AN ENTIRE L FE L VED IN OBED ENCE TO THEM? MY WIFE WHO WAS SUCKED INTO THE GROUND WITH OUR CHILD STILL IN HER BELLY?
GORR, YOU GO TOO FAR!
OR THE WAY THE GODS HEAR YOUR PRAYERS, ALL OF YOU, EVERY DAY!
AS YOU PRAY FOR FOOD AND RA N' FOR THE COMFORT OF NIGHT!
AND YET ALL WE EVER FIND IS MORE SUN! MORE SUFFERING!
THE GODS DON'T HEAR YOUR PRAYERS BECAUSE THERE ARE NO GODS. THERE NEVER WERE.
NO GODS IN THE SKY. NO GODS WHO MADE US. NO GODS WATCH NG OVER JS. NO GODS WHO GIVE A DAMN
THERE S ONLY US. AND THE SOONER WE ACCEPT THAT, THE SOONER WE CAN--
UGGH

BLASPHEMER
STONE HIM, BEFORE THE GODS HEAR HIS LIES!
HE'S OF THE BLACK GODS! I KNEW IT! HIS CRIPPLED LEG IS A SIGN.
LET'S EAT HIM!
NO. NO ONE TOUCHES HIM!
HE IS UNCLEAN. AND NOW, HE IS OUTCAST.
MAY THE GODS HAVE MERCY ON YOUR SOUL, GORR
THOUGH I EXPECT THE SUN WILL NOT

HUGH HUGH...
UGGH
SO TIRED...
AREA
JUST WANT TO DIE..
NO HEAVEN NO HELL MEANS I CAN DIE AND NEVER HAVE TO THINK AGA N.
NEVER HAVE TO FEEL ..JST BLACKNESS..
NOTH NG BUT BLACKNESS... FOREVER..
PLEASE
THAT S ALL I WANT ..


KAPAAEEEEEEEE
FA-BOOOOOOM!
CAN'T EVEN... <COUGH>
...DIE IN PEACE
WHAT IS THAT?
WHAT IS.

GODS.
THERE WERE GODS ALL ALONG
JGGHH
JGH.. HHHEE
HELLO? CAN.. CAN YOU TALK?
HEEEH
HELP ME
HELP.
..YOU?
HELP YOU?!

WHERE WERE YOU?!
WHERE WERE YOU WHEN MY CHILDREN WERE STARVING?! WHEN MY WIFE WAS SCREAMING FOR YOUR HELP?! WHEN MY MOTHER WAS BEING BUTCHERED LIKE AN ANIMAL
WHERE WERE YOU WHEN WE NEEDED OUR GODS?!
FWWWAAAAASH
GAHH!
WHAT..? GET OFF GET...
"IT FELL FROM THE SKY MANY YEARS AGO. ON A WORLD WITHOUT A NAME. I PICKED IT UP
RRRUGH!

"AND BUTCHERED MY FIRST GODS
"AND THEN AS I STOOD THERE, BAPTIZED IN THEIR BLOOD A QUESTION FORMED IN MY SIMPLE LITTLE BRAIN
"I WONDER IF THERE ARE MORE?

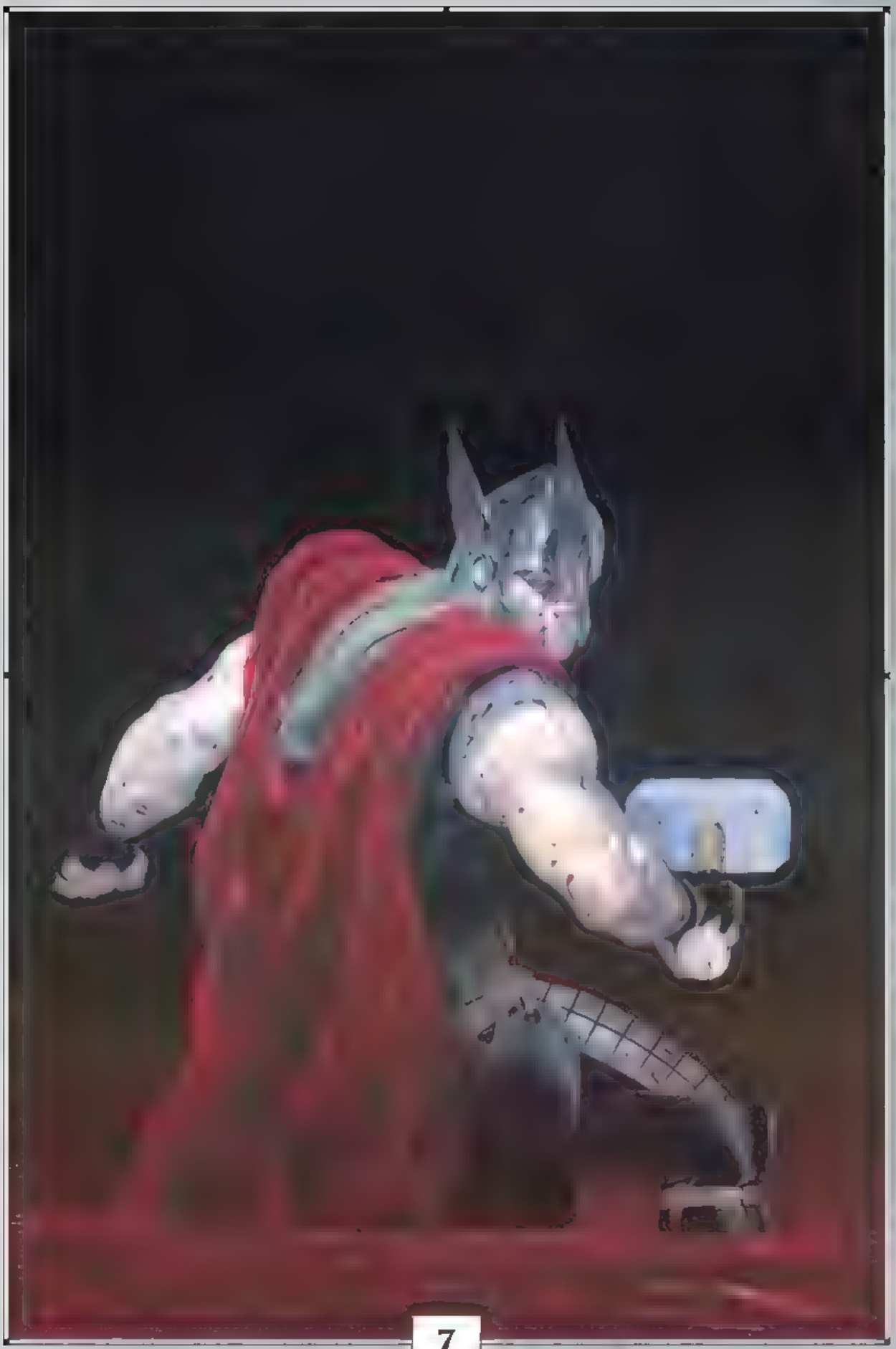
Many Centuries Later.
"AND OF COURSE, THERE WERE.
"SO I SET OUT TO FIND AND KILL THEM ALL."
KRAK!
KRAK!
KRAK!
WHICH BRINGS US TO OUR PRESENT SITUATION

I ASKED IF YOU KNEW WHERE THAT WEAPON OF YOURS CAME FROM, BUT YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW THE NAME OF THE GOD YOU STOLE IT FROM. DO YOU?
TO YOU IT'S STILL JUST A A SHARP STICK FOR POKING THINGS YOU'RE BLIND TO ITS TRUE--
DOES THAT ANSWER YOUR QUESTION, LITTLE GOD?
no.
no it
PAK!
YOU SPEAK LIKE SOMEONE WHO WOULD RATHER DIE THAN BE WHIPPED. TELL ME, WHAT IS YOUR NAME, RAGGED WISP OF A GOD?
ARRGGH!!
VOLSTAGG.
I AM. I WAS. VOLSTAGG THE VALIANT. LION OF ASGARD.
LET ME ASK YOU A QUESTION, VOLSTAGG THE FOOLISH, DOG OF HEAVEN'S DUNG HEAP
WHAT DO YOU THINK GIVES YOU THE RIGHT TO STEAL FROM ME?
IT WAS ONLY A LOAF OF BREAD.
A LOAF OF BREAD THAT WAS NOT YOURS. THIS IS NOT ASGARD, VOLSTAGG THE GREEDY. HERE YOU CANNOT SIMPLY TAKE WHATEVER YOU DESIRE. HERE YOU EAT ONLY WHAT YOU ARE GIVEN
FOR 500 YEARS SPENT SLAVING IN YOUR MINES I HAVE EATEN NOTHING BUT WORM DROPPINGS AND MY OWN SCABS. EVEN THE MOST FINICKY OF GODS MUST EVENTUALLY GIVE WAY TO HUNGER
THE SOONER YOU AND YOUR BRETHREN FINISH YOUR WORK, THE SOONER YOUR HUNGER WILL BE SATED FOREVER.
AND TELL ME, GORR THE GOD SLAYER, GORR THE LORD OF SKINFLINTS... WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU HUNGERED?

WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU CLOSED YOUR EYES AND SLEPT? CAN YOU EVEN REMEMBER?
I WILL SLEEP WHEN MY WORK IS DONE!
WHEN ALL WORLDS ARE FREE FROM THE TYRANNY OF HEAVENS
YOU POOR BLIND FOOL..
YOU'LL NEVER KILL ALL THE GODS NO MATTER WHAT WEAPON YOU WIELD. NO MATTER WHAT THAT THING IS YOU'RE BUILDING OUT THERE
KRAK
HHHRGGH
YOU ASGARDIANS, STUBBORN TO THE VERY END.
DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE STILL WAITING FOR YOUR FRIEND WITH THE MAGIC HAMMER TO COME AND SAVE YOU?
NO. NOT EVEN THE ALL-FATHER CAN SAVE ME NOW.
BUT EVEN IF YOU KILL ME AND KILL EVERY OTHER GOD IN CREATION EVEN THE MIGHTY THOR..
IN THE END, THERE WILL STILL BE ONE GOD LEFT, WON'T THERE, GORR?
YOU.
WHAT DID YOU SAY?

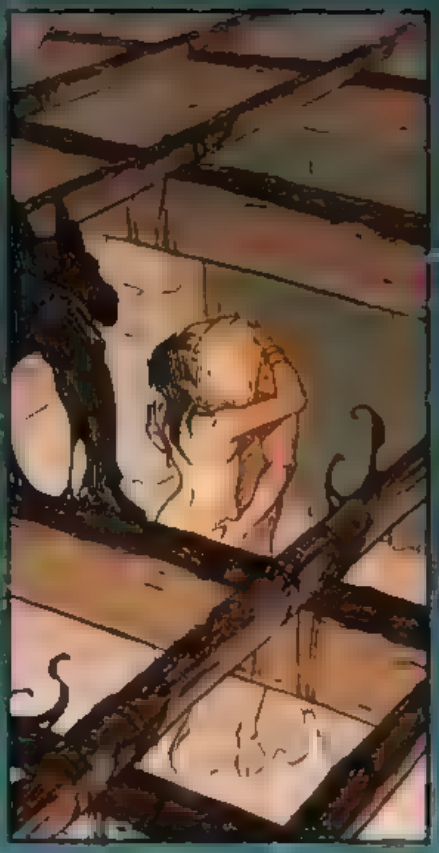
LOOK at yourself. Look at what that weapon has done to you.
You've been alive for thousands of years. Murdering as you please. You've razed worlds and built your own. You've put gods in chains
What are you, if not a GOD yourself?
The most foul and despicable god I've ever known.
What? No more WHIPPING? Back to eating worm poop in the mines for old Volstagg, I sup--
THWAKK!
ARRRGGH!!!

YOU MAY COME OUT NOW
DON'T BE FRIGHTENED HE CAN'T HURT YOU.
COME HERE WHY ARE YOU SPYING ON ME?
I'M HUNGRY
HUNGRY? MY SON DOES NOT GO HUNGRY
COME WE'LL HAVE ONE OF THE SLAVES FIX WHATEVER YOU LIKE
WHEN WILL ALL THE BAD GODS BE GONE, FATHER?
SOON, MY SON
VERY SOON



WAKE UP, GOD OF THUNDER.
I'M NOT FINISHED WITH YOU YET
"WAKE UP."
AAAAHH!!!
HMMM?
READY FOR ANOTHER GO ROUND ALREADY, GOD OF THUNDER?
THOR?
HE'S NOT DEAD.
WHO'S NOT DEAD?

NO ONE. DON'T WORRY YOUR PRETTY LITTLE HEAD.
MY PRETTY LITTLE HEAD HAS BEEN SMASHING FACES AND BREAKING NOSES SINCE I WAS OLD ENOUGH TO SEE STRAIGHT. I'M A SHIELDMAIDEN, NOT SOME SHEEP HERDER'S DAUGHTER.
TELL ME, WHO ARE WE TO MURDER?
YOU SHOULD KNOW I MAKE WAR LIKE I MAKE LOVE: NAKED AND IN A BERSERKER RAGE.
THOR?
THERE'S NO ONE HERE THERE'S NO ONE COMING.
I WISH TO DREAM NO MORE THIS NIGHT.
THAT MEANS YOU WILL HAVE TO KEEP ME AWAKE UNTIL THE MORN.
TROLLS TAKE MY EYES, I'M ACTING LIKE A CHILD, FRIGHTENED BY HIS OWN SHADOW.
EIGHT DAYS SINCE I KILLED THAT GOD BUTCHER BASTARD AND I STILL CAN'T GET HIM OUT OF MY HEAD.
THAT I CAN DO, MY LORD
FOR THE GLORY OF ASGARD



Iceland.
893 A.D.

It was not so much a scream that rang out through the viking village of Kolkumyrar as it was a cry of battle

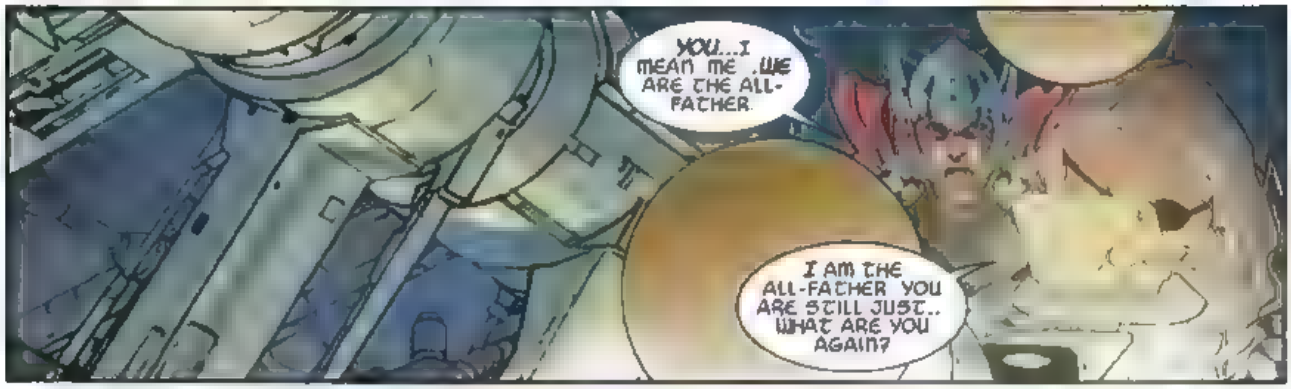
AAAAAAHHHH

The first of many that would be heard that night.

The night the shadows themselves came out to murder

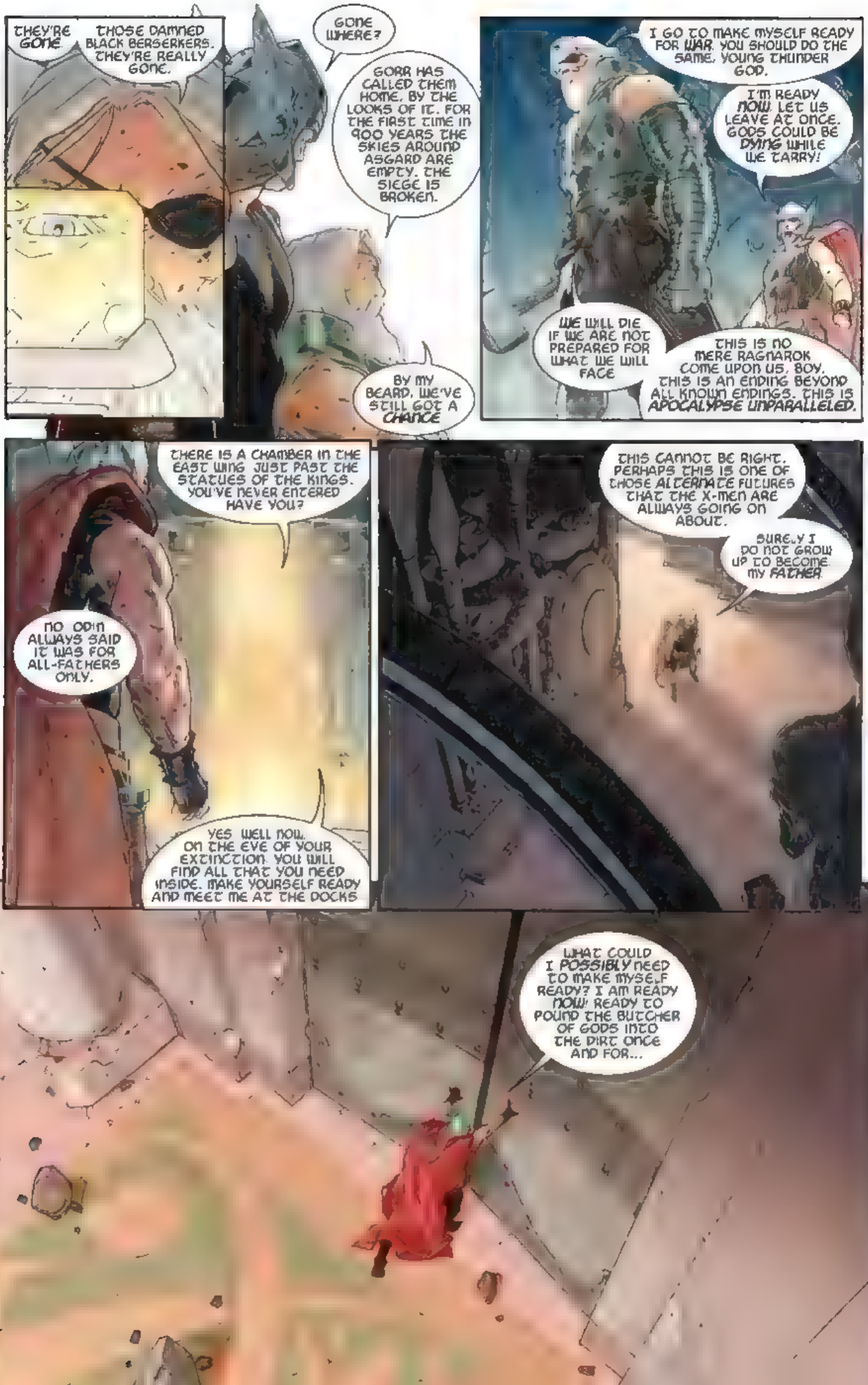
Asgard, Many Millennia From Now.
"SO...YOU REALLY ARE ...ME?"
THE OLDER, WISER AND MORE EXQUISITELY-BEARDED YOU. YES.
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MY EYE? AND IS THAT AN ARM OF THE DESTROYER?
ARE YOU GOING TO SIMPLY GAWK AT ME LIKE SOME HALF-WITTED HERCULES OR MAY WE SEE TO OUR BUSINESS?
MANY TIMES, BUT I'VE NEVER BEEN WAITING FOR MYSELF ONCE I GOT THERE.
YOU ACT AS IF YOU'VE NEVER TIME TRAVELED BEFORE
THIS IS ASGARD? WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE? WHERE IS EVERYONE?
ONE QUESTION AT A TIME, BOY. LET'S ANSWER THE ONE YOU ASKED WHEN YOU FIRST ARRIVED...

"WHERE IS THE GOD BUTCHER?"
THIS... THIS IS... HLIDSKJALF. THE HIGH SEAT OF ODIN.
NO ONE BUT THE ALL-FATHER HIMSELF IS ALLOWED IN HERE.
YOU ARE RIGHT ABOUT THAT


YOU...I MEAN ME. WE ARE THE ALL-FATHER.
I AM THE ALL-FATHER. YOU ARE STILL JUST.. WHAT ARE YOU AGAIN?

AN AVENGER? GUARDIAN OF THE GALAXY? THE HEAD OF THAT RIDICULOUS LITTLE ORDER OF YOURS?
HAVE YOU MOVED TO THE SUN AND BECOME A COSMIC GOD COP YET?
WHAT? NO.
OH. THEN FORGET I SAID ANYTHING.

WAIT. IF YOU TRULY ARE ME. THEN SHOULDN'T YOU REMEMBER THIS HAPPENING? REMEMBER COMING HERE AND MEETING YOURSELF?
I CAN HARDLY REMEMBER HOW TO BUCKLE MY OWN TROUSERS. CAN I? AND THIS IS TIME TRAVEL WE'RE TALKING ABOUT. THERE ARE ALL MANNER OF ANNOYING RULES GOVERNING THIS SORT OF THING
I'VE ALWAYS HATED TIME TRAVEL.
AND YOU ALWAYS WILL.
WHAT ARE WE LOOKING FOR?


THEY'RE GONE
THOSE DAMNED BLACK BERSERKERS. THEY'RE REALLY GONE.
GONE WHERE?
GORR HAS CALLED THEM HOME. BY THE LOOKS OF IT. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN 900 YEARS THE SKIES AROUND ASGARD ARE EMPTY. THE SIEGE IS BROKEN.
BY MY BEARD, WE'VE STILL GOT A CHANCE
I GO TO MAKE MYSELF READY FOR WAR. YOU SHOULD DO THE SAME, YOUNG THUNDER GOD.
I'M READY NOW. LET US LEAVE AT ONCE. GODS COULD BE DYING WHILE WE TARRY!
WE WILL DIE IF WE ARE NOT PREPARED FOR WHAT WE WILL FACE
THIS IS NO MERE RAGNAROK COME UPON US, BOY. THIS IS AN ENDING BEYOND ALL KNOWN ENDINGS. THIS IS APOCALYPSE UNPARALLELED.
THERE IS A CHAMBER IN THE EAST WING JUST PAST THE STATUES OF THE KINGS. YOU'VE NEVER ENTERED HAVE YOU?
NO ODIN ALWAYS SAID IT WAS FOR ALL-FATHERS ONLY.
YES WELL NOW. ON THE EVE OF YOUR EXTINCTION YOU WILL FIND ALL THAT YOU NEED INSIDE. MAKE YOURSELF READY AND MEET ME AT THE DOCKS
THIS CANNOT BE RIGHT. PERHAPS THIS IS ONE OF THOSE ALTERNATE FUTURES THAT THE X-MEN ARE ALWAYS GOING ON ABOUT.
SURELY I DO NOT GROW UP TO BECOME MY FATHER
WHAT COULD I POSSIBLY NEED TO MAKE MYSELF READY? I AM READY NOW! READY TO POUND THE BUTCHER OF GODS INTO THE DIRT ONCE AND FOR...

MEAD
ALE
MEAD
WELL...
I SUPPOSE ONE DRINK WOULDN'T HURT.

RRRRRRGGHHHHH!!!
BOOM
GUUH
HHRRRGGHHH!!!

HE SENT YOU, DIDN'T HE? THE GOD BUTCHER! I KNEW HE WASN'T DEAD!
WHERE IS THE ONE-ARMED COWARD? THOR WOULD CLEAVE WHATEVER'S LEFT OF HIM!
SPEAK YOU BLOODLESS DOGS WHERE IS YOUR MASTER?!
WHERE THE--
FOOOOM
--HEL?
AH, AT LAST MY FAVORITE THOR WELCOME

WELCOME TO THE PLACE WHERE GODS GO TO DIE.
GORR!
THIS TIME WHEN I CUT YOU, YOU WILL STAY DISMEMBERED!
MMPAH

Many Millennia From Now,
The Black World of Gorr,

I AM SORRY MY SONS SORRY I FAILED YOU
I PRAY FOR YOUR FORGIVENESS. AND YOUR STRENGTH.
IF THE CHILDREN YET LIVE I WILL FIND THEM.
SO SWEARS THE KING OF ASGARD.
THOR!
ARE YOU READY TO SPILL YOUR BLOOD ACROSS THE END OF TIME?!
ARE YOU READY TO DIE AS THE STARS DIE WITH YOU?!
ARE YOU READY TO LAUGH IN THE FACE OF THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS?!

AYE. THOR IS READY.
BUT I STILL NEED ANSWERS. WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO ASGARD?
GORR THE GOD BUTCHER HAPPENED.
900 YEARS AGO HE CAME HERE OUT OF TIME. SPEWING BLACK BERSERKERS. AN ENDLESS ARMY OF THE BEASTS. WE HELD THEM AT BAY AS LONG AS WE COULD
BUT AS OUR NUMBERS DWINDLED, HIS POWER GREW. AND ULTIMATELY, I WAS ALL THAT WAS LEFT.
HE *KILLED* THEM? HE KILLED *ALL* OF ASGARD?
HE *TOOK* THEM. ENSLAVED THEM.
HE HAS HIS OWN WORLD, A DEAD BLACKENED PLANET AT THE EDGE OF SPACE. HE'S *BUILDING* SOMETHING THERE. I KNOW NOT WHAT. FOR ALL THESE YEARS, ALL I COULD DO WAS WATCH FROM AFAR.
HE'S KEPT ME TRAPPED HERE, ALONE, FOR NINE CENTURIES. ALWAYS SURROUNDED BY THOSE DAMNED BERSERKERS UNABLE TO BREAK FREE UNABLE TO DIE.
I THOUGHT ASGARD WOULD BE MY PRISON FOR ETERNITY.

BUT THEN YOU CAME.
YOU HAVE RENEWED MY STRENGTH YOUNG GOD OF THUNDER. SEEING MYSELF AS I ONCE WAS, THOUGH BEARDLESS AND DIM-WITTED, NEVERTHELESS FILLS ME WITH VIGOR.
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN CENTURIES, I FEEL LIKE A GOD AGAIN.
I DARESAY I EVEN FEEL THE RUMBLINGS OF THE THOR-FORCE WITHIN ME ONCE AGAIN. WHICH I HAD LONG SINCE THOUGHT FOREVER SPENT.
THOR-FORCE? YOU MEAN... THE ODIN-FORCE? YOU WIELD THE AWESOME POWER OF THE ODIN-FORCE?
WE CALL IT THE THOR-FORCE NOW, BOY AND HAVE FOR TEN THOUSAND YEARS. I'VE WIELDED IT FAR LONGER THAN THAT OLD MAN EVER DID. AND NOW IT IS MINE ONCE MORE
THIS IS OUR CHANCE GORR HAS CALLED HIS MINIONS HOME. THE FIEND DARES US TO COME AFTER HIM
AND SO WE SHALL HAMMERS IN HAND.
ARE YOU WITH ME THOR?
TO THE END, THOR
THEN GIVE ME A DRINK OF THAT ALE. AND LET US FLY.

FOR HONOR AND THE REALM ETERNAL!
FOR VENGEANCE DIVINE!
THE LAST CHARGE OF THE ARMIES OF ASGARD!
THE LAST RIDE OF THE GODS OF THUNDER!
AND SO SKITHBLATHNIR, MOST VAUNTED OF THE LONGSHIPS OF ASGARD, SET SAIL ACROSS THE COSMIC SEAS.
WITH ITS CARGO OF ENCHANTED URU HAMMERS ALL-FATHER'S ALE AND THE GREATEST COLLECTION OF THORS EVER ASSEMBLED
AND YET...

IT WOULD NOT BE ENOUGH
TAKE HIM AWAY. I'VE HAD MY FUN.
NOW YOU GET TO HAVE YOURS, YOUNG PRINCE.
TAKE OUR NEW ARRIVALS TO THE CONSTRUCTION SITE AND PUT THEM ALL TO WORK IN THE MINES.
ALL EXCEPT THOR.
I WANT HIM WITH THE BUILDERS AT THE SUMMIT I WANT HIM THERE AT THE MOMENT ALL WORK IS FINALLY COMPLETED
SEE THAT THOR DRIVES IN THE LAST NAIL.

The Present.
Omnipotence City,
Nexus of All The Gods.
"WELL? DON'T JUST STAND THERE WASTING MY TIME AND BREATHING MY AIR. SPEAK!"
THE COMMUNICATIONS DIVISION HAS TRIED CONTACTING THE WORLD OF CHRONUX AS YOU ASKED LORD LIBRARIAN, BUT WITHOUT SUCCESS.
THE GOD PRIESTS OF THE WORD HAVE DISPATCHED DOZENS OF SPACE RAVENS AND COMET PROBES TO WHERE THEY BELIEVE CHRONUX TO BE HIDDEN, BUT ALL HAVE GONE UNANSWERED
OR CAN YOU NOT EVEN DO THAT CORRECTLY, GOD OF THE WATCH?
THEY SUGGEST IN THE FUTURE YOU REFRAIN FROM BURNING THE BOOKS YOU'VE BEEN ENTRUSTED WITH PROTECTING, ESPECIALLY THOSE CONTAINING THE ONLY KNOWN DIRECTIONS TO HIDDEN WORLDS.
A BILLION GODS IN THIS CITY AND I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO'S NOT AN ABSOLUTE WASTE OF DIVINITY. WHAT ELSE, OH USELESS ONE?
I'VE COMMUNED WITH THE SURVEILLANCE SPIRITS YOUR LIBRARY WAS THE ONLY DIVISION INFILTRATED I SUGGEST YOU REVIEW YOUR OWN OBVIOUSLY SUBSTANDARD SECURITY ENCHANTMENTS.
AND WHAT OF THE DEPARTMENT OF DEATH AND TAXES? DID YOU GO TO THEM AS I ASKED?
THE R BLOOD AUDITORS HAVE INDEED REPORTED THE STENCH OF GODBLOOD IN THE CORNER OF THE COSMOS WHERE CHRONUX IS BELIEVED TO BE, BUT THERE IS NO WAY TO--
AND NO WORD FROM THOR?
THE ASGARDIAN? NO, NONE AT ALL.

HE'S GONE. THOR'S LOST IN THE FOREVERS NOW, JUST LIKE GORR.
WILL THAT BE ALL, YOUR ESTEEMED LIBRARIANSHIP?
MY GODSON IS CREATING HIS FIRST WORLD TODAY, AND I WOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO BE--
CALL THE PARLIAMENT INTO SESSION
WHAT?
CAN ..CAN YOU EVEN DO THAT?
TELL THEM IF THEY DON'T WANT THE PAGES OF THEIR FAMILY HISTORY RIPPED FROM EVERY BOOK KNOWN TO THE HEAVENS, THEY'LL DO AS I SAY.
YOU. WHAT IS YOUR NAME AGAIN?
SHADRAK. GOD OF BAUBLES AND BALLER NAS
AND WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF GOD BUTCHERS SHADRAK THE MAD?
NOTHING. THERE'S NO NEED TO KNOW ANYTHING. IT WILL ALL BE OVER SOON. ALL OF THIS. ALL OF US
IT'S BETTER THIS WAY. I SHOULDN'T HAVE HELPED HIM, I KNOW, BUT I KNEW THIS WAY WOULD BE BETTER
HELPED HIM? HELPED HIM HOW?
NO. NO. NEVER MIND. I'M MERELY SHADRAK, GOD OF KITTENS AND COCONUTS. I DON'T--
STOP LYING TO ME. YOU'RE THE GOD OF THIS, THE GOD OF THAT! WHO ARE YOU REALLY?!
GOD OF PANCAKES AND TAMBOURINES?

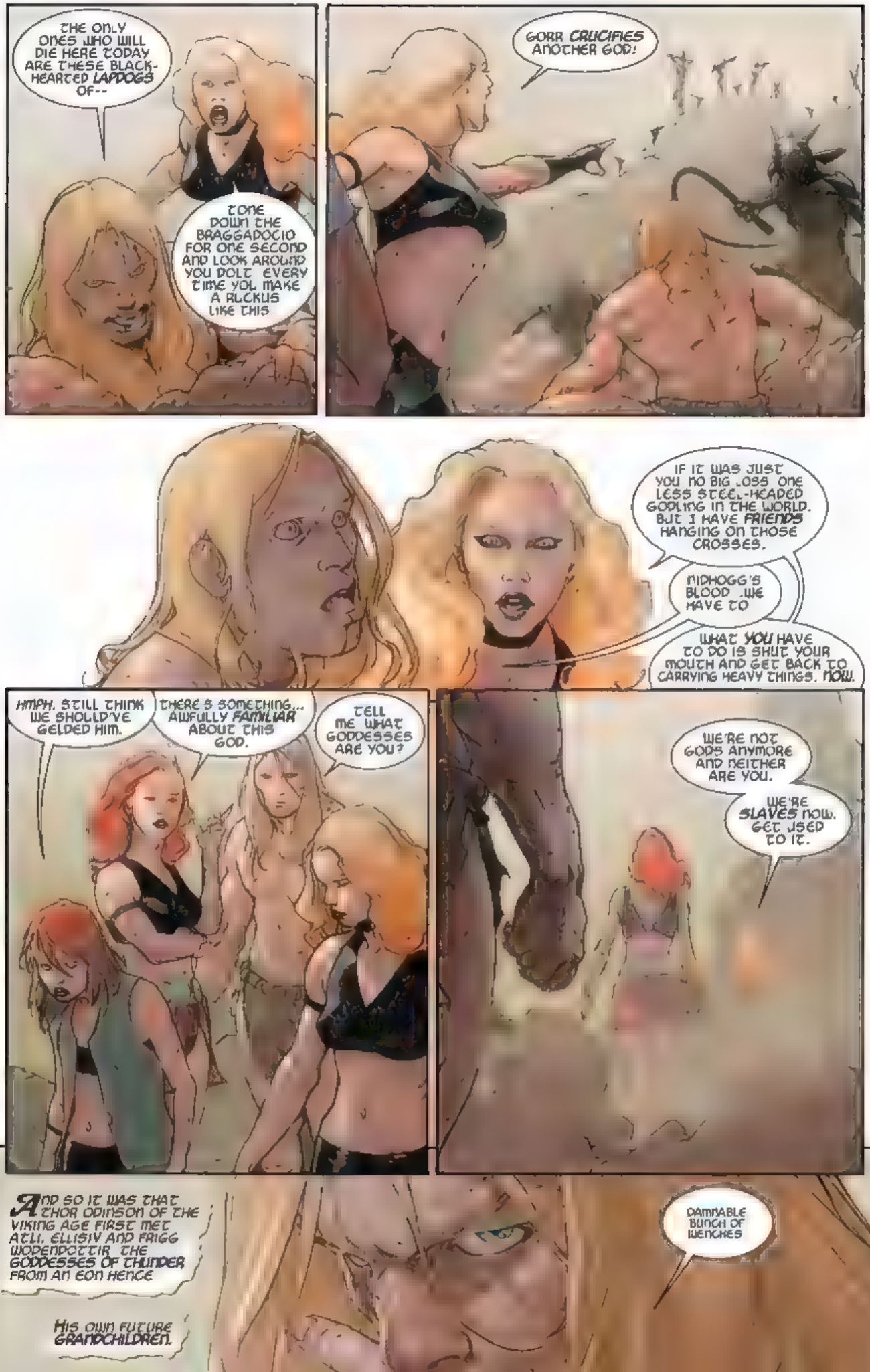
SMASH
IF YOU REALLY ARE A GOD, THEN YOUR NAME AND IMAGE ARE SOMEWHERE IN THIS LIBRARY. IF YOU MAKE ME DIG OUT THE BOOK MYSELF, I WILL BEAT YOU SENSELESS WITH IT, DO YOU HEAR ME?
IT'S BETTER THIS WAY, I SWEAR! BETTER THAN HOW HE WAS DOING IT!
"TEARING US APART ONE BY ONE. HE MADE ME WATCH! I ONLY HELPED HIM SO I WOULDN'T HAVE TO WATCH ANYMORE, SO NO ONE WOULD."
HE CAME TO ME. HE MADE ME SHOW HIM HOW TO BUILD IT. PLEASE. IT WILL ALL BE BETTER THIS WAY, BELIEVE ME!
START MAKING SENSE. DAMNIT, TELL ME WHAT YOU'RE HIDING!
TELL ME WHO YOU ARE!
I..
..I AM ONLY SHADRAK GOD OF...
...GOD OF...
BY ALL THAT'S UNHOLY..

GOD OF BOMBS

The Far Future.
The Black Ocean of Deep Space.
I GROW BATTLE-STARVED. HOW MUCH FARTHER TO THE GOD BUTCHER'S LAIR?
STILL A FEW BILLION LIGHT YEARS. BUT WE'VE GOT A GOOD SOLAR WIND AT OUR BACKS AND ALE A PLENTY.
WE'VE NO MORE ALE.
HELA'S PALE BOSOM BOY GO POLISH THINE HAMMER OR PRACTICE GROWING A BEARD BEFORE I CAST THY ASS OVERBOARD
OR BETTER YET, GET THEE TO SLEEP BELIEVE ME ONCE WE MAKE LANDFALL ON THE UNHOLY WORLD OF GORR...
"THERE WILL BE LITTLE T ME FOR RELAXATION."
KRAK

The Unholy World Of Gorr,
City Of The God-Slaves,
Mount Of The Godbomb.
GRRRRGHH!!!
THAT SHALL BE THE LAST TIME YOU EVER WHIP AN HEIR TO ASGARD, YOU BLACK-EYED WRETCH!
CARRY THINE OWN DAMN ROCKS.
COME THEN, YOU DOGS OF GORR!
THIS GOD IS NO MAN'S SLAVE!

YOU JACKASS. WHAT THE HEL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?!
WHAT?! WHO DARES LAY HANDS ON--
KRAC
I DARE PRETTY BOY!
GET BACK TO WORK, OR I'LL BREAK BOTH YOUR ARMS AND HAVE YOU SENT TO THE MINES TO CLEAN BOOTS WITH YOUR TONGUE, SINCE IT SEEMS THAT'S YOUR STRONGEST MUSCLE.
YOU WOULD HAVE ME SUBMIT TO THE WILL OF GORR LIKE A GUTLESS TROLL? NEVER.
TO SEE SUCH COWARDICE AMONG MY FELLOW GODS FILLS ME WITH SHAME FOR ALL DIVINITY.
COWARDS? DID THIS IDIOT BOY-GOD JUST CALL US COWARDS?
I'M OF A MIND TO REACH IN THROUGH HIS STUPID, BEARDLESS FACE AND RIP OUT HIS STONES. MAYBE HE'LL BE A BIT LESS ANNOYING AS A EUNUCH.
BUT IT'S SUCH A HANDSOME FACE. SEEMS A SHAME TO WASTE IT. NOT TO MENTION THOSE STONES.
DOWN, GIRLS.
YOU NEW GOD, PICK UP YOUR PEBBLE AND GET BACK IN LINE I WON'T TELL YOU AGAIN. I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU GET SOME POOR GOD KILLED WITH YOUR IMMATURE PRIDE.


THE ONLY ONES WHO WILL DIE HERE TODAY ARE THESE BLACK-HEARTED LAPDOGS OF--
TONE DOWN THE BRAGGADOCIO FOR ONE SECOND AND LOOK AROUND YOU DOLT EVERY TIME YOU MAKE A RUCKUS LIKE THIS
GORR CRUCIFIES ANOTHER GOD!
IF IT WAS JUST YOU NO BIG LOSS ONE LESS STEEL-HEADED GODLING IN THE WORLD. BUT I HAVE FRIENDS HANGING ON THOSE CROSSES.
MIDHOGG'S BLOOD .WE HAVE TO
WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO IS SHUT YOUR MOUTH AND GET BACK TO CARRYING HEAVY THINGS. NOW.
HMPH. STILL THINK WE SHOULD'VE GELDED HIM.
THERE'S SOMETHING... AWFULLY FAMILIAR ABOUT THIS GOD.
TELL ME WHAT GODDESSES ARE YOU?
WE'RE NOT GODS ANYMORE AND NEITHER ARE YOU.
WE'RE SLAVES NOW. GET USED TO IT.
AND SO IT WAS THAT THOR ODINSON OF THE VIKING AGE FIRST MET ATLI, ELISIV AND FRIGG WODENDOTTIR THE GODDESSES OF THUNDER FROM AN EON HENCE
HIS OWN FUTURE GRANDCHILDREN.
DAMNABLE BUNCH OF WENCHES

THE GODS MINED BROKEN MOONS IN SILENCE.
VOICES THAT ONCE SPOKE WHILST GALAXIES OBEYED NOW REDUCED TO FRIGHTENED WHIMPERS AND FEEBLE WEEPING.
KINGS OF HEAVEN AND HELL WHO HAD SAT ATOP OPULENT THRONES NOW SQUATTED IN MUCK AND THEIR OWN FILTH.
THESE WERE GODS IN WHOSE IMAGE GREAT TEMPLES HAD BEEN ERECTED IN WHOSE NAMES EPIC WARS HAD BEEN WAGED FOR GENERATIONS.
BUT NOW, GLASSY-EYED AND HOLLOW NOT EVEN THEY COULD REMEMBER WHO THEY WERE.
THAT WILL NEVER BE ME THOUGHT THE GOD OF THUNDER. NEVER IN A MILLION MILLENNIA WOULD MY SPIRIT BREAK SO UTTERLY.
BUT AT THE SAME TIME HE THOUGHT IT BEST NOT TO WAIT TOO MANY MILLENNIA TO FIND OUT.
WHAT THE HEL IS THAT THING THEN?
THOR

A BOMB.
THE BOMB THAT'S GOING TO KILL ALL THE GODS.
NO BOMB CAN KILL GODS, BOY. CERTAINLY NOT ALL OF THEM.
THIS BOMB WILL. GORR DESIGNED IT HIMSELF.
YOU'LL SEE SOON ENOUGH AFTER 900 YEARS OF LABOR, IT IS ALMOST FINISHED
AND YOU THINK THIS IS A GOOD THING, THE KILLING OF GODS?
IT WILL BE A BETTER WORLD WITHOUT GODS.
NO MORE FEAR OF ETERNAL DAMNATION OR LUST FOR ETERNAL REWARD, NO MORE HATRED BETWEEN BELIEVERS OF RIVAL FAITHS.
WITHOUT THE LIE OF ETERNITY TO SERVE AS OUR CRUTCH, WE WILL HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO FINALLY CHERISH WHAT PRECIOUS LITTLE TIME WE HAVE, AND TO PUT OUR FAITH IN ONLY OURSELVES AND ONE ANOTHER.
THAT'S WHAT GORR TAUGHT YOU. IS IT? WHAT IS HE TO YOU CHILD?
HE IS EVERYTHING HE IS MY FATHER
YOUR FATHER IS A BUTCHER AND A MADMAN
OF COURSE YOU WOULD SAY THAT. YOU'RE A GOD. YOU FEAR HIM.
BUT I WONDER... HOW MANY HAS YOUR FATHER BUTCHERED?
TO HELL WITH BOTH OUR FATHERS.
YOU SHOULD FLEE THIS WORLD WHILE YOU CAN SON OF GORR. YOU AND WHATEVER FAMILY YOU HAVE.
YOUR FATHER IS GOING TO DIE FOR WHAT HE'S DONE. BY MY OWN HANDS, FATES WILLING

HNGHK
NEVER SPEAK ILL OF MY FATHER HE IS A GREAT MAN AND YOU ARE BUT A JEALOUS GOD
OPEN YOUR EYES BOY.
HE ISN'T A MAN AT ALL
NOT ANYMORE.
GET BACK TO WORK, SLAVE.
BEFORE I HAVE YOU CRUCIFIED
EVERY ONE OF YOU WILL BE FORGOTTEN! EVERY GOD EVER SPAWNED; ALL YOUR TEMPLES WILL BE DUST! YOUR HOLY BOOKS BURNED TO ASH.
BUT MY FATHER'S NAME WILL NEVER DIE DO YOU HEAR ME GODS OF MAN?!
THE NAME OF GORR THE REDEEMER WILL LIVE FOREVER

[illegible] SHOOK THE RIGGING
GALAXIES PASSED BY IN A BLUR.
THOR THE AVENGER HELD THE GREAT WHEEL STEADY AND CALLED FORTH THE SOLAR STORMS AND ALL THE INTERSTELLAR WINDS HE COULD MUSTER TO PUSH THE FLYING DRAGONSHIP EVER FASTER THROUGH THE COSMIC CURRENTS.
FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF LIGHT OR ALL KNOWN LAWS OF MAN.
FASTER THAN ALL BUT THE BOLDEST OF GODS HAD EVER DARED.
HE TALKED TO HIS HAMMER AS HE SAILED, CHASING THE STENCH OF DEAD GODS ACROSS THE SPACEWAYS.
HE STRUGGLED TO PUT DOUBTS FROM HIS MIND. WORRIES THAT BURIED WITHIN GORR'S VENGEFUL RANTS...THERE WAS SOME SMALL EMBER OF TRUTH.
A TRUTH THAT THREATENED TO CONSUME HIM.
THOR SAILED ON, CRAVING COMBAT WITH EVERY OUNCE OF HIS BEING
COMBAT, AND JUST A BIT MORE ALE.

GORR'S GOD-SLAVES WORKED FOR DAYS ON END WITHOUT PAUSE WITHOUT SLEEP
BUT EVERY SEVENTH DAY THEY WERE ALLOWED A FEW MOMENTS REST
AND SO IT WAS ON THE 66 6TH DAY THEY RESTED. THIS WAS GORR'S IDEA OF A JOKE
THREE MORE DAYS AT THE MOST AND AFTER THAT GORR'S BOMB WILL BE FINISHED
AND WE'LL BE DEAD
ALONG WITH EVERY OTHER GOD EVER BORN
THEN WE ARE NO LONGER WE MUST TAKE OUR SHOT!
WE CANNOT BE RUSHED BY PATRIC THIS WILL BE A
WE NEED MORE TIME TO GATHER WEAPONS TO FIND WE FREE
WHERE IF WE MUST IF WE HAVE BEEN HERE FOR LEAST SLEEP THERE IS NO WHERE TIME
THE TUNER WE CAN DEBATE BUT FIRST WE MUST SETTLE ON THE WHO
WHO DO WE TRUST TO LEAD THE WAY? WHO HAS THE NERVE TO CARRY THE BURDEN KNOWING THAT EVEN IF THEY SUCCEED THEY WILL MOST ASSJUDELY DIE?
IF YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT DESTROYING THAT BOMB AND KILLING THAT BASTARD GORR, THEN LOOK NO FURTHER

I'm your god.
The eunuch? Who let him in?
No offense friend but we don't even know who you are
I am the favorite son of Odin, the omnipotent. Heir to the throne of eternal Asgard, the lord of the storm and god of the thunder. Him before whom even vikings bow.
They call me THOR.
Thor? Oh my heavens... I've been having impure thoughts about my GRANDFATHER.
Gorr HAS been known to pull gods out of the timestream. But if you're really who you say then you should have no trouble summoning a THUNDERSTORM to cover our attack
Beh. He's no Thor. We're the goddesses of thunder. And even we can't summon storms in this miserable dunghole
I've TRIED. But...this world is too barren.
There are no storms here that answer Thor's call.
Don't feel too bad Haint, the rain god, can't even make it dew anymore. And Gord, the wine lord, can only turn water into vinegar
We need more WEAPONS if we're going to cross the black plain and reach that bomb. Clubs, sharp stones, whatever we can find.
This bomb, . can it really kill ALL the gods?

GORR HAS PROVEN HIMSELF TO BE MANY THINGS, BUT A LIAR ISN'T ONE OF THEM.
THEN WHAT IS YOUR PLAN?
TO DESTROY THE BOMB BEFORE IT'S FINISHED.
THAT THING IS THE SIZE OF A MOON. HOW DO YOU EXPECT TO DESTROY IT WITH A FEW RAGGED SLAVES ARMED WITH CLUBS AND SHARP STONES?
FOR 900 YEARS, WE "RAGGED SLAVES" HAVE MINED THE CORES OF DEAD STARS AND BROKEN PLANETS BUILDING GORR'S GODBOMB.
THIS IS EVERY SCRAP OF UNSTABLE MATTER WE'VE BEEN ABLE TO STEAL AND HIDE OVER THE YEARS.
HE'S GOT HIS BOMB. WE'VE GOT OURS
WE RUSH THEM. EVERY GOD WHO CAN WALK. ALL AT ONCE
BUT THE QUESTION STILL REMAINS. HOW DO WE GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO THE GODBOMB TO DESTROY IT WITHOUT BEING SWARMED BY BLACK BERSERKERS?
T WON'T WORK. GORR'S WEAPON IS TOO STRONG. HIS BERSERKERS ARE EVERYWHERE
THEN WE SNEAK OUR BOMB AS CLOSE AS WE CAN AND DETONATE IT BY HAND
THAT'S SUICIDE
THAT'S THE ONLY WAY. ONE GOD MUST DIE FOR THE REST TO SURVIVE.
THEN LET'S SEE A SHOW OF HANDS. WHICH GOD WILL VOLUNTEER TO...
OH YOU STUPID STUPID THOR

ONE LAST STORM. THAT'S ALL I ASK
IF TODAY THE GOD OF THUNDER MUST DIE SCREAMING...
THEN LET THE SKY SCREAM WITH ME!
RUMBL
GET EVERY GOD ON THEIR FEET! THE FINAL BATTLE BEGINS NOW!!
WAIT. LISTEN...
KRAKA

KOOOOM
HE MADE IT RAIN FIRE. I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO MAKE IT RAIN FIRE.
I'LL BE DAMNED HE IS THOR
GO GRANDDAD GO.
AS HE RACED TOWARD HIS DEATH THROUGH THE RAIN OF FIRE, YOUNG THOR'S MIND WAS EMPTY OF ALL BUT RAGE.
NO THOUGHTS OF ASGARD OR OF THE FATHER'S LOVE HE WOULD NEVER LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO EARN.
NO THOUGHTS OF THE MAIDENS YET TO BE WOOED THE SAGAS YET TO BE WRITTEN.
THAT DAMN HAMMER
HE WOULD REGRET NOT HAVING LIFTED THAT DAMN--

BLOOD
DID YOU FEEL THAT?
YES. THERE WAS A GREAT STORM IN THE DISTANCE THOUGH IT PASSED QUICKLY. NOW ALL I FEEL IS PAIN. AND FIRE RIPPING THROUGH MY GUTS
WE MOVE CAREFULLY FROM HERE ON OUT OUR PREY IS NEAR

IN ORBIT AROUND GORR'S WORLD STARSHARKS FEED ON THE FLESH OF DEAD GODS CAST INTO THE VOID OVER THE CENTURIES
BEST FETCH YOUR HAMMER, BOY. I SENSE SOMETHING STIRRING. SOMETHING CLOSE. SOMETHING. .
...STRANGELY FAMILIAR.

RRRRRGGGGHHHH!
TAKE HEED HE'S GOT A--
GUUUH
FWONK
SHARKOOOM
WHAT JUST HAPPENED?
YOU WERE STRUCK IN THE FACE WITH A SHARK.
THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT. WHAT MANNER OF FOUL BEAST HAS GORR CONJURED FOR US THIS TIME?
THE FOULEST, I'M AFRAID.

IS THAT...?
YES, LUCKY ME. ANOTHER ONE.
WHO ARE YOU GRIZZLED OLD BASTARDS AND WHAT IS YOUR BUS NESS HERE? IF YOU BE SLAVE TRADERS YOU WILL ANSWER THIS DAY TO...
..TO .
...
FATHER? IS THAT YOU?
[redacted] BONES, ARE YOU CERTAIN THERE ISN'T ANY ALE LEFT?

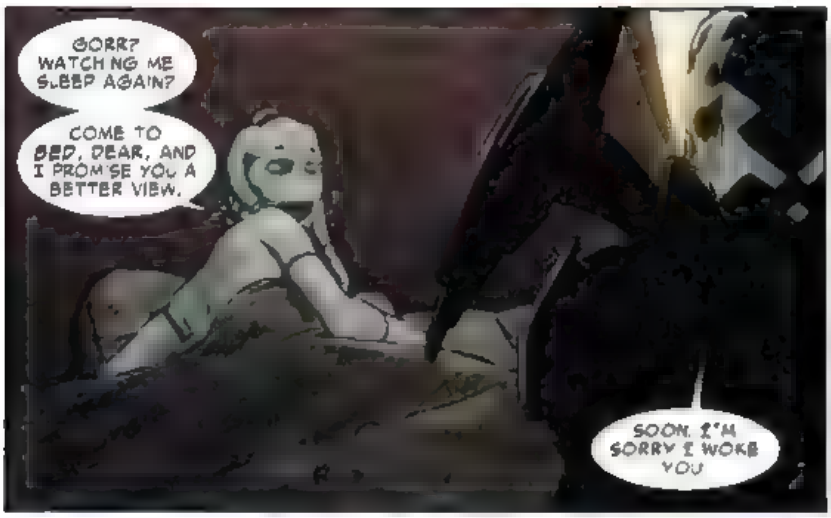
Soon

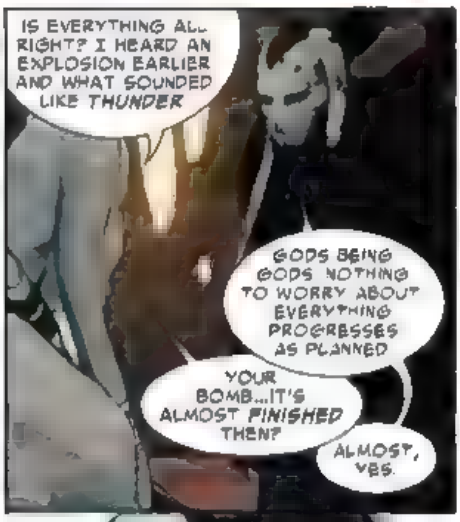
YOU SURE YOU'RE UP FOR THIS? YOU JUST ESCAPED FROM GORR'S SLAVE WORLD, AND NOW YOU'RE ABOUT TO GO MARCHING RIGHT BACK IN.
IF YOU TWO OLD FARTS ARE UP FOR IT THEN I GUESS THAT MEANS I AM AS WELL. DOESN'T IT?
BLASTED TIME TRAVEL. WHO EVER KNEW THERE WAS SUCH A THING?
THEN ARM YOURSELF BOY. AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT.

I'LL BE TOPSIDE. DON'T DAWDLE I KNOW HOW YOU LOVE TO DAWDLE
IS THAT THE WORLD YOU JUST BLASTED YOURSELF OFF OF, YOUNG THOR?
AYE THAT'S IT
AND THE GREAT BOMB YOU SAID YOU DESTROYED?
THE GODBOMB. IT WOULD'VE BEEN RIGHT...
BY ALL THE PITS OF THE HEL...IT'S...
UNTOUCHED I DIDN'T SO MUCH AS SCRATCH THE DAMN THING
THEN LET US HOPE YOU ARE A BETTER SLAYER OF GOD BUTCHERS THAN YOU ARE A DISMANTLER OF BOMBS.
GORR. COME DOWN FROM YOUR CASTLE YOU BLOODLESS BASTARD. THE GODS OF THUNDER HAVE COME, AND WE WOULD HAVE WORDS WITH THEE!
NAY. THE TIME FOR WORDS HAS PAST

NOW WE LET THE HAMMERS TALK.

The Far Future.
The Black World of Gorr.
MMM.


GORR? WATCHING ME SLEEP AGAIN?
COME TO BED, DEAR, AND I PROMISE YOU A BETTER VIEW.
SOON. I'M SORRY I WOKE YOU


IS EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT? I HEARD AN EXPLOSION EARLIER AND WHAT SOUNDED LIKE THUNDER
GODS BEING GODS NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT EVERYTHING PROGRESSES AS PLANNED
YOUR BOMB...IT'S ALMOST FINISHED THEN?
ALMOST, YES.

AND ONCE IT IS...ONCE YOU'VE FINALLY KILLED ALL THE GODS. .YOU'LL BE FREE THEN WON'T YOU?
WE ALL WILL.
I HAVE DREAMED OF THAT DAY FOR SUCH A VERY LONG TIME, MY LOVE, BUT TELL ME WHY DO WE NEVER SPEAK OF..WHAT COMES AFTER?

AFTER.
YOU KNOW WHAT COMES AFTER.
I'D LIKE TO HEAR YOU SAY IT.
AFTER THE BOMB...I WILL FINALLY BE READY TO
TO WHAT, MY LOVE? AND PLEASE, DON'T SAY DIE

NO
TO LIVE.
GORR...IS THAT...?

KUCHAKLE
GO BACK TO SLEEP, MY LOVE. AND KNOW THAT WHEN YOU NEXT WAKE...

"IT WILL BE TO A WORLD TRANSFORMED"
WE SHOULD HAVE A PLAN.
FOLLOW MY LEAD, THE BOTH OF YOU. AND TRY NOT TO GET US KILLED. THAT'S OUR PLAN.
HIT HIM WITH HAMMERS UNTIL HE BREAKS. THAT'S MY PLAN.
EVERYTHING BELOW US - THE ENTIRE PLANET. IT ALL APPEARS TO BE MADE FROM GORR'S WEAPON. WE SHOULD KEEP THE FIGHT IN THE AIR FOR AS LONG AS POSSIBLE.
YOU FORGET, THE BOY HAS NO MJOLNIR. HE CANNOT FLY.
DO NOT WORRY ABOUT ME, OLD MAN. I'M THE ONLY THOR HERE WHO HAS ALREADY BEATEN THIS BASTARD TWICE.
YOU'RE ALSO THE ONLY THOR WHO'S BEEN CAPTURED BY HIM TWICE. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO BE RASH AND RECKLESS HERE. WE MUST...
YOU SHOULD HAVE BROUGHT MORE THORS

BAH. YOU SOUR OLD CRONES HAVE FORGOTTEN WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A GOD OF THE VIKINGS!
HERE LET ME SHOW YOU!
HHRRGGH!!!
AND YOU IDIOT CHILDREN HAVE YET TO LEARN WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A KING!
LET ALONE A FAILED ONE
FOR THE GLORY OF ASGARD!
MJOLNIR, OLD FRIEND.
GIVE ME STRENGTH.

THEN STRUCK THOR
WITH THE FURY OF A BILLION STORMS

THE SKY EXPLODED WITH LIGHTNING AND BLACK GORE.
THUNDER ECHOED THROUGH THE DEPTHS OF SPACE.
THUNDER AND THE POUNDING OF HAMMERS.
RRRRRRRGGGHHH!!
THANK YOU FOR THIS, THUNDER GODS. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN SUCH A SHAME TO HAVE ENDED ALL OF DIVINITY..
WITHOUT ONE LAST CHANCE TO BE A BUTCHER.
I HAVE WAITED 900 YEARS FOR THIS MOMENT. TO FEEL THE THUNDER IN MY BLOOD ONCE AGAIN.
A CASK OF THE FINEST ALE TO THE GOD WHO STILLS THAT TONGUE
AND DO YOU?
LET US SEE.

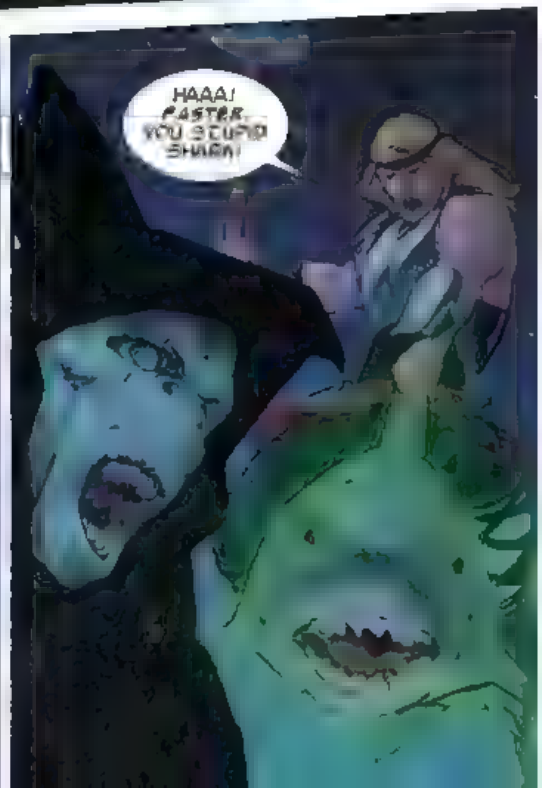
Moments Later,
Light-Years Away.
KHUNK
Such was the awesome might of an All-Father unleashed, that for the first time in millennia...
The Butcher of Gods knew fear.

KKKRRRAAASSSHHH
IT WOULD APPEAR GORR IS THROWING CHUNKS OF MOON AT US.
MY MJOLNIR FINDS THAT AMUSING. HOW ABOUT YOURS?
CAN'T YOU HEAR IT LAUGHING?
KAH-BOOM
"MORE BLOOD! KILL THE SLAVES
"MASSACRE ALL THE GODS!"
MORE POWER! I NEED MORE POWER!
THAT MEANS...

The true history of Gorr's weapon had been lost to time, though there were many different stories and legends.
Some said it was a blade forged by the elder gods and used in the time of creation to carve existence from the unbreakable stone of nothingness.
Others said it was the darkness in all gods given form, and that whoever wielded it was merely an empty vessel for its murderous will.
There were stories that it had slain billions upon billions even before Gorr, that it had raged through worlds like a wildfire through dry stalks.
That its power would continue to grow for all time until the day it finally blackened all of infinity.
Perhaps on that day they will tell stories of this one.
Of the day Gorr's black world became ringed with blood and the screaming of gods filled the cosmos entire.
The day the lords of all the heavens were slaughtered like lambs.

I HEAR SCREAMING FROM WORLDS AWAY. GODS ARE DYING.
GORR IS KILLING HIS SLAVES. HE KNOWS HE'S IN TROUBLE, AND THE GODBLOOD FUELS HIS POWER.
I WILL SHOW THE BASTARD BLOOD! LET ME--
HHRGG.
GGGRH.

I FEEL THEM! DROWNING! FEEL THE BLACKNESS FLOODING THEM
NO THOR WILL SURVIVE THIS DAY
NO GORR WILL EITHER.

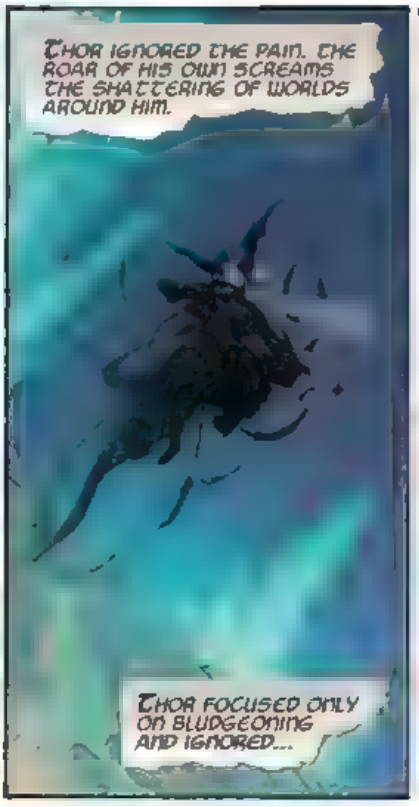

HAAA! FASTER, YOU STUPID SHARK!

NO MORE CHAINS! NO MORE OF YOUR BLACK BERSERKERS! JUST YOU AND ME NOW, GORR!
AND THE HAMMER I'M GOING TO KILL YOU WITH!
SWACK
I'D TELL YOU TO PRAY TO YOUR GODS. BUT I KNOW YOU DON'T HAVE ANY! THOUGH YOU MAY PRAY TO ME IF YOU LIKE!
THUMP
KKAKK
THOUGH IF YOU PRAY FOR A QUICK DEATH..
DON'T EXPECT YOUR PRAYER TO BE ANSWERED!

SERPENTS!
ALWAYS ANOTHER DAMN SERPENT
WE MUST BE FREE OF THIS MIRE! GORR MUST ANSWER TO THE FURY OF OUR HAMMERS!
AM I NOT THE ALL-FATHER BOY? AM I NOT THE WAY AND THE WRATH AND THE WONDER?
RRRRGHH.!! GO!
LEAVE THE LORD OF ASGARD TO DEAL WITH THIS WORM!
As MJOLNIR FLEW, THOR STRAINED TO HOLD FAST. ASTEROIDS SHATTERED IN HIS WAKE. STARS FLICKERED.
He knew he must not stop, no matter what he saw. Even if there were wounded.
Even if they were him.

COME I NEVER GET TIRED OF KILLING THORS
With every swing of his mighty hammer, Thor felt his bones rattle. His fingers crack. His muscles tear.
And yet, he swung again. Even harder than before
And again.
And again.

With every cut, he felt Gorr's weapon creep inside him burrowing deeper into his flesh. Broken blades became black maggots, eating him from the inside
But Thor made his mind as hard as the Uru of his hammer, and he thundered on.


Thor ignored the pain. The roar of his own screams the shattering of worlds around him.
Thor focused only on bludgeoning and ignored...

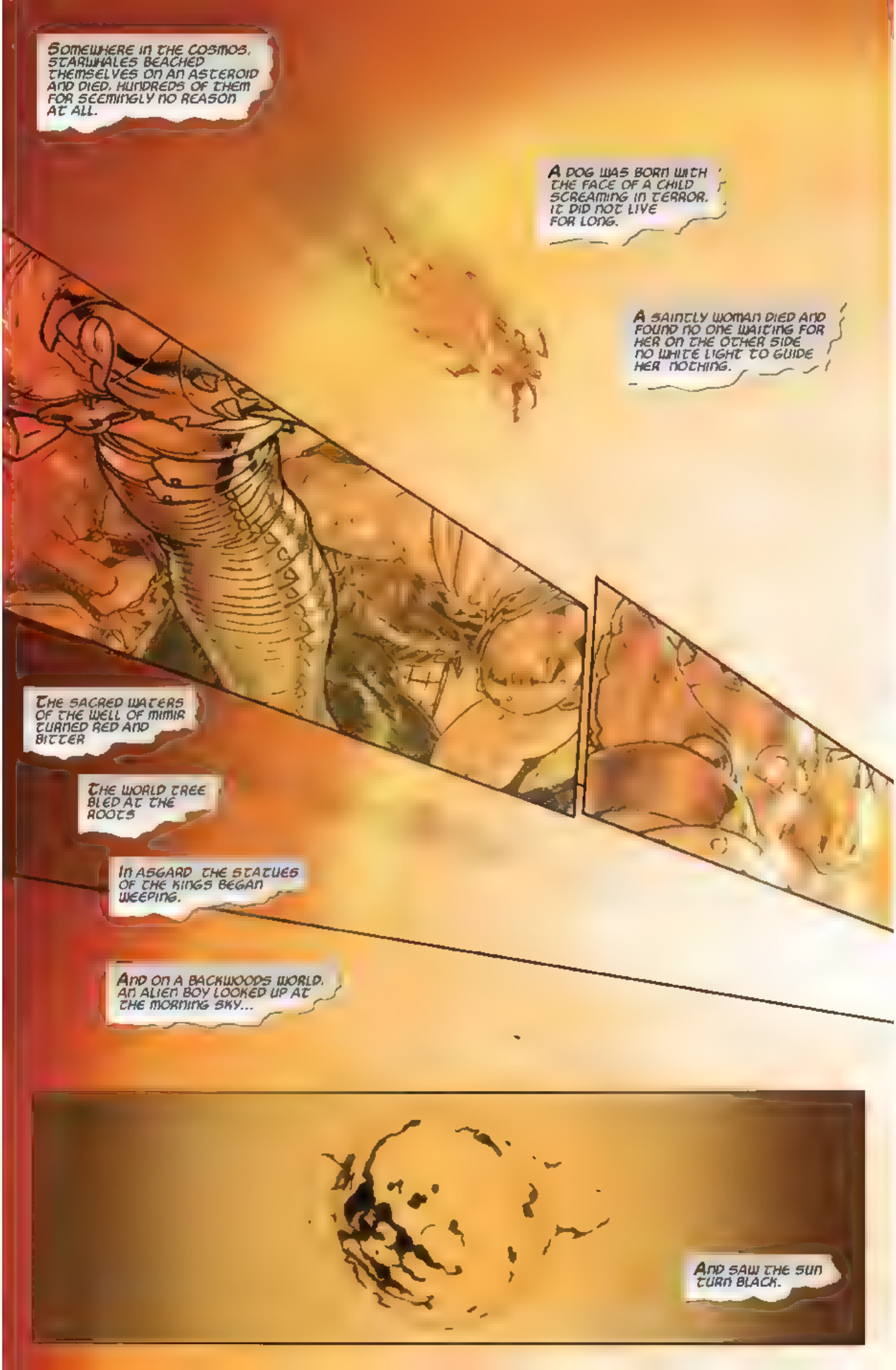
. everything. else.
no.
that's no empty moon.

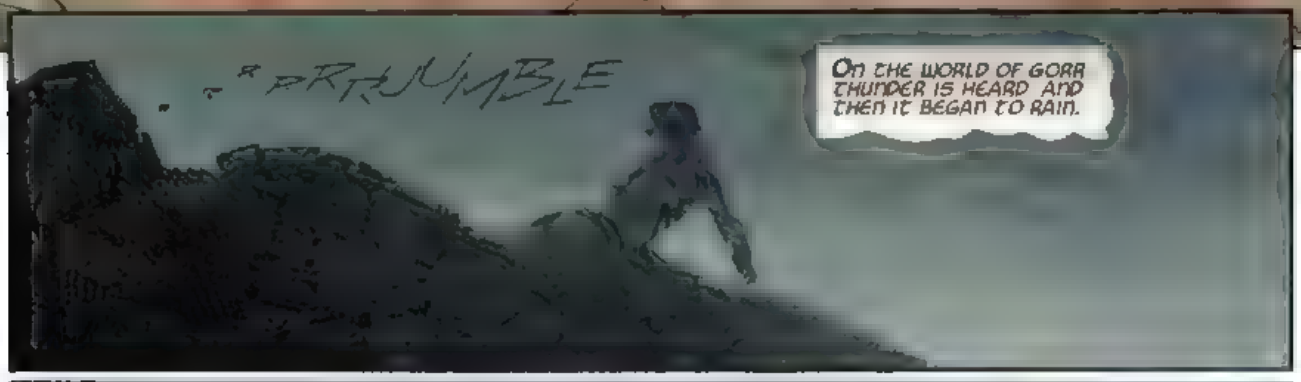
HHHHHHRRRRRGGHHH!!!

THUS DID THE NORSE GOD OF THUNDER COME TO BE WORSHIPPED ON A SCARRED WORLD IN A DISTANT CORNER OF SPACE.
AT LAST I UNDERSTAND YOU, LITTLE GOD.
THE OLD YOU, THE KING, HE'S ALWAYS BEEN FUELED BY REGRET HE THINKS IF HE KILLS ME, HE CAN ERASE HIS OWN HISTORY OF WRETCHED FAILURE.
AND THE YOUNG ONE, THE VIKING GOD, HE USES ARROGANCE AND RAGE TO MASK HIS CRIPPLING SHAME.
BUT YOU.. YOU I COULD NEVER QUITE FIGURE OUT UNTIL NOW
YOU KNOW I'M RIGHT.
THAT'S WHY YOU FIGHT SO HARD WHY YOU TRY SO DESPERATELY HARD TO SEEM NOBLE
BECAUSE YOU SEE JUST HOW PETTY AND USELESS YOUR KIND TRULY ARE
YOU KNOW WHAT I KNOW, THAT GODS HAVE NEVER CREATED OR CARED FOR ANYTHING EXCEPT THEMSELVES
THE GOD WHO DOUBTS. HEH I CHANGE MY MIND
YOU'RE MY FAVORITE THOR

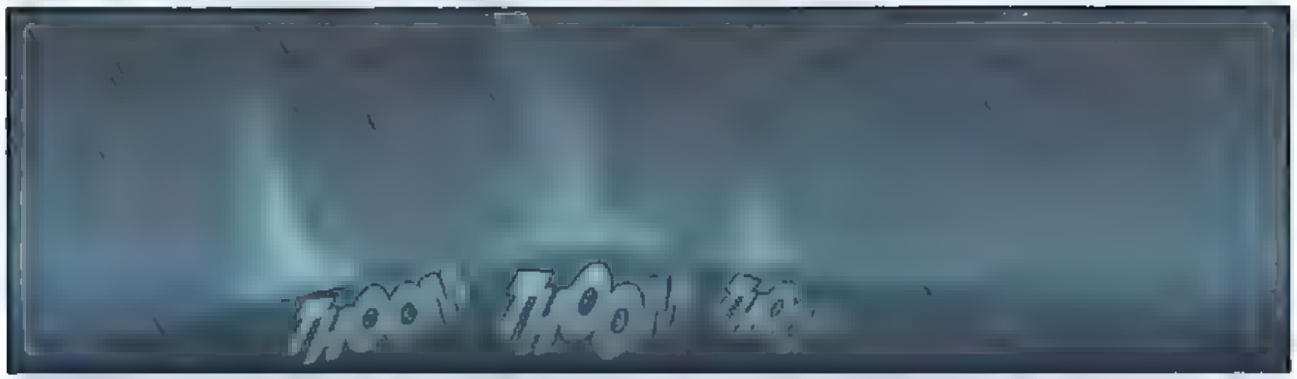
In the great black emptiness of space the mighty Thor reached out his hammer and at last the black leviathan fell
And Thor looked upon his work.
And knew it was just the beginning
Thor the father. the lord of asgard thor the king of kings.
Young Thor had a hammer in his hand and a viking cry of battle upon his lips.
Beneath the rage he was smiling.
Thor the son of odin the prince of asgard thor the bloody redeemer
Thor the avenger fought with the spirit of a multitude
Thor the holy hero. champion of the cosmos thor the hammer of heaven.
The three thors. the greatest of all the gods.
Or so the story goes.

KRAA
YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT SOMEDAY, I WILL BE ABLE TO DO THAT?
AFTER THEM. INTO THE SUN.


Somewhere in the cosmos, starwhales beached themselves on an asteroid and died. Hundreds of them for seemingly no reason at all.
A dog was born with the face of a child screaming in terror. It did not live for long.
A saintly woman died and found no one waiting for her on the other side no white light to guide her nothing.
The sacred waters of the well of Mimir turned red and bitter
The world tree bled at the roots
In Asgard the statues of the kings began weeping.
And on a backwoods world, an alien boy looked up at the morning sky...
And saw the sun turn black.

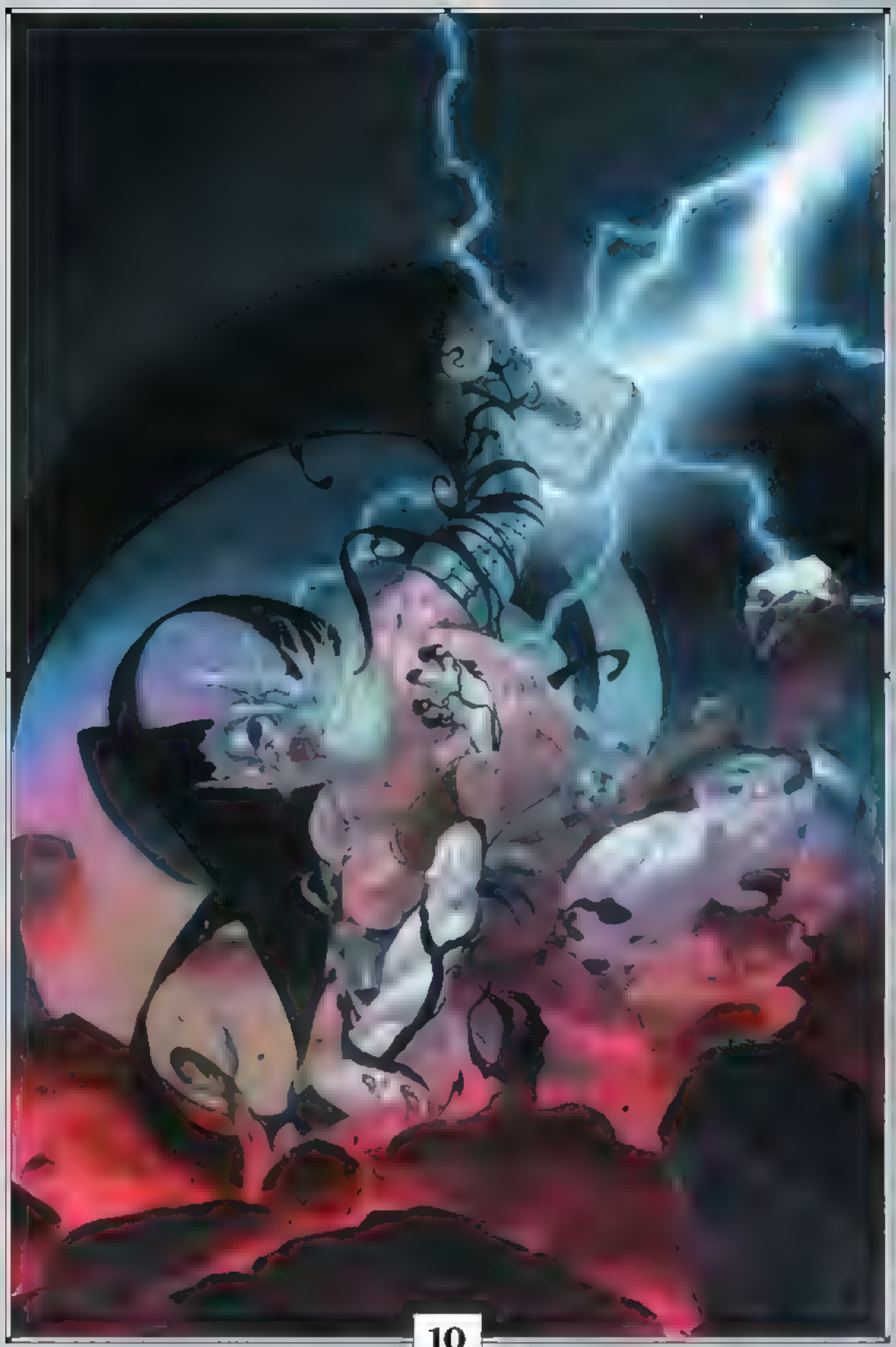

RRUMBLE
On the world of Gorr thunder is heard and then it began to rain.

It rained blood.
Godblood.



Then it rained hammers.

And thors.
And despair.
MAKE READY THE BOMB!



All thunder fell silent...
Across the skies of creation...
As King Thor was nailed to a comet and sent roaring through space

On the world of the slaughtered god slaves, the ground opened like a great black maw and THOR THE AVENGER fell.
Mjolnirs lay encased in a cage of godflesh unable to fly to their masters hands
And young Thor found himself too spent to even muster a curse...

..AS THE COUNTDOWN BEGAN.
GORR?
PLEASE TELL ME YOU'RE UNHARMED, MY LOVE
I SAW THOSE GODS ATTACK YOU AND THEN...THERE WERE GREAT LIGHTS IN THE SKY AND THE WORLD ITSELF TREMBLED AND ALL THE SLAVES WERE SCREAMING AND--
GO BACK INSIDE IT WILL ALL BE OVER SOON
IT'S TIME THEN, AT LAST, FOR THE BOMB?
YES.
TIME FOR THE GODBOMB

I HAVE WAITED FOR THIS DAY, FOR THOSE WORDS...FOR SO MANY YEARS, MY LOVE.
I NEVER DOUBTED THAT YOU WOULD SEE US THROUGH, THAT YOUR STRENGTH AND DEVOTION WOULD SAVE NOT ONLY OUR FAMILY, BUT ALL THE FAMILIES OF MAN.
YOU HAVE SUFFERED SO MUCH, MY LOVE, I KNOW. YOU HAVE ENDURED HORRORS BEYOND IMAGINING FOR SO VERY LONG
YET NEVER HAVE YOU WAVERED IN YOUR CALLING. NEVER HAVE YOU LOST FAITH IN WHAT IS JUST AND RIGHT
AND NEVER HAVE I LOST MY FAITH IN YOU.
YOU...ARE THE ONLY BEING I HAVE EVER KNOWN WHO WAS WORTHY OF WORSHIP YOU ARE THE BRIGHTEST STAR IN ALL THE HEAVENS
YOU, GORR, MY LOVER, MY SAVIOR...
YOU ARE MY GOD
WHAT DID YOU SAY?

I SAID, DEAR THAT YOU, MY SWEET, LOV NG GORR...ARE MY...
HHGK
I AM NO ONE'S GOD
FATHER?

FATHER IS IT TRUE?
IS IT TIME TO TRIGGER THE BOMB?
IT IT IS INDEED
WHERE'S MOTHER?
SHE SAID SHE WAS COMING TO MEET YOU. SHE SHOULD BE HERE TO SEE TH S
LOOK FOR HER IN THE TOWERS, BOY BUT DON'T EXPECT ME TO WAIT
I HAVE TOO MANY GODS TO KILL
YES, FATHER.
AND OF COURSE WE MUST MAKE SURE...
..WE KILL THEM ALL

IF I COULD JUST REACH . ONE OF THOSE DAMN HAMMERS
SAVE OUR ENERGY? GORR'S WORLD RUNS RED WITH RIVERS OF BLOOD. THOUSANDS OF GODS LIE SLAUGHTERED! THREE THORS HAVE FALLEN! AND ANY MOMENT NOW A GODBOMB WILL EXPLODE AND WIPE US OUT OF EXISTENCE!
AND EXACTLY WHAT GOOD WOULD THAT DO, FRIGG? WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU'D FARE ANY BETTER AGAINST GORR THAN ALL THOSE THORS DID?
BETTER TO DIE WITH A HAMMER IN MY HAND, ELLI, THAN STUCK TO THIS DAMN WEB LIKE SOME HELPLESS FLY.
YOU SHOULD BOTH SAVE YOUR ENERGY
FOR WHAT EXACTLY SHOULD I BE SAVING MY ENERGY DEAR SISTER ATLI?!
FOR BITING OFF YOUR TONGUE AND SWALLOWING IT
BETTER TO CHOKE MYSELF TO DEATH THAN GIVE THAT BASTARD GORR THE SATISFACTION OF KILLING ME.
I'D RATHER REACH...A DAMN HAMMER.
WE'D ALL RATHER REACH A HAMMER, FRIGG! BUT WHAT GOOD IS A HAMMER ANYWAY...

"AGAINST A BOMB!"
LOOK AT IT. BEAUTIFUL, ISN'T IT?
IT WAS DESIGNED BY A GOD NAMED SHADRAK OF THE DIAMOND MOONS OF OGHOGHO. THE GOD OF BOMBS AND FIREBALLS
HE ENJOYED CASTING THEM INTO SPACE, SO HE AND HIS FRIENDS COULD WATCH THE STARS EXPLODE.
AFTER JUST ONE AFTERNOON OF WATCHING HIS FRIENDS EXPLODE, HE BEGGED ME TO LET HIM BUILD THIS
IT TOOK 600 YEARS AND AN ARMY OF GOD SLAVES TO BRING SHADRAK'S DESIGNS TO LIFE
IT WAS BUILT AROUND THE HEART OF AN ELDER GOD, AND INFUSED WITH THE CHRONOMANCY OF THE TIME LORDS OF CHRONUX. AND ONCE I TRIGGER IT
WITH THIS.
IT WILL EXPLODE THROUGH TIME KILLING EVERY GOD WHO EVER LIVED
OR EVER WILL
AMEN
WHAM

A FEW MORE DROPS IN THE POOL OF FOREVERS. YES, I BELIEVE THAT'S ALL WE'LL NEED.
BLEED FOR ME NOW, GOD OF THUNDER. BLEED FOR MY BLESSED BOMB.
OH NO.
WE'LL NEED MORE BLOOD THAN THAT.
Meanwhile, Miles Below,
YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT IN TIME.

GORR IS TRIGGERING THE BOMB AS WE SPEAK. YOU'LL BE *DEAD* BEFORE YOU EVER REACH THE SURFACE.
YOU AND EVERY GOD YOU'VE EVER KNOWN
RUN AWAY BOY. WHATEVER HAPPENS NEXT, THIS IS NO PLACE FOR THE LIKES OF YOU.
I CANNOT LEAVE I *AM* WHAT MY FATHER HAS MADE ME. BUT THE QUESTION NOW IS
WHAT IS MY *FATHER?*
WEAPONS? THERE ARE WEAPONS IN THE ROCK. MUST BE THE WEAPONS OF THE GODS GORR'S ENSLAVED
HE WAS A GOOD MAN ONCE, MY FATHER A SIMPLE MAN. A FAMILY MAN. A LOVING MAN WHO SUFFERED UNFAIRLY.
BUT I WONDER, WHAT WOULD *THAT* MAN SAY, IF HE COULD SEE WHAT HE'S BECOME IN THE EONS HENCE?
BOY *LEAVE NOW!* TAKE WHATEVER FAMILY YOU HAVE AND--
MY MOTHER IS DEAD.
SHE ALWAYS DREAMED ABOUT LIFE AFTER THE BOMB ABOUT A WORLD WITHOUT GODS FOR MY FATHER TO BUTCHER. ABOUT US FREE TO BE A FAMILY. BUT...
THERE WAS *NEVER* GOING TO BE A LIFE FOR US AFTER THE BOMB. I ALWAYS KNEW THAT. EVEN BEFORE MY FATHER *KILLED* HER JUST AS HE KILLED THE MAN HE ONCE WAS.
GORR IS DEAD. AND IN HIS PLACE NOW STANDS...
SOMETHING I'VE BEEN RAISED ALL MY LIFE TO *DESPISE*
GGRGH

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO PRAY
BUT I WILL PRAY TO YOU GOD OF THUNDER.
I'LL PRAY THAT YOU KILL MY FATHER.
RUMBLE
THIS MUST BE IT!
I LOVE YOU WITH ALL MY HEART, MY SISTERS. MAY WE MEET AGAIN IN VALHALLA!
KISS MY ASGARDIAN ASS GORR YOU SON OF A--

POP
WHAT THE WE'RE NOT DEAD
GAHH. BITING YOUR TONGUE HURTS LIKE HEL.
LOOK. WEAPONS!
ARM YOURSELVES. THIS DAY WE RE SLAVES NO MORE
TODAY WE DIE LIKE GODS!
STUPID HAMMER. MUST BE BROKEN. WON'T BUDGE...
HEY!
KROOM

WITH YOUR HEART, THOR OF ASGARD I WILL BAPTIZE THIS HOLY MACHINE
GAAARRGGH!!!
IF YOU WANT IT THAT BADLY I'LL GLADLY TRADE YOU MY HEART
FOR YOUR EYE!
AAAARRGGHH!!
MHHHRRRGGHH!!

THE LAST PATHETIC WHIMPER OF THE GODS. YOU'RE TOO LATE
YOU'RE ALL TOO DAMN LATE!
THAT'S ONE EYE DOWN.
NOW TO TAKE THE REST.
JARNBJORN?
HEY! GET YOUR OWN AXE
SORRY, GIRL. BUT THIS AXE AND I HAVE UNFINISHED BUSINESS
WHAT KIND OF THOR DOESN'T HAVE HIS OWN HAMMER?
THE KIND WHO CAN DO THIS
CRAKKK

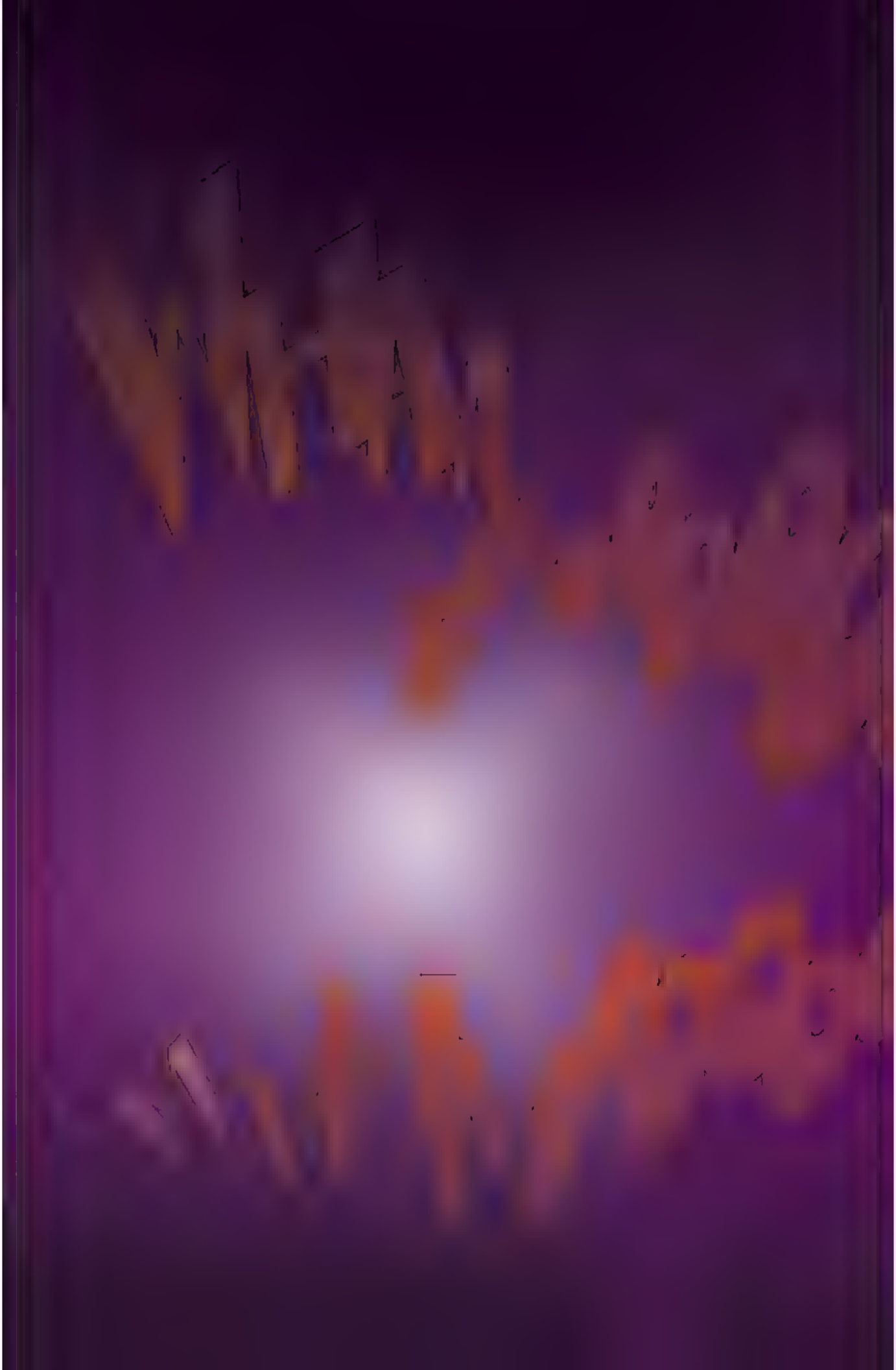
NOW, THOSE ARE THORS.
CUT THEM DOWN. RAGE 'TIL THE END!
FIGHT TO THE VERY LAST GOD!

SHUNK
RAGE AT YOUR DIMMING ALL YOU LIKE, YE GODLINGS.
AT LAST BEGINS THE ERA OF MAN.
WOOOOOSH

THE BOMB IS COMING TO LIFE!
GET TO THE BOMB!
TOO LATE, THOR!
BEHOLD YOUR DOOM.

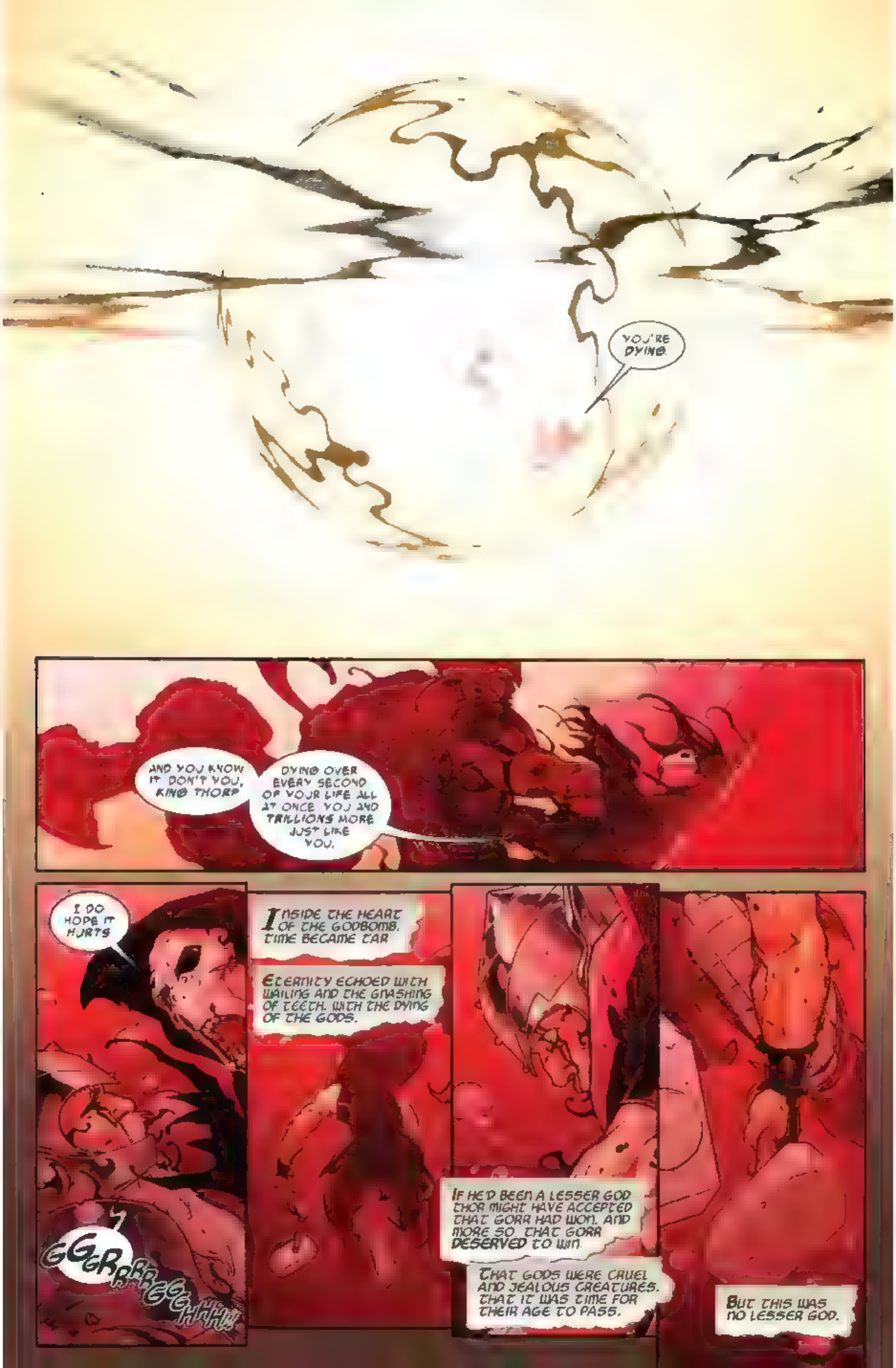
AARRGGGHH!!!
HE'S TRIGGERED THE BOMB! WHAT DO WE DO?
HOW DO WE STOP IT?!
YOU'RE THOR!
YOU HIT IT WITH HAMMERS!
AYE. THAT I CAN DO
FROM

THE GODBOMB SEETHED WITH POWER.
THOOM
THE ROARING OF THE MJOLNIRS SHOOK THE STARS
THOR FOUGHT TO CHOKE DOWN FEAR BUT IT BUBBLED UP LIKE BILE.
AND GORR'S WORDS BURROWED DEEP INTO HIS MARROW.
THOOM
HAHAHA
WHAT IF THEY REALLY ARE BETTER OFF WITHOUT US THOR WONDERED IN FEAR
EVEN AS HE SWUNG HIS HAMMERS
WHAT IF A GODLESS AGE IS WHAT THEY DESERVE?
THOOO



Now, Omnipotence City. Nexus of All the Gods.
"HOW MUCH TIME DO WE HAVE?"
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. THERE'S NO TIME. THE BOMB RUNS ON TIME. IT RUNS THROUGH TIME. IT WILL KILL US ALL NO MATTER WHEN WE ARE
WITH ANY LUCK, WE WON'T.
HOW WILL WE KNOW WHEN IT'S HAPPENING?
TELL ME, SHADRAK ..ARE YOU CAPABLE OF SAYING ANYTHING THAT DOESN'T MAKE ME WANT TO THRASH YOU?
OPEN THE DOORS! THE LORD LIBRARIAN DEMANDS AN AUDIENCE WITH THE PARLIAMENT OF PANTHEONS! WE HAVE A BOMB THREAT!
THE BOMB WILL RIPPLE BACKWARD THROUGH TIME, EXPLODING THROUGH EVERY SECOND. GORR'S BLACK WEAPON WILL KILL US ALL, EVERY LAST GOD, ALL AT--
HRGH!!
RGH
I DIDN'T THINK... IT WOULD HURT SO MUCH

The Far Future,
The World of the GodBomb.
AAAAAHHH!!!
UUUGGGHH!!!
RRRRRRRRRRGGHHHH!!!

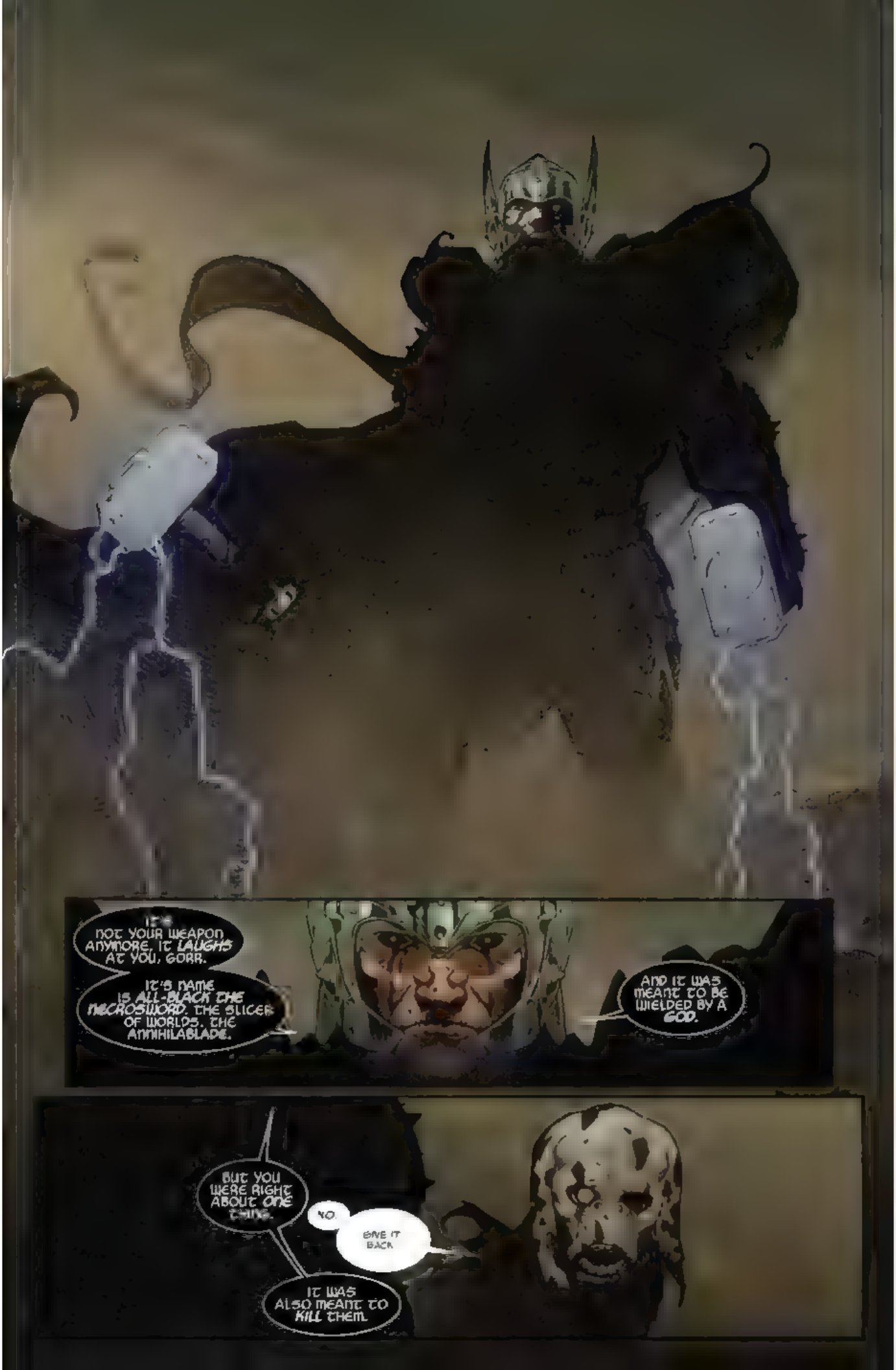

YOU'RE DYING.
AND YOU KNOW IT DON'T YOU, KING THOR?
DYING OVER EVERY SECOND OF YOUR LIFE ALL AT ONCE YOU AND TRILLIONS MORE JUST LIKE YOU.
I DO HOPE IT HURTS
GGRRRREGGHHHH
INSIDE THE HEART OF THE GODBOMB, TIME BECAME TAR
ETERNITY ECHOED WITH WAILING AND THE GNASHING OF TEETH. WITH THE DYING OF THE GODS.
IF HE'D BEEN A LESSER GOD THOR MIGHT HAVE ACCEPTED THAT GORR HAD WON. AND MORE SO, THAT GORR DESERVED TO WIN.
THAT GODS WERE CRUEL AND JEALOUS CREATURES. THAT IT WAS TIME FOR THEIR AGE TO PASS.
BUT THIS WAS NO LESSER GOD.

THIS WAS THE GOD OF ROARING THUNDER AND RAGING STORMS, AND EVEN IF HE HAD BEEN THE LAST GOD LEFT ALIVE IN ALL THE UNIVERSE...
CRACK
HE STILL WOULD HAVE BEEN GOD ENOUGH.
HHHHRRRRGGHHH!!
WHAT IS HE DOING?
DYING. LIKE A GOD

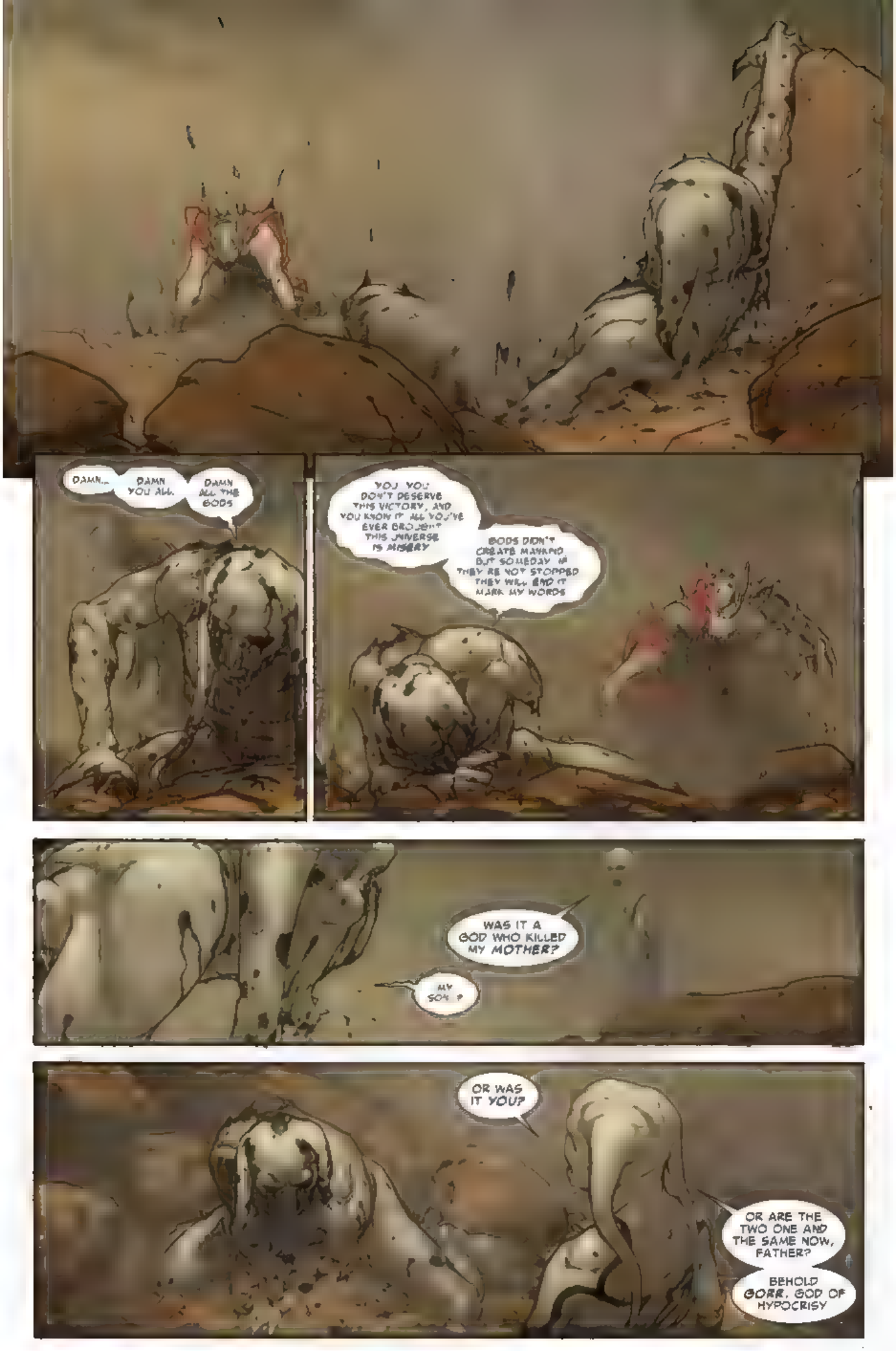
All through time, Gods were dying.
Every God who had ever been born or ever would be.
There was no final battle for them to fight. No enemies standing over them. No warning even.
They merely fell to their knees. Choking on blackness. Their flesh falling apart before their eyes.
Some knew why it was happening. Most did not. But in their final cloudy moments, they all shared a common vision.
A vision of ONE God, with a mighty HAMMER in each hand. Fighting at the heart of a bomb to save them all.
And for one moment that stretched across time .
...every God in all the universe closed their eyes...
And prayed to Thor.

HE'S ABSORBING IT HE'S TAKING THE BLAST INTO HIMSELF
THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE!
THEN LET US WATCH THE IMPOSS BLE TOGETHER!
THOR. HEAR MY PRAYER
WHERE A FATHER PRAYS TO HIS SON.
HEAR THE PRAYER OF ODIN.
DO NOT FALL MY SON.
BE THE SAVIOR OF US ALL
The Present Day.
The Wild Space Where Asgard Once Dwelled.
"BE THE GOD OF GODS!"

HOLY HEL. IT JUST... STOPPED
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT. WE'RE ALIVE.
YES. BUT SO IS HE.
NO
NO, YOU SHOULD ALL BE DEAD BLACK BERSERKERS, KILL THEM!
WHERE ARE MY BLACK BERSERKERS? WHERE ARE MY TOWERS. WHERE'S MY
WEAPON. *


IT'S NOT YOUR WEAPON ANYMORE. IT LAUGHS AT YOU, GORR.
IT'S NAME IS ALL-BLACK THE NECROSWORD. THE SLICER OF WORLDS. THE ANNIHILABLADE.
AND IT WAS MEANT TO BE WIELDED BY A GOD.
BUT YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING.
NO.
GIVE IT BACK
IT WAS ALSO MEANT TO KILL THEM.

KRAKOOM


DAMN...
DAMN YOU ALL.
DAMN ALL THE GODS
YOU, YOU DON'T DESERVE THIS VICTORY, AND YOU KNOW IT! ALL YOU'VE EVER BROUGHT THIS UNIVERSE IS MISERY
GODS DIDN'T CREATE MANKIND BUT SOMEDAY IF THEY'RE NOT STOPPED THEY WILL END IT MARK MY WORDS
WAS IT A GOD WHO KILLED MY MOTHER?
MY SON ?
OR WAS IT YOU?
OR ARE THE TWO ONE AND THE SAME NOW, FATHER?
BEHOLD GORR, GOD OF HYPOCRISY

SON, PLEASE, NO I CAN'T LOSE YOU TOO...
THEY DID THIS YOU HAVE TO SEE THAT IT'S THE GODS WHO'VE RUINED CREATION. WE'LL ALL BE BETTER OFF WITHOUT THEM.
YOU CAN'T BLAME THE GODS ANYMORE, GORR IT WASN'T A GOD WHO BETRAYED YOU
IT WAS ONLY EVER...
YOURSELF.
NO, PLEASE, PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME
ALONE
THE BOY JUST.. MELTED INTO A...A STONE DAGGER IS THIS GORR'S WORK?
THERE NEVER WAS A BOY. THERE WAS ONLY EVER THE WEAPON, AND THE THINGS GORR MADE FROM IT.
NO.
BUT IT WAS THE SON WHO HELPED US DEFEAT THE FATHER.
IT WAS THE LONELY LITTLE MAN...
WHO HELPED YOU DEFEAT THE BUTCHER.
GGGRRRGH

SHKTK
I'D HAD ABOUT ENOUGH OF THAT
THUS ENDETH THE TALE OF THE GOD BUTCHER.
SHALL WE DRINK MEAD AND THINK OF WAYS TO DEFILE HIS ASHES?
BBLAAAAUURRGGHH
THE WEAPON IS STILL INSIDE YOU. HURRY. YOU MUST PURGE YOURSELF.
TOO LATE JUST MAKE CERTAIN...
THAT YOU [redacted] WRONG.
THUS DIED THOR
FOR THE NINTH TIME THAT COULD BE REMEMBERED

THREE DAYS LATER HE ROSE AGAIN
Asgard of the Far Future. Seat of King Thor.
UGGGGHHH..
FATHER?
I HAD THE STRANGEST DREAM. THERE WERE...
THERE WERE THREE OF ME.
IT APPEARS DYING HASN'T MADE HIM ANY SMARTER. HAS IT?
NO. BUT I BET IT'S MADE HIM THIRSTY.
DID YOU KNOW THERE'S A WHOLE HIDDEN ROOM FILLED WITH ALE? OR AT LEAST, THERE USED TO BE.
WHAT'S HAPPENED? THE GOD BUTCHER...
DEAD. TURNED TO ASH.
LEFT WHERE IT FELL. WE DARED NOT TOUCH IT
AND HIS WEAPON? THE NECROSWORD
I WOULD'VE TOUCHED IT. BUT HIS MAJESTY HERE THREW THE ENTIRE PLANET INTO A BLACK HOLE.
AND THEN HE BROUGHT YOU BACK FROM THE DEAD
THE THOR-FORCE.
AYE. BURNED OUT THE LAST OF GORR'S SICKNESS INSIDE YOU. I FIGURED IT WAS IN MY BEST INTEREST.
WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE THAT FOR WHICH YOU DIED?

ASGARD IS ALIVE AGAIN.
WITH GODS FROM ALL OVER THE COSMOS.
THE SURVIVORS OF GORR'S MINES?
YES. MANY HAVE ALREADY RETURNED TO THEIR HOMEWORLDS. BUT SOME HAD BEEN SLAVES FOR SO LONG, THEY COULD NO LONGER REMEMBER FROM WHENCE THEY CAME.
SO THEY WILL HAVE A HOME HERE IF THEY WISH IT. OR I WILL FIND THEM NEW WORLDS WHERE GODS ARE NEEDED
WORLDS WHERE GODS ARE NEEDED
I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE I GROW UP TO BE ALL-FATHER. THOUGH BY THE LOOKS OF THIS RAGGED PLACE I DO A FAIRLY TERRIBLE JOB OF IT.
YOU WILL PROVE YOURSELF TERRIBLE AT A GREAT MANY THINGS IN THE YEARS TO COME BOY.
YOU'LL FAIL. YOU'LL WATCH YOUR LOVED ONES DIE AND WORST OF ALL, YOU'LL NEVER COME ANYWHERE CLOSE TO THE ONE THING YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED MOST
YES I WILL. I SEE YOU TWO CARRYING THOSE HAMMERS AROUND THAT MEANS--
I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT THE HAMMER.
YOU'LL NEVER BE THE SON HE WANTS YOU TO BE.

NO. APPARENTLY I GROW UP TO BE EVERY BIT THE TROLL'S ARSE MY FATHER IS.
I BELIEVE I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS WRETCHED FUTURE. THE ALE HERE IS OLD AND BITTER ANYWAY
JUST LIKE THE THORS.
YOU WERE UNNECESSARILY HARSH TO THE BOY
PERHAPS I WASN'T SPEAKING TO THE BOY.
I OWE YOU A GREAT DEBT THOR OF THE AVENGERS. FOR REMINDING ME WHAT IT MEANS TO COMMAND THE THUNDER.
BUT I STILL CANNOT LOOK AT YOU WITHOUT A PAIN IN MY GLLLET. WITHOUT SEEING THE EONS OF STRUGGLE AND FAILURE THAT LIE BETWEEN US
BE A BETTER THOR THAN I WAS
AND K.LL YOUR BASTARD BROTHER FIRST CHANCE YOU GET.
AND YOU GO BE A KING AGAIN OLD MAN AND LIVE TO PROVE GORR WRONG
BUT WHAT IF HE WASN'T WRONG?
THEN WE HAVE EVEN MORE WORK TO DO.
SPEAKING OF WHICH.
I THINK I KNOW A WORLD THAT COULD USE SOME NEW GODS.

And so old King Thor with his All-Father magic sent the other Thors back to their own times.
Thor! Lord Thor has returned to us at last!
We've just brewed a fresh barrel of mead, my lord.
Yes but I cannot stay long.
Perhaps I could stay for a moment.
They knew that given the nature of the time travel involved their memories of recent events would soon begin to fade.
There were some memories they looked forward to forgetting
And others they hoped to cling to forever.

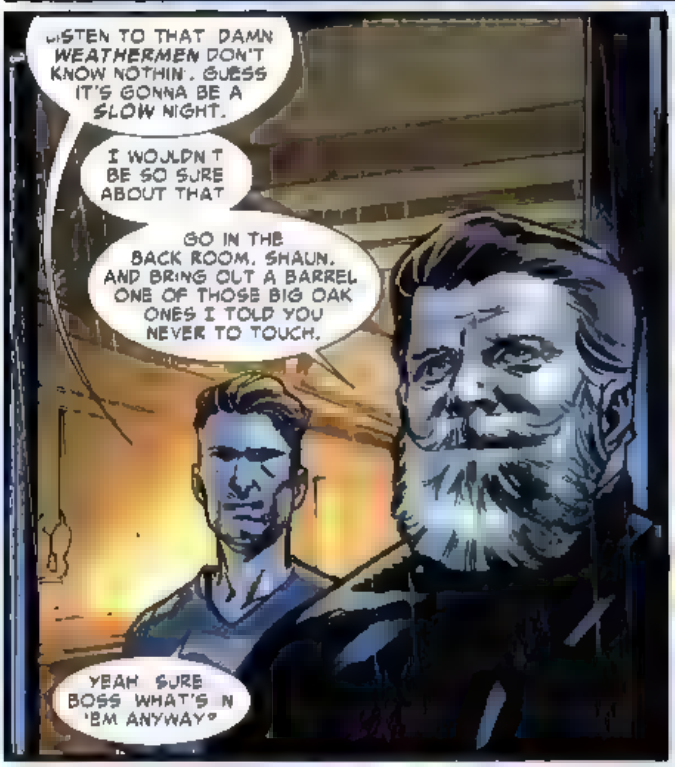
The thors would not remember having met themselves, and chances were they would never meet again in such a way.
Instead they returned to their own separate worlds and lives
Their own ambitions.
Their own fears
Their own callings
And also their one common destiny .
To be the greatest god who ever lived.

In the end, they would remember only that gods had fought and died.
That some victories were won.
While others remained elusive
You MOVED! I know you moved! I felt it!
That a king was restored to his throne.
And that a prayer was finally answered.
Thor?
Little girl of Midgarr. I said I would return to you. And I have.
You prayed to me because your world had no gods. That is one prayer I assure you.

YOU NEED NEVER PRAY AGAIN.
THUS DID A WORLD WITHOUT GODS BECOME A WORLD WITH VERY MANY.
ALL THANKS TO A LITTLE GIRL'S PRAYER AND A MADMAN'S MURDER SPREE.
AND OF COURSE TO A GOD OF THUNDER AND HIS MIGHTY HAMMER.
A GOD WHOSE STORY MAY HAVE BEEN AS OLD AS TIME BUT WHOSE ADVENTURES AND PERILS...
HAD ONLY JUST BEGUN.

Iceland, 893 AD.
LORD THOR.
YOU BLESS US WITH YOUR PRESENCE, SON OF ODIN
WELCOME BACK MY LORD.
MEAD, MY LORD?
I HAVE HEARD STORIES OF THE WONDERS OF ASGARD SINCE I WAS A CHILD. AT NIGHT, IT IS WHERE I GO IN MY DREAMS.
IF I HAD BEEN BORN A GODDESS INSTEAD OF A BLACKSMITH'S DAUGHTER, I CAN'T IMAGINE THAT I WOULD EVER LEAVE SUCH A PLACE, NOT EVEN FOR A MOMENT.
YET YOU ALWAYS RETURN TO US HERE. WHY MY LORD?
WHY COME DOWN OUT OF HEAVEN, TO A LAND OF MUD AND DUNG?
LOOK AROUND YOU, WOMAN.
YOUR WEATHER IS HARSH. YOUR PEOPLE HARSHER. YOUR LIQUORS CRUDE AND BITTER. YOUR OCEANS AND FORESTS FILLED WITH BEASTS THAT WOULD EAT YOU.
YOU FIGHT AMONGST YOURSELVES FOR THE MOST PETTY OF REASONS. FORNICATE LIKE BRAZEN ANIMALS. PILLAGE AND DEFILE EVERY NEW LAND YOU DISCOVER
IN OTHER WORDS...
HOW COULD I EVER STAY AWAY?

New York City.
Now.
THE SALTY STEVEDORE
RUBE


LISTEN TO THAT DAMN WEATHERMEN DON'T KNOW NOTHIN'. GUESS IT'S GONNA BE A SLOW NIGHT.
I WOULDN'T BE SO SURE ABOUT THAT
GO IN THE BACK ROOM, SHAUN. AND BRING OUT A BARREL ONE OF THOSE BIG OAK ONES I TOLD YOU NEVER TO TOUCH.
YEAH SURE BOSS WHAT'S IN 'EM ANYWAY?

MEAD.
BREWED FROM FRESH HONEY AND WILD YEAST, WITH A HINT OF BOG MYRTLE. SAME WAY THE VIKINGS USED TO MAKE IT
WHICH IS JUST THE WAY HE LIKES IT.
HE WHO?
A VERY OLD CUSTOMER. ONE I EXPECT WILL BE ALONG SHORTLY

BACK ROOM
ON SECOND THOUGHT, BEST MAKE IT TWO BARRELS
SOMETHING TELLS ME OUR FRIEND'S BUILT UP A MIGHTY THIRST...

"...AFTER SO LONG AWAY"

Later...
BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP
SORRY, MR. UM .THOR. SIR..
BUT I'M GONNA HAVE TO ASK YOU TO LEAVE YOUR . HAMMER
NEVER MIND ALL THAT, LANCE.
SORRY, SIR, THE KID'S NEW GO RIGHT ON AHEAD
WHAT THE HELL, BILL? WE DON'T LET REGULAR PEOPLE BRING NAIL FILES, BUT THIS GUY GETS TO LUG AN A HAMMER THE SIZE OF A PRIUS?
DOESN'T MATTER, KID, TRUST ME
NOBODY IN THIS PLACE COULD EVER PICK IT UP

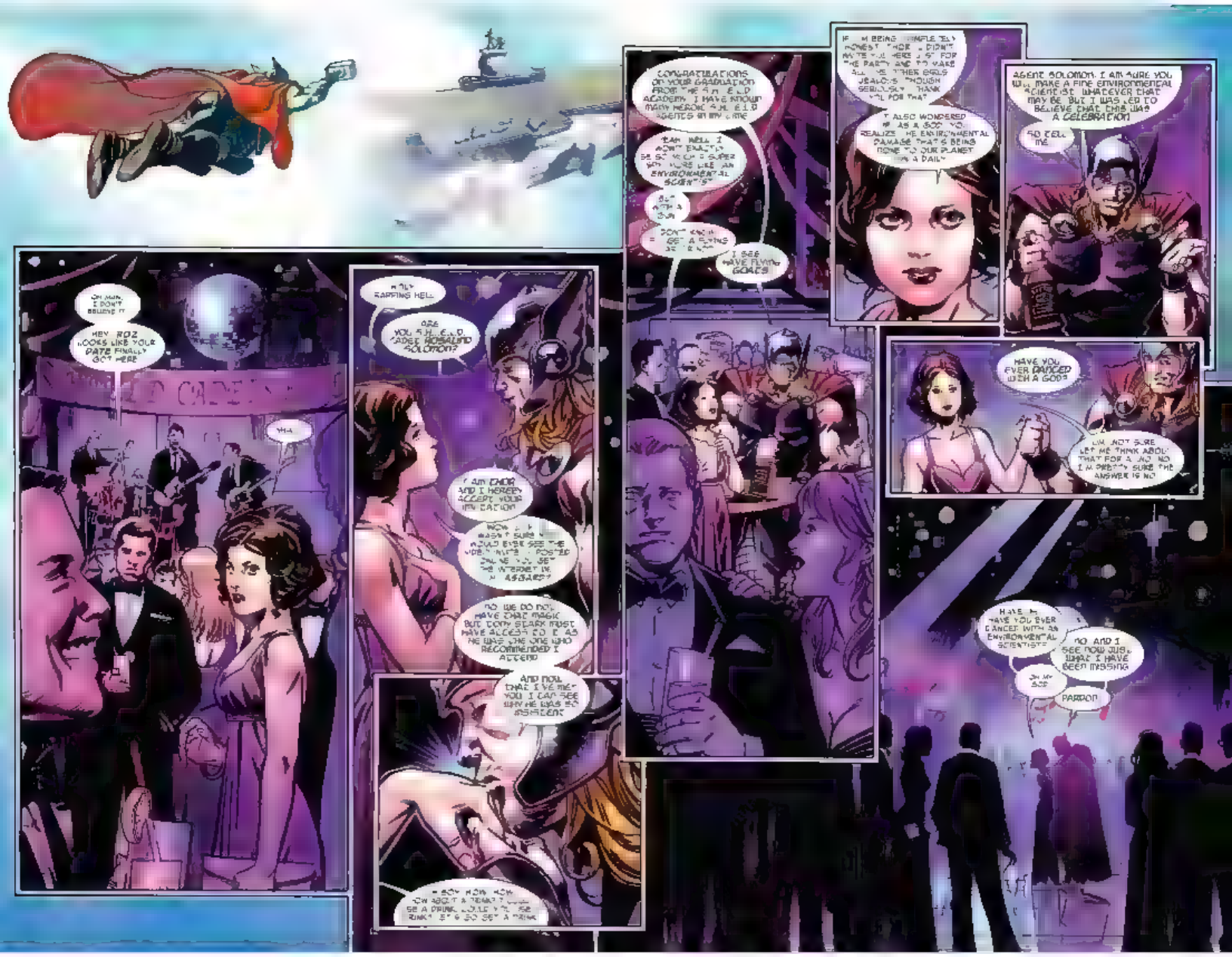
HERE. I BROUGHT THIS FOR YOU.
WHAT IN THE WORLD IS IT?
THE FRUIT OF THE KANDELAR TREE. FROM A PLANET CALLED ENDOOGO. MANY STAR SYSTEMS AWAY
ON ENDOOGO. WARS HAVE BEEN FOUGHT OVER THIS FRUIT ALONE
GO AHEAD TRY IT
DAMN. IT TASTES LIKE LIKE NOTHING I'VE EVER HAD YET. SOMETHING I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN I WANTED
YES. THAT IS WHAT THEY SAY
YOU DIDN'T TRY IT?
ENDOOGO WAS BURNED MANY YEARS AGO THAT IS THE LAST OF THE FRUIT THAT IS KNOWN TO EXIST
WHAT? BUT...
THE LAST ONE, AND YOU
BROUGHT IT TO ME?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY.
THIS IS...
THIS IS CERTAINLY ONE HELL OF A LAST MEAL.

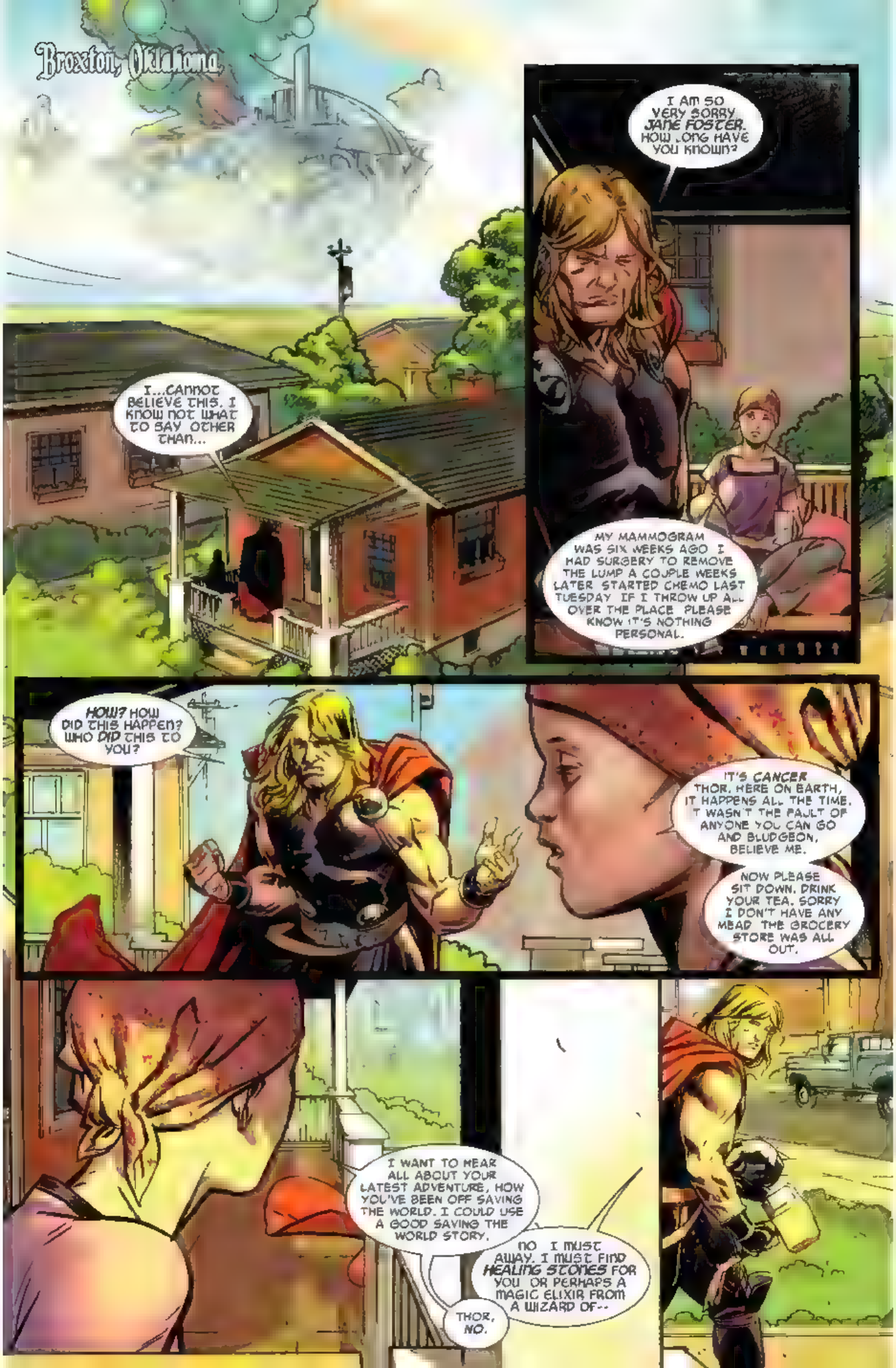
FULTON
IT'S TIME
LISTEN, THOR..
I APPRECIATE YOU COMING TO SEE ME AGAIN. I APPRECIATE ALL THE TALKS WE'VE HAD OVER THE YEARS. BUT UH. IF YOU'VE GOT SOMEWHERE YOU NEED TO BE..
...YOU KNOW, TROLLS INVADING THE EARTH OR SOME SUCH..
I UNDERSTAND
I WILL BE WITH YOU ALL THE WAY MY FRIEND.
TO THE GATES OF THE OTHER SIDE
WHY THE HELL COULDN'T I HAVE MET A GOD LIKE YOU WHEN I WAS STILL YOUNG AND FOOLISH?
LET'S GO

EXECUTION
CHAMBER

EASY NOW. NOT TOO MUCH MELON MILK. YOU'LL MAKE YOURSELVES SICK
AND THERE ARE STILL PLENTY OF ELVISH CHOCOLATES AND FAERIE CAKES HERE AS WELL.
BUT BE SURE TO SAVE ROOM FOR THE ROASTED DRAGON SHANK
IT'S THE SEED OF THE QUASAR ORCHID WHICH HAS BEEN EXTINCT FOR THREE MILLION YEARS.
OH MY
IT COMES FROM THE SEED LIBRARY OF THE HALLS OF ALL-LIFE, AT A PLACE CALLED OMNIPOTENCE CITY. IF ANYONE CAN MAKE IT GROW, I'M CERTAIN IT'S YOU MOTHER SUPERIOR.
NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, SISTERS.
PERHAPS THE.. GOD OF THUNDER... WOULD LIKE TO STAY FOR DINNER?
REMEMBER YOUR VOWS, SISTER MARJORIE
YES
AND WHAT WERE THOSE AGAIN?
THIS LATEST ADVENTURE KEPT YOU AWAY FROM US FOR A VERY LONG TIME. MY OLD FRIEND. YOU MUST HAVE TRAVELED FAR. SO TELL ME...
WHAT DID YOU SEE THIS TIME THAT NO ONE HAD EVER SEEN BEFORE?

GOD


OH MAN, I DON'T BELIEVE IT
HEY ROZ LOOKS LIKE YOUR DATE FINALLY GOT HERE
YEA
HOLY EFFING HELL
ARE YOU S.H.I.E.L.D AGENT ROSALIND SOLOMON?
I AM EMOH AND I HEREBY ACCEPT YOUR INVITATION
WOW I WASN'T SURE I WOULD EVER SEE THE VIDEO WITH A POSTER SAYING I'D SEE THE INTERNET IN ASGARD!?
NO WE DO NOT HAVE THAT MAGIC BUT TONY STARK MUST HAVE ACCESS TO IT AS HE WAS THE ONE WHO RECOMMENDED I ATTEND
AND NOW THAT I'VE MET YOU I CAN SEE WHY HE WAS SO INSISTENT
CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR GRADUATION FROM THE S.H.I.E.L.D ACADEMY I HAVE KNOWN MANY HEROIC S.H.I.E.L.D AGENTS IN MY TIME
EAH WELL I DON'T EXACTLY SEE YOU I SUPER MY WORK LIKE AN ENVIRONMENTAL SCIENTIST
SO WITH A BANG
DON'T KNOW IF I'LL GET A STING AS A GOD
I SEE HAVE FUN I'M GOING
IF I'M BEING SIMPLE TELEPATHIC HONEST THOR I DIDN'T WANT YOU HERE I'M FOR THE PARTY AND TO MAKE ALL THE OTHER GIRLS JEALOUS THOUGH SERIOUSLY THANK YOU FOR THAT
I ALSO WONDERED IF AS A GOD YOU REALIZE THE ENVIRONMENTAL DAMAGE THAT'S BEING DONE TO OUR PLANET ON A DAILY
AGENT SOLOMON I AM SURE YOU WILL MAKE A FINE ENVIRONMENTAL SCIENTIST WHEREVER THAT MAY BE BUT I WAS LED TO BELIEVE THAT THIS WAS A CELEBRATION
SO TELL ME
HAVE YOU EVER DANCED WITH A GOD?
UM NOT SURE LET ME THINK ABOUT THAT FOR A MO NO I'M PRETTY SURE THE ANSWER IS NO
HAVE YOU EVER DANCED WITH AN ENVIRONMENTAL SCIENTIST?
NO AND I SEE NOW JUST WHAT I HAVE BEEN MISSING
OH MY GOD
PARDON


Broxton, Oklahoma
I...CANNOT BELIEVE THIS. I KNOW NOT WHAT TO SAY OTHER THAN...
I AM SO VERY SORRY JANE FOSTER. HOW LONG HAVE YOU KNOWN?
MY MAMMOGRAM WAS SIX WEEKS AGO. I HAD SURGERY TO REMOVE THE LUMP A COUPLE WEEKS LATER. STARTED CHEMO LAST TUESDAY. IF I THROW UP ALL OVER THE PLACE, PLEASE KNOW IT'S NOTHING PERSONAL.
HOW? HOW DID THIS HAPPEN? WHO DID THIS TO YOU?
IT'S CANCER, THOR. HERE ON EARTH, IT HAPPENS ALL THE TIME. IT WASN'T THE FAULT OF ANYONE YOU CAN GO AND BLUDGEON, BELIEVE ME.
NOW PLEASE SIT DOWN. DRINK YOUR TEA. SORRY I DON'T HAVE ANY MEAD. THE GROCERY STORE WAS ALL OUT.
I WANT TO HEAR ALL ABOUT YOUR LATEST ADVENTURE, HOW YOU'VE BEEN OFF SAVING THE WORLD. I COULD USE A GOOD SAVING THE WORLD STORY.
NO. I MUST AWAY. I MUST FIND HEALING STONES FOR YOU. OR PERHAPS A MAGIC ELIXIR FROM A WIZARD OF--
THOR, NO.

WE'RE NOT GOING DOWN THAT ROAD NOT EVER AGA N NO SECRET HEALING FOUNTAINS NO ODIN MAGIC YOJ KNOW THAT SORT OF THING ALWAYS COMES WITH A PRICE.
I'M A DOCTOR I'LL FIGHT THIS BATTLE WITH PLAIN OLD EARTH MED CINE AND IF THIS IS HOW I DIE, I WILL GO DOWN SWINGING BUT ON MY OWN TERMS
YOU ARE A BRAVE WOMAN, JANE FOSTER.
NOPE JUST A REGULAR WOMAN. THIS IS JUST SOMETHING WOMEN DO
NOW SIT DOWN AND DRINK YOUR TEA
EVERYTH NG ALL RIGHT HONEY?
EVERYTHING'S FINE, WALTER. JUST TWO OLD FRIENDS CATCHING UP IS ALL
THIS NEW BOYFRIEND. .WALTER SON OF BOB SELLER OF REAL ESTATE ..METHINKS HE DOTH NOT LIKE ME.
HE'S DAT NG A GAL WHOSE EX-BOYFRIEND JUST FLEW IN FROM SPACE ON A MAGIC HAMMER YOU CAN UNDERSTAND IF HE'S FEEL NG PARTICULARLY MORTAL ALL OF A [redacted]
BUT WALTER'S A GOOD MAN. WE HAVE FUN TOGETHER
WHAT ABOUT YOU, GOD OF HEARTBREAKERS?

ANY NEW LOVE INTERESTS IN YOUR LIFE? OR ARE THINGS STILL HOT AND HEAVY BETWEEN YOU AND SIF?
AYE, THEY WERE, FOR AWHILE, BUT ..
LADY SIF AND I...SEEM TO HAVE DRIFTED APART IN RECENT MONTHS
THIS...THIS DOES NOT SEEM THE TIME TO DISCUSS SUCH MATTERS
I KNOW THAT POUT. LISTEN TO ME, THOR.
JUST BECAUSE YOU CAN'T SAVE EVERYONE, IT DOESN'T MEAN YOU'RE A BAD GOD. SOMETIMES YOU HAVE TO LET THE HUMANS SAVE THEMSELVES
YOU MUST UNDERSTAND WHEN ONE CAN LITERALLY MOVE MOUNTAINS, NOTHING IS MORE GALLING THAN FEELING HELPLESS ESPECIALLY WHEN THOSE YOU LOVE ARE IN PAIN
ARE YOU SURE THERE ISN'T A MOUNTAIN I COULD MOVE FOR YOU JANE FOSTER?
OH GOD. I ALMOST FORGOT..
YOU'RE EVEN SEXY WHEN YOU'RE POUTING
NO WIZARDS. NOT A ONE. DO YOU HEAR ME?
YES MY LADY. THY CHARIOT AWAITS
LET ME GET MY COAT.
HEY, WALTER? HONEY, SWEETIE? GUESS WHAT...?

WELL, THIS SETTLES IT IF HE DIDN'T ALREADY...
WALTER'S DEFINITELY GOING TO HATE YOU NOW.
YOU SAID YOU WISHED TO SEE A BEAUTIFUL SUNSET. IN MY EXPERIENCE THERE ARE NONE IN ALL THE COSMOS MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN THIS.
FUNNY HOW THEY NEVER TEACH YOU IN SCHOOL THAT THERE'S A BLUE AREA OF THE MOON WHERE YOU CAN BREATHE THE AIR.
I STILL REMEMBER WHEN YOUR SCHOOLS TAUGHT THAT THE EARTH WAS FLAT. AND THAT I WAS NOTHING MORE THAN A PAGAN MYTH.
I KNOW AS A DOCTOR, YOU TELL YOURSELF YOU GET USED TO SEEING...PEOPLE COME AND GO. BUT YOU NEVER REALLY DO.
IT MUST BE [redacted] YOU. OVER ALL THOSE YEARS.
THANK YOU FOR ALWAYS COMING BACK TO US, THOR
YOUR WORLD SAVED ME JANE FOSTER. YOU SAVED ME YOU AND ALL THE PEOPLE WHO HAVE BROUGHT ME INTO THEIR LIVES.
WITHOUT MIDGARD.. I DON'T KNOW WHAT MANNER OF GOD I WOULD BE...
BUT I KNOW THAT I WOULD BE LOST.
THEN GO FIND YOURSELF A NICE EARTH GIRL, AND GIVE HER A BIG KISS ON THE MOUTH IN THANKS
I TRY BUT YOU CAN UNDERSTAND IF THEY ALWAYS SEEM A BIT... LACKING IN COMPARISON. AFTER ALL, MY LAST EARTH GIRLFRIEND...

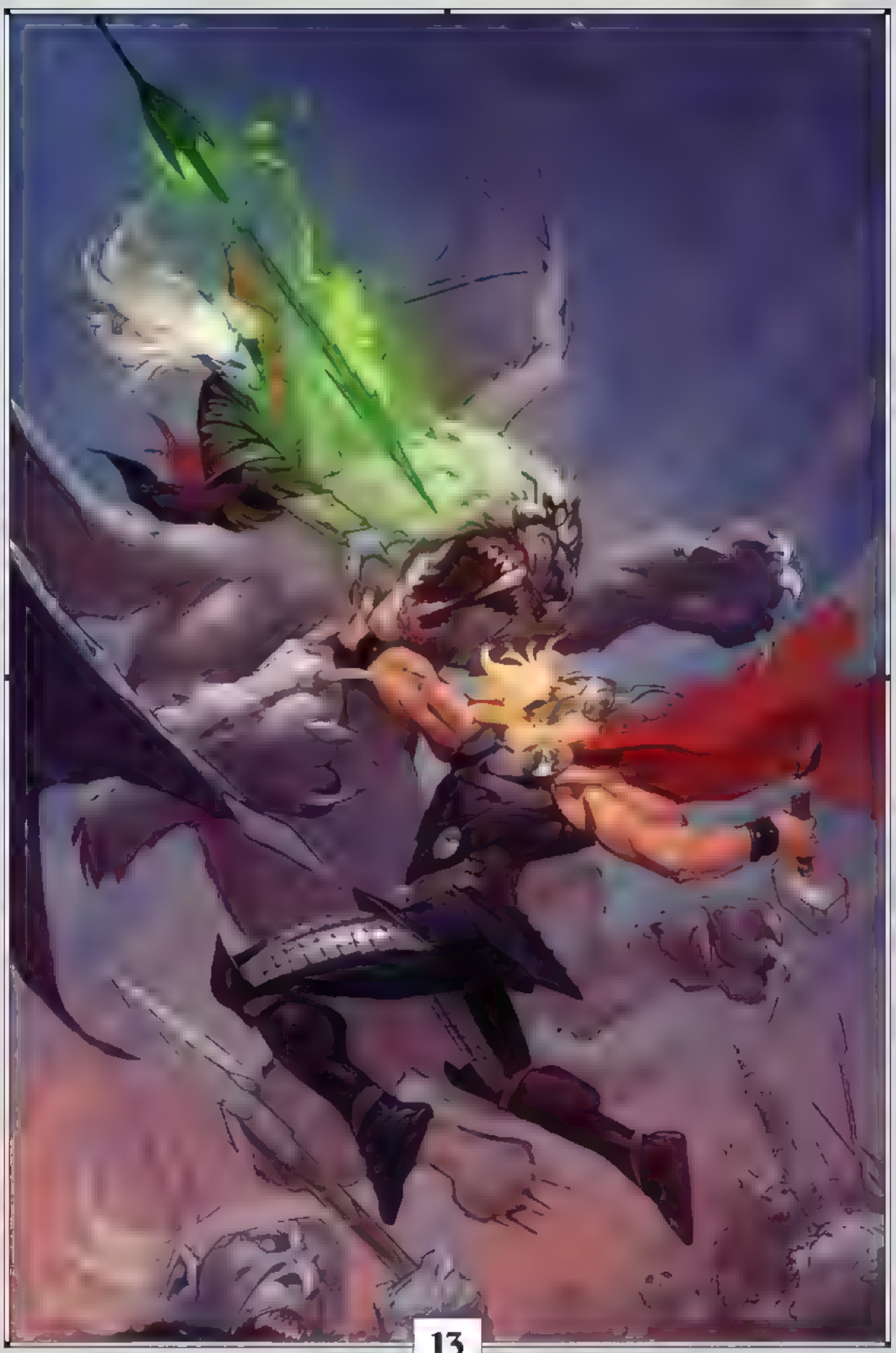
WAS BREATHTAKING
PERHAPS I COULD SUMMON... JUST ONE BIOMANCER TO CONSULT ON YOUR TREATMENT?
YOU DO, AND I'LL GO OUT WITH HERCULES
THOU WOULDST NOT DARE

Antarctica.
GOOD LORD A WHALE GRAVEYARD HAVE YOU EVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS?
NO.
BUT I DID ONLY GRADUATE YESTERDAY
AGENT ROZ SOLOMON S.H.I.E.L.D. ENVIRONMENTAL INVESTIGATION TEAM. REPORT A-1.
WE HAVE CONFIRMED THE RUMORS OF A WHALE GRAVEYARD IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SOUTHERN OCEAN..
AT A SPOT WHICH I BELIEVE TO BE DIRECTLY ABOVE THE CURRENT CONSTRUCT ON SITE OF ROXXON'S LATEST UNDERWATER MINING STATION
THE QUESTION NOW IS, CAN I PROVE THAT THE TWO SITES ARE LINKED OR WILL THIS ALL BE WRITTEN OFF AS MERELY ANOTHER ACT OF..
GOD

GREETINGS, AGENT SOLOMON.
PLEASE TELL ME HOW I CAN HELP YOU TO SAVE THE WORLD.
YOU ARE SHAKING. IF THE COLD BOTHERS YOU, PERHAPS IT WOULD BE BETTER TO SPEAK OVER DINNER.
DID YOU REALLY FLY ALL THE WAY TO THE SOUTH POLE... JUST TO HIT ON ME?
YOU KNOW WHAT? IT DOESN'T MATTER. YOU'RE HERE NOW SO I'M PUTT NG YOU TO WORK. LET'S GO
I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU CAN MOVE MOUNTAINS, CAN YOU? OR AT LEAST ICEBERGS?
MY LADY.. IT WOULD BE MY PLEASURE.

Asgard,
Many Millennia From Now.
IS THIS BLASTED BRIDGE FINALLY FIXED? OR AM I THE ONLY OLD THING IN THIS CITY THAT STILL WORKS LIKE IT'S MEANT TO?
SPEAK, SENTRY!
MY LORD THOR, THE REPAIRS CONTINUE, BUT YES, THE BIFROST IS ONCE AGAIN OPERATIONAL
THEN WAKE UP THE GARISH THING! THE KING OF ASGARD WOULD SURVEY HIS REALM!
TO MIDGARD, SENTRY
MIDGARD? BUT MY LORD..
YOU HEARD THE WORDS OF YOUR ALL-FATHER. MAKE IT SO
FOOLISH SENTRY. DOTH THE BOY NOT KNOW HIS HISTORY?
THOR ALWAYS RETURNS TO MIDGARD.

NO MATTER HOW MUCH IT PAINS HIM.



13

THE GREAT NIFFLEHEIM ESCAPE OR THE SVARTALFHEIM MASSACRE

In the beginning, there was darkness.

And then from the south came fire, and from the north, cold and mist.

And where the two forces met in the yawning void, life was born.

Gods and giants. Dwarves and elves. Trolls and men.

And worlds were made for each of them. Nine in total.

Each with its own place along the tree of life. Each with its own wonders and terrors.

This is the story of those nine worlds.

And of the one mighty god who bestrode them all.

NIFFLEHEIM. THE FROZEN LAND OF HEL.
THE WORLD WHERE RIME AND MIST WERE BORN, AND WHERE ALL GO WHEN THEY DIE. DAMNED AND BLESSED ALIKE. TO BE RULED BY HELA. THE GODDESS OF DEATH.
BUT NOT EVERYONE WHO COMES TO THESE SHORES IS DEAD.
NOT YET AT LEAST.

The potion tastes of faerie blood, bitter fruits and ancient enchantments.
Their ice sabers are still wet with the insides of the wizard who was foolish enough to brew it for them.
The potion will hide them from detection by Hela and her Valkyries for moments only.
They know that if they fail in their mission, they will never leave this shore.
Not even if they die.
Help me!
Please help!
Before the tide comes in!
Don't leave us.
Help me!
Yet they press on, unafraid.
They are dark elves, after all. And the only thing they fear in all the nine realms...
...is that which they have come to retrieve.

FOR THE LIVING AS WELL.
ON THE SHORE OF CORPSES, NEAR WHERE NIDHOGG THE DRAGON GNAWS THE ROOTS OF THE WORLD TREE STANDS THE HALL OF NASTROND.
A PRISON FOR THE MOST FEARSOME OF DISHONORED DEAD. AND SOMETIMES...
THE HALL IS DEATHLY QUIET NO SCREAMS OF PAIN. NOT EVEN A WHIMPER.
THAT TELLS THE DARK ELF ALL HE NEEDS TO KNOW. WHATEVER WAITS TO KILL HIM IN THIS PLACE...
HE WILL NEVER HEAR IT COMING.

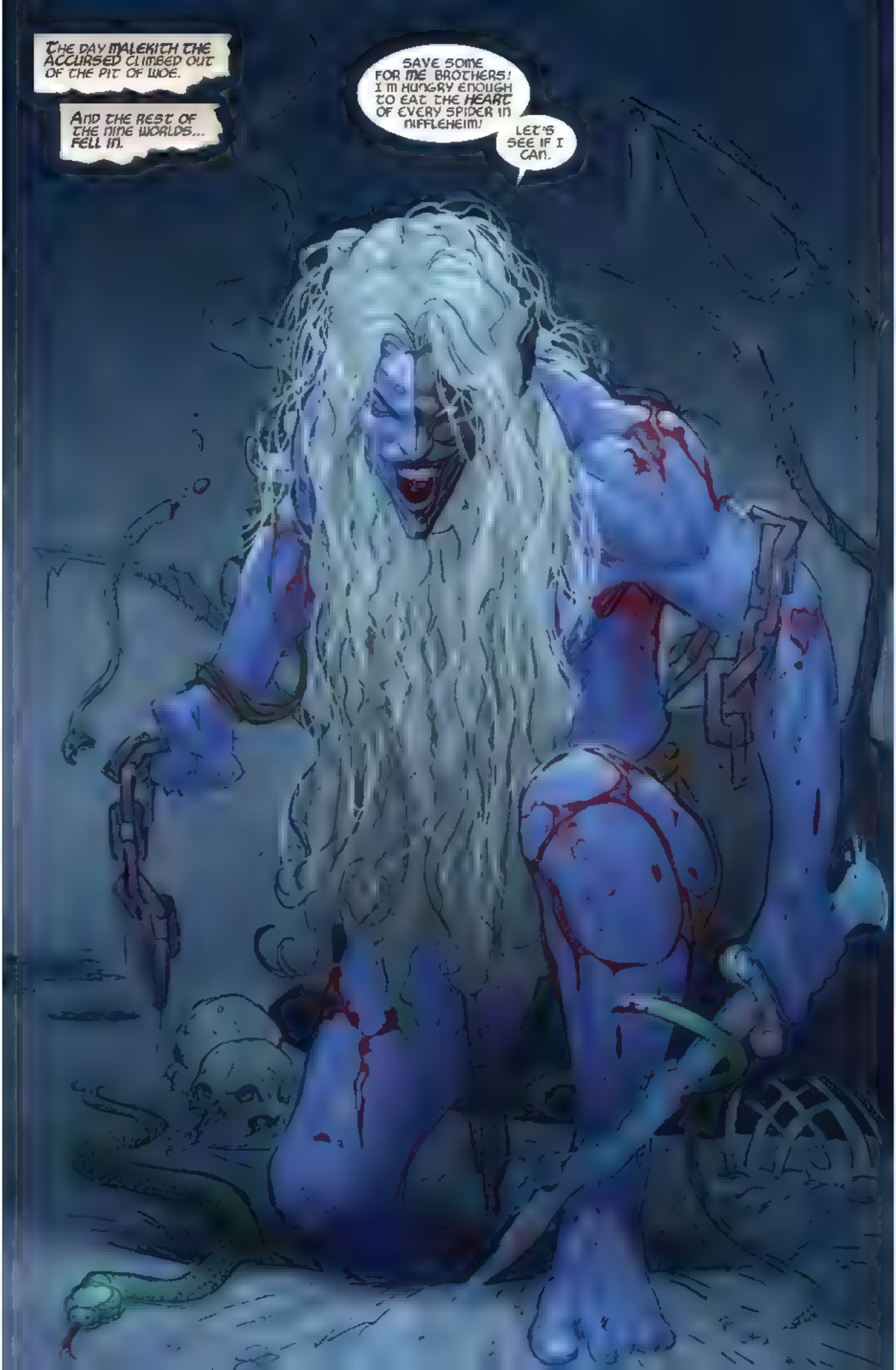
HSSSSSSSS
GAAH!!!
Even as the great spider dies, the elf warrior feels the beast's venom roaring through his body feels the pain surging wildly and knows that soon...
Soon he must begin SCREAMING.
What he does next he does without hesitation
SHHRK
As he moves on in silence, scumtongue the dark elf wonders for a moment what name they will call him by now

SNIFF SNIFF
I SMELL..
SPIDER BLOOD
AND ELF'S BREATH.

IS IT HIM?
CAN'T SEE SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT THE WA...S OF THE PIT IT'S ALMOST LIKE THEY'RE--
SSSKKRRRRRRKK
THEY'VE SEEN US! HOLD THEM OFF!
SOURFOOT, GO! SEE IF IT'S HIM!
MY LORD, I'M COMING FOR--
AAAAAAAARRRGGHHH!!

SOURFOOT? IS THAT YOU, YOU BEAUTIFUL ELF?
YES, MY LORD. THOUGH IT APPEARS..
GAAARGGH!!!
IT APPEARS I AM RATHER STUCK!
YES VICIOUS LITTLE CREATURES, THOSE HEL-SNAKES.
YOU WON'T LAST LONG NOW. I'M AFRAID THEIR VENOM WILL BURN THROUGH YOU LIKE A FLAMING SWORD THROUGH TALLOW.
HERE MY LORD!
TAKE MY DAGGER HACK YOUR WAY TO FREEDOM! PLEASE!
YES OF COURSE
BUT AH . YOU DO SEEM TO BE IN THE WAY.
USE MY FLESH AND BONES AS YOUR LADDER, MY LORD. I...I GLADLY GIVE MY ALL TO THEE.
GODS THE PAIN.
AND I GLADLY ACCEPT.
EYES OPEN WIDE NOW, SOURFOOT, SON OF SVARTALFHEIM. YOU WILL WANT TO SEE THIS CLEARLY, AS WITH THIS DAGGER.
SHHHHHK
I CARVE YOUR NAME INTO HISTORY.

HA HAAA HA HAAAA!!
LOOK AT THEM TREMBLE. THEY KNOW THAT LAUGH AS WELL AS WE DO. IT SEEMS EVEN THE SPIDERS OF HEL KNOW FEAR.
LET THEM KNOW PAIN AS WELL! CUT THEM DOWN!
AS THE SPIDERS SWARM AND THE DARK ELF WARRIORS BEGIN TO FALL. AN ICY WIND BLOWS THROUGH THE HALL OF NASTROND...
SO COLD EVEN THE MOST ANCIENT OF DEAD FEEL THE CHILL
FOR YEARS TO COME, THEY WILL SPEAK OF THIS DAY IN HAUNTED WHISPERS ACROSS THE FROZEN FIELDS OF HEL AND BEYOND...
HA HA HA.


THE DAY MALEKITH THE ACCURSED CLIMBED OUT OF THE PIT OF WOE.
AND THE REST OF THE NINE WORLDS... FELL IN.
SAVE SOME FOR ME BROTHERS! I'M HUNGRY ENOUGH TO EAT THE HEART OF EVERY SPIDER IN NIFFLEHEIM!
LET'S SEE IF I CAN.

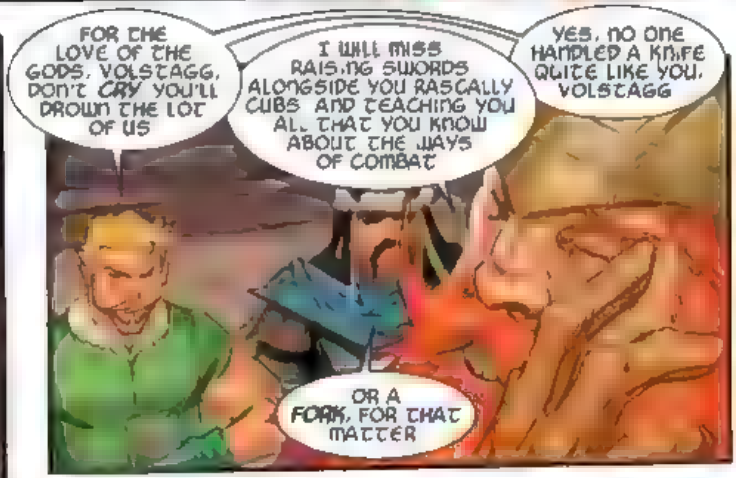
MANY DEAD SPIDERS LATER.
SKRRTCH
YOU'RE A FINE WARRIOR, SCUMTONGUE I'M GLAD IT WAS YOU WHO SURVIVED
AT MY SIDE, YOU SHALL NEVER WANT FOR CARNAGE OR PLUNDER THIS I SWEAR.
ALL HAIL MALEKITH LORD OF THE DARK ELVES!
HELP US, LORD MALEKITH PLEASE!
THE TIDE COMES!
DON'T LEAVE US!
AH A SMILE.
I DO BELIEVE THAT IS THE FAIREST SIGHT I HAVE SEEN IN A TROLL'S AGE
COME THEN SCUMTONGUE THE TONGUELESS. LET US GO HOME TO SVARTALFHEIM.
AND SEE WHO ELSE IS HAPPY TO BEHOLD THEIR KING.

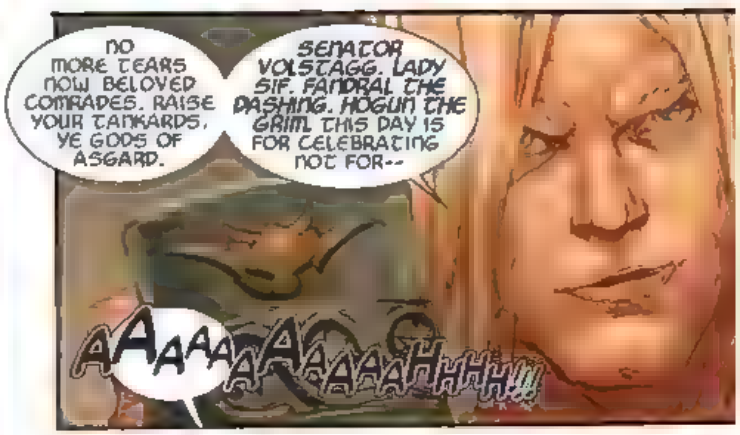
ASGARDIA GOLDEN CITY OF THE GODS.
CURRENTLY FLOATING IN THE SKIES ABOVE BROXTON, OKLAHOMA, ON MIDGARD, THE WORLD OF MORTALS.
BUT THE SIGHT UNFOLDING THIS DAY IN THE GREAT HALL OF ASGARD IS ONE FEW MORTAL EYES HAVE EVER SEEN.
BEHOLD THE REVELRY OF THE GODS
MORE MEAD!
FOR THE GLORY OF THE REALM ETERNAL I MUST HAVE MORE MEAD!
BEHOLD THOR THE GOD OF THUNDER
AND FRIENDS.
AND ANOTHER OF THESE DELIGHTFUL ELF RUM DAIQUIRIS, DEAREST BAR MA DEN. WITH THREE STRAWS. IF YOU PLEASE.
DWARF-BREWED CORN WHISKEY. NO ICE.
AND ONE MORE BOTTLE OF ELDERBERRY WINE I SUPPOSE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE WE'LL BE LEAVING ANYTIME SOON.
ANOTHER ROASTED GOAT! SOMEONE APPEARS TO HAVE EATEN ALL OF THIS ONE WHILE I WASN'T LOOKING!

ANOTHER TOAST!
PLEASE TRY NOT TO VOMIT DURING THIS ONE
LET US DRINK TO THE GOD OF THE HOUR

TO VOLSTAGG!
VOLSTAGG THE VALIANT! VOLSTAGG THE VOLUMINOUS!
VOLSTAGG THE NEWLY ELECTED SENATOR!
LONG MAY HIS BELCHES ECHO THROUGH THE HALLS OF THE CONGRESS OF WORLDS!
MEH. I'LL BELCH TO THAT

THOUGH LET US NOT FORGET, DEAR FRIENDS THIS IS A SAD DAY AS WELL FOR AS ASGARD GAINS A MOST MAGNANIMOUS NEW SENATOR. SO IT ALSO LOSES THE FINEST WARRIOR IT HAS EVER KNOWN.
HERE'S HOPING YOU RAGGED LOT CAN CARRY ON IN MY STEAD AND UPHOLD THE FINE LEGACY OF THE WARRIORS. THE WARRIORS...


FOR THE LOVE OF THE GODS, VOLSTAGG, DON'T CRY YOU'LL DROWN THE LOT OF US
I WILL MISS RAISING SWORDS ALONGSIDE YOU RASCALLY CUBS AND TEACHING YOU ALL THAT YOU KNOW ABOUT THE WAYS OF COMBAT
YES, NO ONE HANDLED A KNIFE QUITE LIKE YOU, VOLSTAGG
OR A FORK, FOR THAT MATTER


NO MORE TEARS NOW BELOVED COMRADES. RAISE YOUR TANKARDS, YE GODS OF ASGARD.
SENATOR VOLSTAGG. LADY SIF. FANDRAL THE DASHING. HOGUN THE GRIM. THIS DAY IS FOR CELEBRATING NOT FOR--
AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!

SCREAMING?
FIRES SPREADING! MY BROTHER AND SISTER DARK ELVES ..DYING!
I CAN FEEL IT IN MY BONES ALL THE PAIN AND THE HORROR ROARING THROUGH MY MIND FROM ACROSS THE WORLD TREE.. GODS HELP US...
SVARTALFHEIM IS BURNING!
HOGUN.
I'LL MAKE HASTE TO THE STABLES AND SADDLE OUR MOUNTS.
AND I'LL HAVE HEIMDALL READY THE BIFROST.
LOOKS LIKE YOUR WISH IS GRANTED. VOLSTAGG, YOU'VE ONE LAST CHANCE TO RAISE A SWORD WITH THE WARRIORS THREE
UM.. PERHAPS YOU SHOULD ALL GO ON AHEAD . WHILST I STAY BEHIND TO SETTLE THE TAB.
IF THERE IS TROUBLE IN THE NINE WORLDS THEN THE WARRIORS OF ASGARD WILL ANSWER THE CALL
TO SVARTALFHEIM WE FLY MY FRIENDS.
TO THE RAINBOW BRIDGE.

SVARTALFHEIM. THE DARK FAERIE REALM.
LAND OF HAUNTED FORESTS BLACK BOGS BLACK MOUNTAINS. DARK CAVES.
AND DARK ELVES
AND AT PRESENT... THE DARKEST OF MASSACRES.

AN ENTIRE DARK ELF VILLAGE... SLAUGHTERED EVEN THE BABES.
WHO DID THIS? WHO WERE THEY FIGHTING?
EACH OTHER. LOOK UP.
YOU! DARK ELF! IS YOUR SWORD RESERVED FOR THE BUTCHERING OF CHILDREN, OR DO YOU DARE FACE FULL-GROWN GODS AS WELL?!
SCUMTONGUE WOULD STAB THE SUN IF HE COULD REACH IT.
OR IF I TOLD HIM TO.
HELLO THOR OF ASGARD HOW GOOD OF YOU TO ATTEND MY WELCOME HOME PARTY
MALEKITH!

MALEKITH THE ACCURSED WAS ONCE KING OF THE DARK ELVES THIS...THIS IS SVARTALFHEIM CIVIL WAR, MY FRIENDS. WE MUST TREAD CAREFULLY.
MALEKITH WAS SENTENCED TO ETERNITY IN NASTROND PRISON BY ODIN HIMSELF AFTER REPEATED ATTEMPTS TO TERRORIZE ALL THE NINE WORLDS. I'LL TREAD CAREFULLY, ALL RIGHT.
UPON HIS FACE.
MALEKITH, YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN A COWARD AND AN ANIMAL. BUT KILLING YOUR OWN PEOPLE... THIS IS CRAVEN EVEN FOR YOU.
LET THE WOMAN GO. OR I SWEAR BY THE SPIRES OF ASGARD, I SHALL DRAG YOU BACK TO HEL A LOT LESS ALIVE THAN WHEN YOU LEFT.
MY PEOPLE? YES, I ALSO THOUGHT THEY WERE MY PEOPLE. THUS I ASSUMED THEY WOULD WELCOME THE RETURN OF THEIR RIGHTFUL KING.
BUT IT SEEMS IN MY ABSENCE THE DARK ELVES HAVE LOST THEIR WAY. THEY'VE GROWN WEAK FROM NURSING ON THE TEAT OF ASGARD
A PRETENDER NOW SITS ON MY THRONE AND THE ONCE PROUD AND MIGHTY TRIBES OF SVARTALFHEIM ARE SCATTERED ACROSS THE WORLD TREE, FROM LIMB TO ROOT
MY PEOPLE HAVE FORGOTTEN WHAT IT MEANS TO BE STRONG.
SO THAT'S WHAT I HAVE SHOWN THEM HERE TODAY.

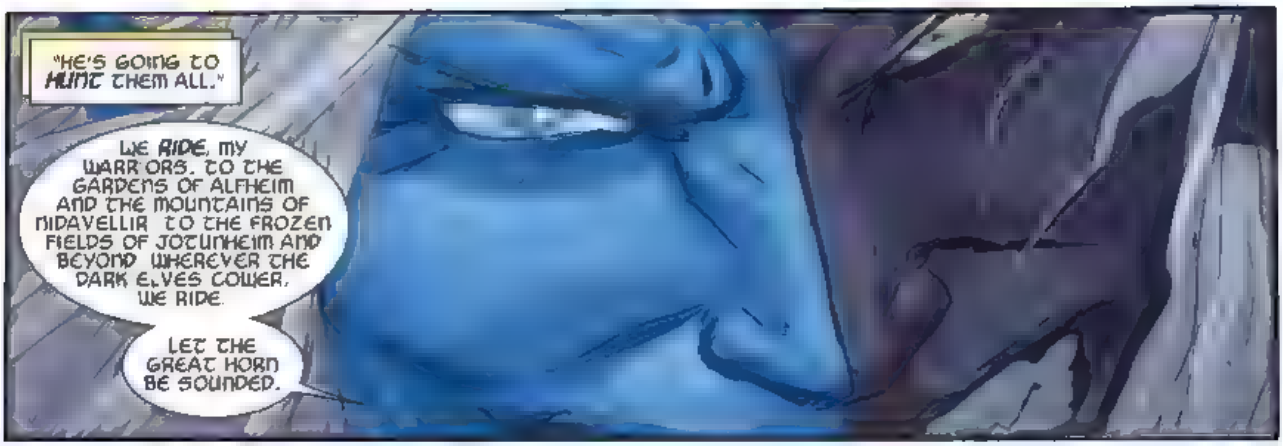
AND I WILL CONTINUE TO SHOW THEM WHEREVER IN THE NINE REALMS THEY MAY HIDE. ALL DARK ELVES WILL SEE THE LIGHT BY THE TIME I AM THROUGH.
EVEN IF IT TAKES ME CUTTING OFF THEIR EYELIDS.
FANCY TALK. FOR A TWO-BIT SORCERER WITH A ONE-ELF ARMY
ONE ELF?
OH NO, SON OF ODIN
WE ARE NOT ALL SO BLIND AS YOU.
HMMPF. THAT'S NOT ENOUGH ELVES.
THIS WILL END BADLY FOR YOU, MALEKITH. NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS TO THE WOMAN, MIGHT AS WELL LET HER GO
YOU'VE CAUGHT ME IN A GENEROUS MOOD, ASGARDIAN. HOW ABOUT WE COMPROMISE?
WE'LL SHARE HER
AAAAARRRGHH!!!
NOOO!!!

NO COMPLAINING NOW. I AM GIVING YOU THE LARGER SHARE.
UUGGGHH
GET DOWN WOMAN
FOOOMF
MALEKITH AND HIS MEN. THEY'VE DISAPPEARED.
SEARCH FOR THEM ANYWAY.
THOR, SHE'S GOING TO BLEED TO DEATH UNLESS WE--
STAND BACK.
WWWHOOOOOM

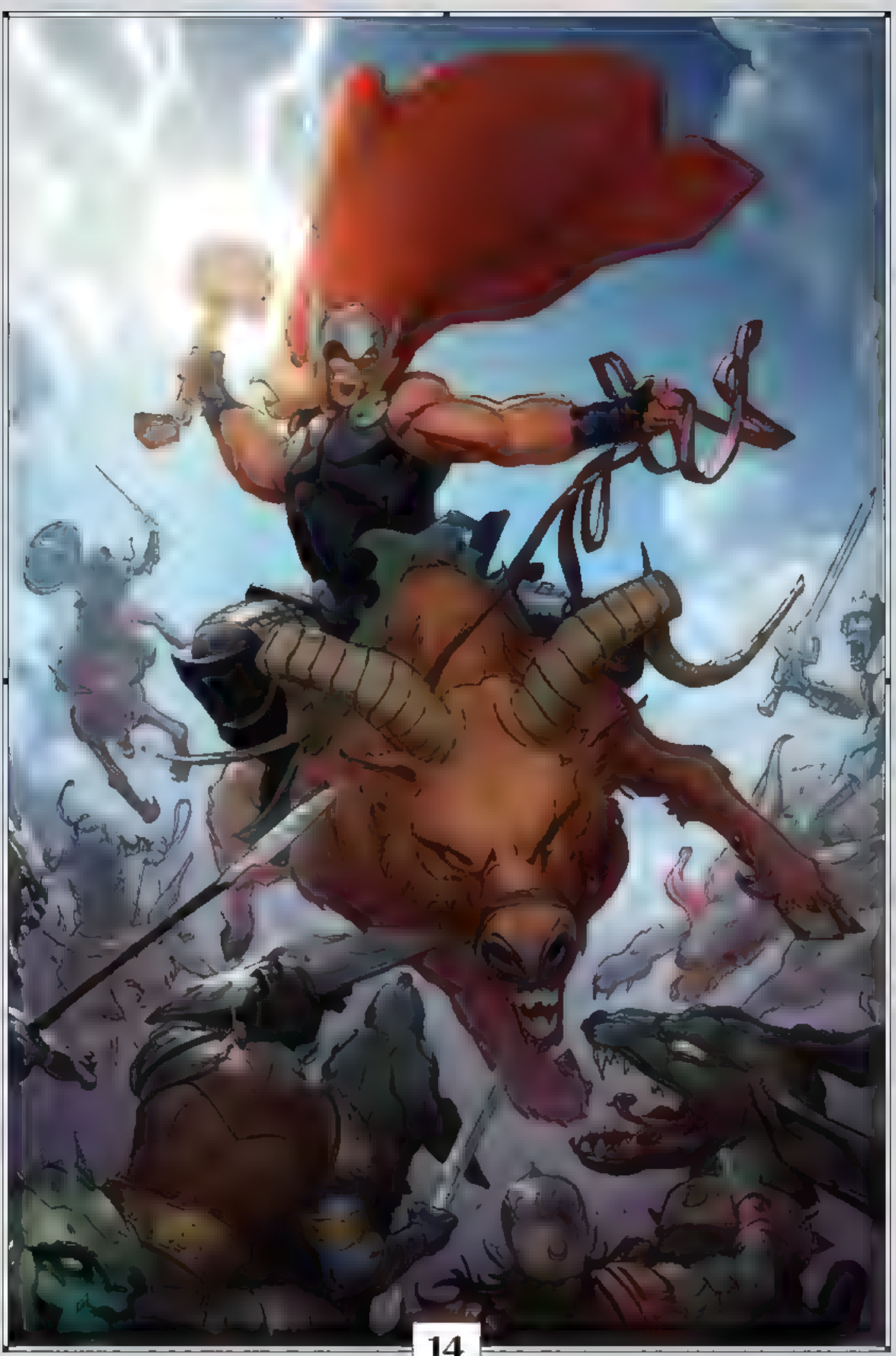
GGRRRRRRRGGGHH!!!
HSSSSSSS

THE WOUND IS CAUTERIZED. SHE'LL LIVE.
BUT WE MUST GET HER TO ASGARD AS QUICKLY AS POSS BLE
I'LL FETCH MY MULE.
PLEASE.

MALEKITH. YOU MUST STOP HIM.
HE'S GOING TO SLAUGHTER HIS OWN PEOPLE.


"HE'S GOING TO HUNT THEM ALL."
WE RIDE, MY WARRIORS. TO THE GARDENS OF ALFHEIM AND THE MOUNTAINS OF NIDAVELLIR TO THE FROZEN FIELDS OF JOTUNHEIM AND BEYOND WHEREVER THE DARK ELVES COWER, WE RIDE.
LET THE GREAT HORN BE SOUNDED.

THE WILD HUNT HAS BEGUN.

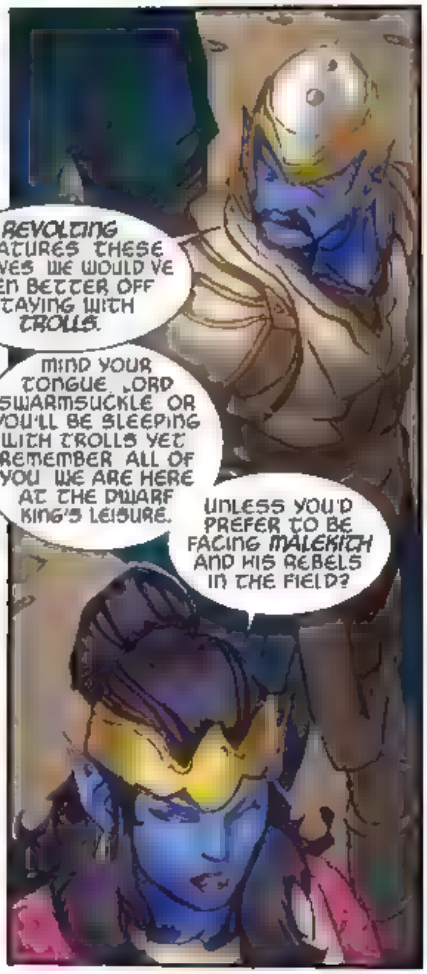


NIDAVELLIR. MOUNTAINOUS WORLD OF THE DWARVES.
WHERE THE AIR IS THICK WITH MIST AND ALL IS DEATHLY SILENT
AT LEAST ABOVE THE GROUND.
INSIDE THE MOUNTAINS, ENDLESS CAVERNS ECHO DAY AND NIGHT WITH THE ROAR OF ANCIENT MACHINERY AND THE POUNDING OF HAMMER ON ANVIL AND PICKAX ON ROCK.
THERE ARE NO GRAND TOWERS IN NIDAVELLIR. NO CASTLES. NO SOARING CATHEDRALS. INSTEAD ITS STRONGHOLDS REACH DEEP INTO THE EARTH...
...GUARDING THE FIERY FURNACES WHERE THE GREAT WEAPONS OF ALL THE NINE REALMS WERE FORGED.
THE DWARVES ARE A SULLEN AND RECLUSIVE LOT. RARELY RECEPTIVE OF VISITORS. NEVER RECEPTIVE OF ELVES.
WELCOME TO THE SKORNHEIM MOUNTAINS, YOUR HIGHNESS
WHICH MAKES TODAY ALL THE MORE UNUSUAL.

ALFLYSE OF SVARTALFHEIM QUEEN OF THE DARK ELVES. WHAT THE GJANO IS SHE DOING HERE?
JUST SHOW ME TO MY QUARTERS, MASTER DWARF AND I DO HOPE THERE IS A BATH.
THOUGH IT WOULD SEEM NONE OF YOU MAKE USE OF IT

THERE'S A GEYSER WE SHOWER IN AFTER EVERY COUPLE CAVE-INS. WATER'S HOT ENOUGH TO SCALD THE TICKS OFF. AND THE PINWORMS ARE SO BIG, THEY'RE EASY ENOUGH TO DODGE
SURTUR'S TEETH IT'S HOT AS MUSPELHEIM IN HERE.
I CAN FEEL THE AIR GIVING ME DYSENTERY.
HERE'S WHERE YOU'LL BE STAYING.

MIGHT WANNA GIVE THOSE BLANKETS A GOOD SHAKING. SCORPIONS TEND TO LAY THEIR EGGS IN THERE.
DARE I ASK IS THERE A LAVATORY?
I'LL FETCH A BUCKET.
BUT... THERE ARE TWOSCORE OF US...
I'LL FETCH A BARREL


REVOLTING CREATURES THESE DWARVES WE WOULD'VE BEEN BETTER OFF STAYING WITH TROLLS.
MIND YOUR TONGUE, LORD SWARMSUCKLE OR YOU'LL BE SLEEPING WITH TROLLS YET REMEMBER ALL OF YOU WE ARE HERE AT THE DWARF KING'S LEISURE.
UNLESS YOU'D PREFER TO BE FACING MALEKITH AND HIS REBELS IN THE FIELD?

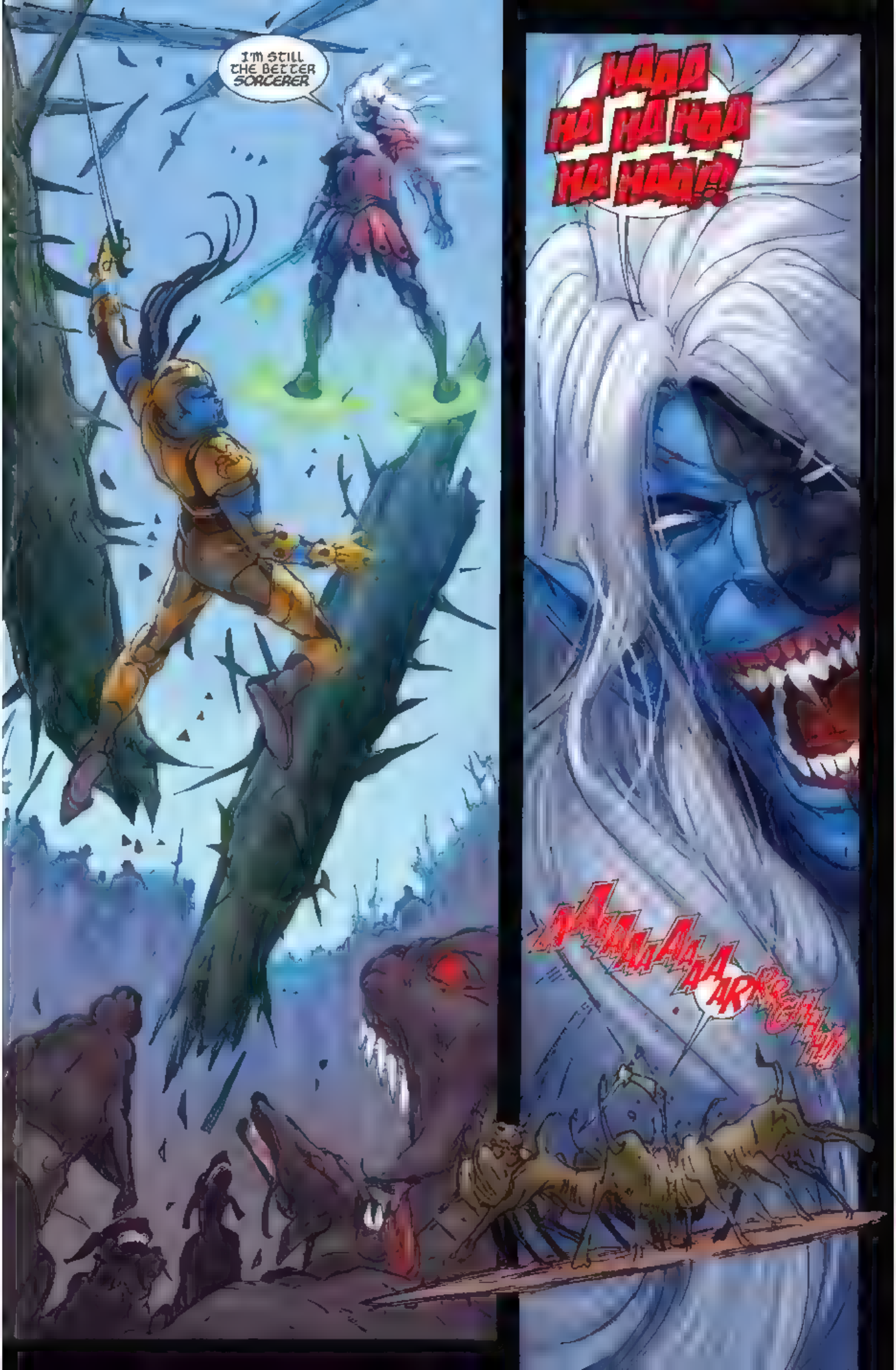
NO. I THOUGHT NOT.
HOW DO WE KNOW WE CAN TRUST THESE DWARVES, YOUR MAJESTY?
I'VE PROMISED THEM MINING RIGHTS TO SVARTALFHEIM'S EASTERN SPIRES. THAT SHOULD BUY THEIR LOYALTY.
AT LEAST LONG ENOUGH FOR US TO CRUSH THIS REBELLION. AND SEND THAT BASTARD MALEKITH BACK TO HEL.
IN REGARDS TO THAT .
NO WORD FROM SIR WORMSONG, YOUR MAJESTY BUT SURELY HE MUST HAVE REACHED MALEKITH'S CAMP BY NOW.
MALEKITH WILL HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO ACCEPT THE CHALLENGE. IT WOULD SHAME HIM BEFORE HIS MEN IF HE REFUSED
SIR WORMSONG IS THE GREATEST SWORDSMAN IN ALL OF SVARTALFHEIM. HE WILL NOT FAIL US
DINNER.
ROCK SOUP, PICKLED CAVE MOLD AND SOUR SLUG MILK. EAT UP BEFORE IT GOES RANCID.
SMELLS LIKE IT ALREADY HAS
WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE FOR A FRESH BUTTERFLY BRAIN SALAD RIGHT ABOUT NOW.
SEND A COURIER PIXIE TO SIR WORMSONG AT ONCE. ENCOURAGE HIM TO MAKE ALL POSSIBLE HASTE.
YES, MY QUEEN.
AND TELL HIM HE MUST NOT FORGET...I WANT MALEKITH'S HEAD DELIVERED TO ME UNMOLESTED..
"SO I MIGHT TEAR THE TRAITOR'S TONGUE OUT MYSELF."
Meanwhile...
WELL? WHATEVER'S THE MATTER, SIR WORMSONG?
I HAVE ACCEPTED YOUR CHALLENGE. WHY DO YOU HESITATE?
THIS... THIS ISN'T FAIR.

Svartalfheim
Bloodmuck Swamp
NOT FAIR? WHATEVER DO YOU MEAN SIR KNIGHT?
YOU'RE LORD OF THE WILD HUNT, MALEKITH. EVERYONE KNOWS THAT. THOSE ARE YOUR DOGS
HOW DO I KNOW THEY'LL ATTACK YOU THE SAME AS THEY WOULD ME?
MY MEN AND I HAVE JUST COME FROM SLAUGHTERING ANOTHER VILLAGE OF THOSE WHO WERE ONCE MY PEOPLE. WHICH MEANS THESE DOGS HAVE BEEN FEASTING ON DARK ELF FLESH ALL MORNING

IN THIS STATE, I ASSURE YOU . THEY WOULD EAT THEIR OWN MOTHERS.

THEY SOMETIMES DO, BY THE WAY
EAT THEIR OWN MOTHERS I MEAN.
JUST AS THEY ONCE ATE MINE.
SHALL WE?

FOR THE GLORY OF SVARTALFHEIM!
TODAY YOU WILL FEED YOUR OWN BEASTS, MALEKITH THE ACCURSED!
SKKRAAK
KRAK
YOU COULD SAVE US BOTH A GOOD DEAL OF SWEAT AND PERHAPS BLOOD, DEAR WORMSONG IF YOU WOULD SIMPLY TELL ME WHERE YOUR LOVELY QUEEN IS HIDING
SO SHE AND I MIGHT WORK OUT OUR DIFFERENCES... FACE TO FACE.
YOU'LL LAY EYES ON THE QUEEN, VILLAIN...
ONCE I BRING HER YOUR HEAD!
HHAGH
SHRRRK
ALFLYSE HAS CHOSEN WISELY. YOU ARE INDEED A BETTER SWORDSMAN THAN I SIR WORMSONG.
THE FINEST IN ALL OF SVARTALFHEIM, I'D WAGER
BUT UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU MY GOOD KNIGHT ..
SHRRAK
NOOO!!


I'M STILL THE BETTER SORCERER
HAAA HA HA HAA HA HAA!?!
AAAAAAAAARGGHH!!!

Asgardia,
City of the Gods
on Earth.
TO ARMS, WARRIORS OF THE REALM ETERNAL!
THE LONGER WE TARRY, THE MORE BLOOD MALEKITH SPILLS.
TO SVARTALFHEIM!
TIME TO END THIS COWARD'S REIGN OF TERROR ONCE AND FOR--
I'M AFRAID IT WON'T BE QUITE SO SIMPLE.
ALL-MOTHER FREYJA...
STAND DOWN, BRAVE WARRIORS OF ASGARD YOUR SWORDS WILL NOT BE NEEDED HERE TODAY.
THOR, my son...
WALK WITH ME

"FORBIDDEN TO PURSUE MALEKITH!?!"
MOTHER, WHAT MADNESS DO YOU SPEAK?
I'M SORRY, MY SON. THE CONGRESS OF WORLDS HAS JUST FINISHED MEETING ON THIS VERY ISSUE. IT WAS A MOST SPIRITED DEBATE
I'VE MORE CHILDREN THAN I CAN COUNT SO I'M USED TO A GOOD DEAL OF CATERWAULING. BUT A CONGRESS OF DWARF, TROLL AND STORM GIANT SENATORS DOTH RAISE THE ACT OF SCREAMING TO A VERITABLE ART FORM.
THE CONGRESS HAS AGREED THERE MUST BE A RESPONSE TO MALEKITH'S ACTIONS BUT I'M AFRAID THE SON OF ODIN LEADING A FORCE OF SOLELY ASGARDIAN WARRIORS WOULD BE SEEN AS AN ILLEGAL INCURSION BY THE OTHER REALMS
THEN LET ME GO ALONE MJOLNIR IS ALL THE COMPANY I WILL NEED.
YOU DO INDEED HAVE A PLACE ON THE RESPONSE TEAM, A LEADERSHIP ROLE. IN FACT, YOU CAN THANK THE ESTEEMED SENATOR VOLSTAGG FOR THAT.
THEY DID WITHER BEFORE THE FURY OF MY FILIBUSTER!
BUT YOU WILL NOT BE GOING ALONE.
TO PLEASE THE CONGRESS OUR RESPONSE TEAM MUST BE A COLLECTIVE EFFORT WITH MEMBERS FROM AS MANY WORLDS AS POSSIBLE
THUS I GIVE YOU... THE LEAGUE OF REALMS.
YMIR'S BLOODY BONES

SIR IVORY HONEYSHOT OF THE LIGHT ELVES OF ALFHEIM.
LORD OF LONGROSE HALL, BARON OF THE ORDER OF THE PETALBLADE AND FIRST CAVALIER IN THE ROYAL DRAGOON OF HER HOLY MAJESTY QUEEN FEATHERWINE OF THE FAY.
IF I MAY BUT PROVE HALF AS CAPABLE A MARKSMAN AS THOU ART BEAUTIFUL OH ALL-MOTHER, THEN WOE BE UNTO MALEK TH AND ALL HIS ILK

SCREWBEARD SON OF NO-EARS, SON OF HEADWOUND, OF THE DYNAMITE DWARVES OF NIDAVELLIR.
SCREWBEARD MAKE DARK ELVES GO 'SPLODE.

OGGMUNDER DRAGGLEVLADD VINNSUVIUS XVII, OF THE LONGSTOMP TRIBE FROM THE HILLS OF JOTUNHEIM.
HE WAS SENT TO THE CONGRESS MANY MONTHS AGO AS EM SSARY OF THE MOUNTAIN GIANTS. WE'RE ALL STILL QUITE ANX·OUS TO, AH ..HEAR HIM SPEAK.
WE'VE TAKEN TO CALLING HIM "OGGY."

AND LASTLY, MAY I PRESENT...
UD.
THE TROLL
UD THE TROLL.

BRAVE SOULS OF THE LEAGUE OF REALMS, I GIVE YOU THOR ODINSON OF THE AESIR, PRINCE OF ASGARD AND GOD OF THUNDER
HARUMPH.
HERE TODAY YOU HAVE ALL SWORN A SACRED OATH TO BRING PEACE ONCE MORE TO THESE NINE REALMS. MAY THE FATES BE WITH YOU ALL AS--
YOU'RE FORGETTING SOMEONE
LADY LYAZIRIA OF THE DARK ELVES OF SVARTALFHEIM.
I'LL BE COMING WITH YOU
YOU, .BUT... YOU JUST LOST AN ARM. YOU SHOULD BE WITH THE HEALERS.
THERE'LL BE TIME FOR HEALING ONCE MALEKITH IS DEAD. AND IF IT'S MY MISSING ARM THAT BOTHERS YOU...
SNAP
THAT'S EASILY REMEDIED.

A DARK ELF SORCERESS. I WOULD NOT TRUST SUCH A WOMAN WITH MY CHAMBERPOT, LET ALONE MY LIFE.
SCREWBEARD MAKE ELF WITCH GO SPLODE?
NO OFFENSE, MY LADY BUT HAVEN'T YOU SUFFERED ENOUGH AT MALEKITH'S HAND?
MALEKITH TOOK ME BY SURPRISE BEFORE. THEN HE... HE MURDERED MY ENTIRE TRIBE BEFORE MY EYES.
I ASSURE YOU NO MORE DARK ELF BLOOD WILL BE SPILLED WHILE I LIVE.
EXCEPT FOR HIS.
PERHAPS IT WOULD BE WISE TO HAVE A DARK ELF IN THE PARTY.
A COURIER PIXIE HAS COME FROM NIDAVELLIR. QUEEN ALFLYSE OF THE DARK ELVES HAS SOUGHT SANCTUARY WITH THE DWARVES AND IS REQUESTING THE PROTECTION OF THE CONGRESS.
IT IS TIME FOR THIS LEAGUE OF REALMS TO SHOW ITS METTLE. WOULDN'T YOU SAY MY SON?
I SAY, I GO TO FETCH MY GOAT, AND THEN WHOEVER THE HEL IS COMING...
...HAD BEST BE READY TO RIDE.

One Ride on the Rainbow Bridge Later:
Midgard:
The Northern Mountains:
The Great Southern Gate of the Sun of Midgard:
"NO DWARVES OF NIDAVELLIR WE COME IN THE NAME OF THE CONGRESS OF WORLDS OPEN YOUR GATE"
"TOO QUIET" GATE SHOULD NEVER BE UNGUARDED
PERHAPS NO ONE COULD HEAR WE WERE COMING SHOULD WE HAVE THE GIANT KNOCK?
NO SOMETHING'S WRONG I CAN FEEL IT WE MUST GET INSIDE NOW
AND HOW ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO THAT? THAT GATE IS THE SIZE OF FIFTY HORSES NOT EVEN I COULD PRY IT OPEN
STAND BACK
WHA-OOOOH

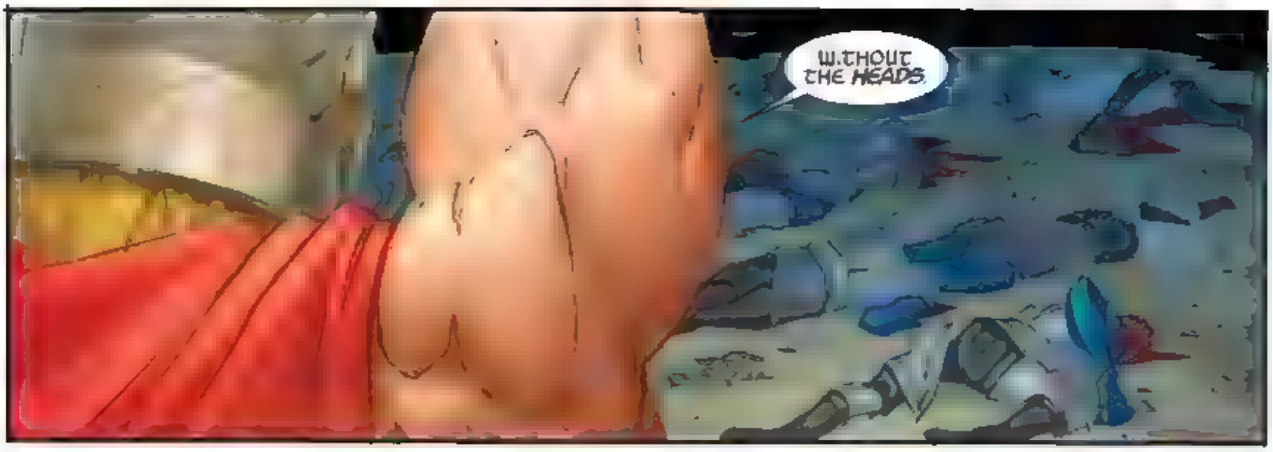
THE DARK ELVES ARE HERE!
SCUMTONGUE!
MURDERER WHERE IS YOUR MASTER?!
EVEN IF OLE SCUMTONGUE COULD TALK, SOMETHING TELLS ME HIS ANSWER WOULD BE..."GO BURN IN SURTUR'S BOWELS, ASGARDIAN SWINE."
BURN.
YES SOMEONE WILL BURN.
KRUNK
AAAAAAAAARRGGGHHH!!!
I SWEAR ON THE EYE OF ODIN, YOU ALL WILL BURN!
SHUNK
HRGHH
AND I SWEAR BY THE TOE OF JORMUNGAND THAT YOU WILL BLEED, GOD OF BLUSTER.

YOUR GUNS FIRE IRON BULLETS SIR HONEYSHOT?
INDEED. THE MORTAL WEAKNESS OF ALL ELVES, NO MATTER THEIR SHADE.
OR SORCERY.
IT'S FUNNY I WAS ALWAYS TAUGHT THAT LIGHT ELVES WERE SQUEAMISH, DANDIFIED PANSIES.
AND I WAS TAUGHT THAT DARK ELVES WERE VILE, BARBAROUS SAVAGES.
THEN IT WOULD APPEAR WE BOTH HAVE MUCH TO LEARN.
DO WE?
BAH! A TROLL OF MY CALIBER DOES NOT FIGHT LACKEYS.
BRING ME MALEKITH! SO I MIGHT KILL HIM AND CLAIM ALL REWARDS AND GLORY.
BROTHER DWARVES.. ALL WILL BE AVENGED. JUST TELL SCREWBEARD...
WHERE IS DYMAINE?
BRRRRRRGGHH!!!

GAAAGH
SHHKK
YOU FIGHT DARK ELVES AMID SHADOWS.
HOW VERY FOOLISH, ASGARDIAN
ALMOST AS FOOLISH AS BRING NG A HAMMER TO A KNIFE FIGHT.
KROOOM
WHAA...

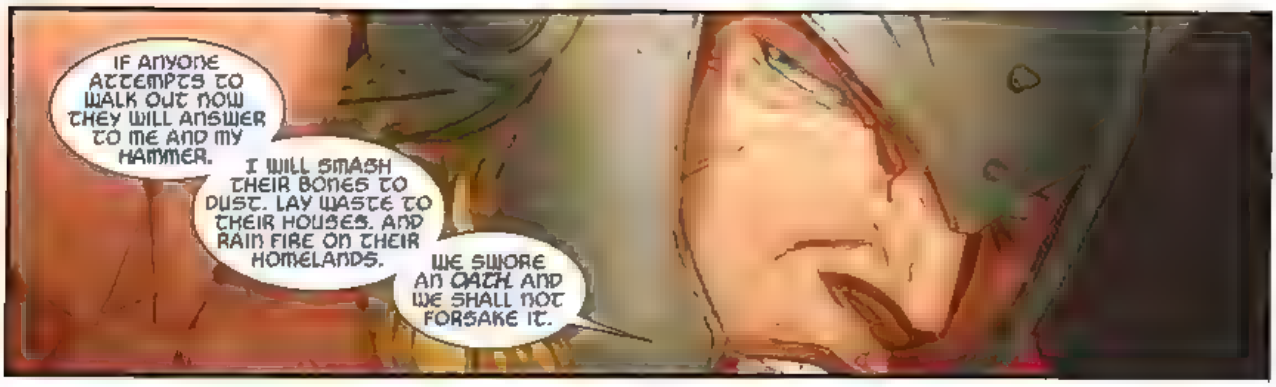
AAAAAAAAAAAAAHH!!!
I ALSO BROUGHT A GIANT.
NOW... APOLOGIZE TO MY HAMMER
GRRRGGHH!!!
HHRRGGHH!!!
BIG 'SPLODE!
'SPLODE!
BIG 'SPLODE'

KABOOOOM!!
Moments Later.
I'M GOING TO MURDER THAT BLASTED DWARF! HE NEARLY BURIED US ALL!
SCREWBEARD KILL MANY ELVES.
KILL FEW MORE IF YOU NOT LIKE IT
MALEKITH ESCAPED. AGAIN.
GRAAAGH WHO DID THAT? I'LL GRIND THEIR BONES TO GOULASH!
THANK HEAVENS, THE TROLL SURVIVED
WHERE'S MALEKITH? IS HE DEAD?
ANY SIGN OF QUEEN ALFLYSE AND HER MEN?
PERHAPS. IT'S HARD TO TELL...

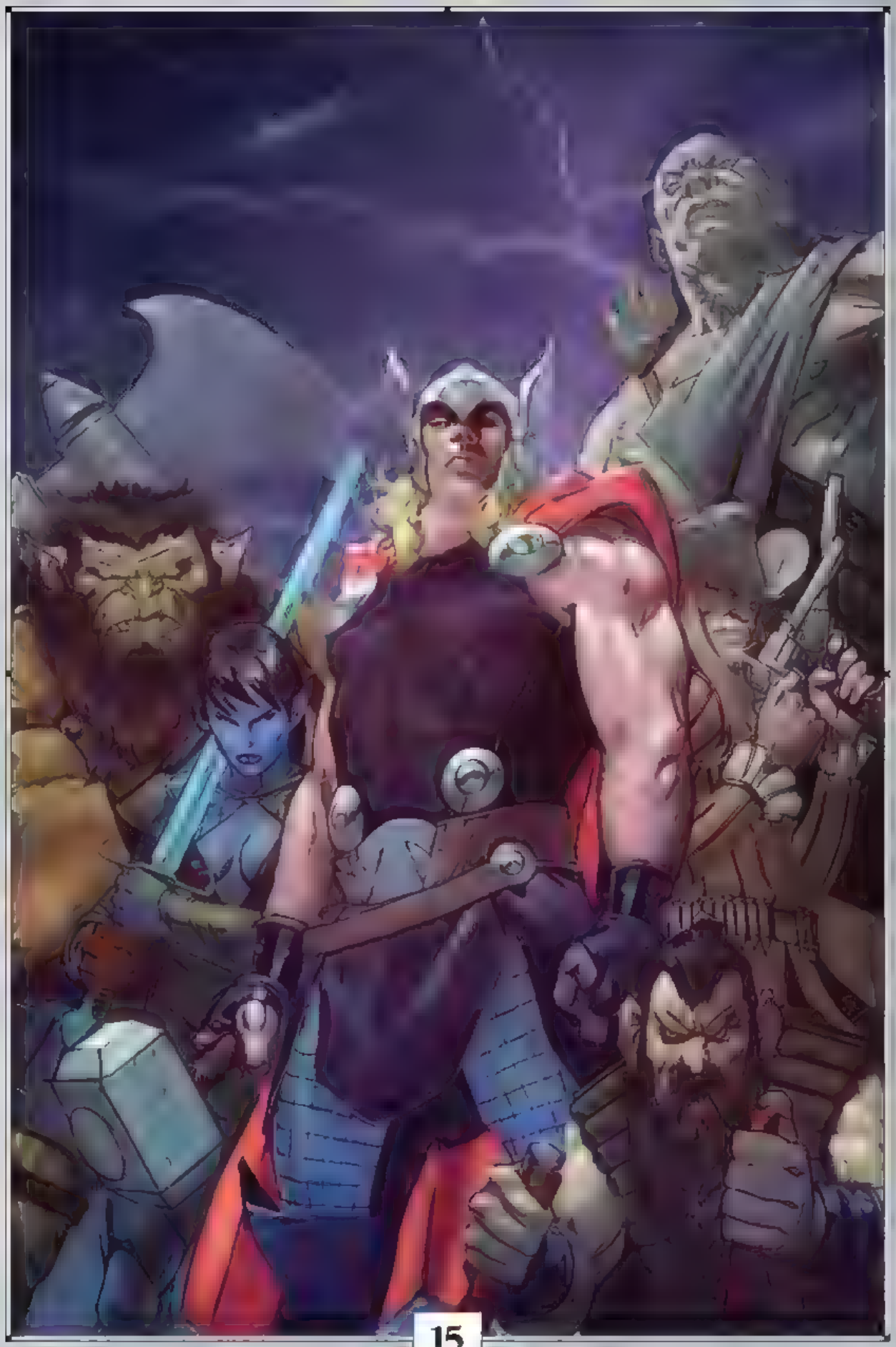

W.THOUT THE HEADS

MY QUEEN .. IS DEAD. THIS WILL MEAN RUIN FOR SVARTALFHEIM. CHAOS. CIVIL WAR.
OUR FIRST OUTING AS THE LEAGUE OF REALMS WOULD APPEAR TO BE A MOST MISERABLE FAILURE.
THEN TO HEL WITH THIS ARRANGEMENT. I'LL FIND MALEKITH ON MY OWN. JUST STAY THE HEL OUT OF MY WAY

GOOD RIDDANCE TROLL. WHAT USE ARE YOU? YOU DIDN'T LIFT SO MUCH AS A FINGER IN THE FIGHT!
ONE FINGER IS ALL IT WOULD TAKE FOR ME TO CUT YOU DOWN, ELF! ANY OF YOU!
THE TROLL HAS THE RIGHT IDEA. I'VE TRACKED WORMS ACROSS THE OPEN SWAMP. I COULD'VE FOUND MALEKITH ALREADY IF IT WASN'T FOR THE REST OF YOU SLOWING ME DOWN
WHY YOU TRACK WORMS?
NO ONE IS LEAVING.


IF ANYONE ATTEMPTS TO WALK OUT NOW THEY WILL ANSWER TO ME AND MY HAMMER.
I WILL SMASH THEIR BONES TO DUST. LAY WASTE TO THEIR HOUSES. AND RAIN FIRE ON THEIR HOMELANDS.
WE SWORE AN OATH AND WE SHALL NOT FORSAKE IT.

WE RIDE UNTIL MALEKITH IS DEAD.
OR WE ARE



ALFHEIM. REALM OF THE ELVES.
ICE ELVES AND SPICE ELVES. AIR ELVES IN THEIR [redacted] FLYING MACHINES. SEA ELVES IN THEIR CORAL CASTLES ALONG HUMMINGBIRD BAY.
TRIPLE-JOINTED PLEASURE ELVES. ELVES OF THE VALE WITH THEIR HERDS OF WILD CORNS. MOON ELVES ALL AGLOW WITH FIREFLY WINE.
TOGETHER THEY FORM THE KINGDOM OF THE LIGHT ELVES.
A KINGDOM OF ENCHANTED FORESTS AND NATURAL CHAMPAGNE SPRINGS AND MORE GARDENS THAN THERE ARE STARS.
A KINGDOM OF FAIRIES AND CANDY FARMERS OF MERMAID LAGOONS AND ORCHARDS THE SIZE OF OCEANS. A PLACE OF PEACE AND OTHERWORLDLY WONDER
AN ELVISH PARADISE.
YET INTO EVERY PARADISE, A SERPENT MUST SOMETIMES CRAWL.
HIYAAAH!!
FESTER, YOU SCUMLICKING DOGS!

IT'S ALL RIGHT. I THINK WE LOST HIM.
THAT ONE'S NO GOD HE'S A BLOODY WILD BEAST WITH A HAMMER IS WHAT HE IS DID YOU SEE WHAT HE DID TO THE POOR GUTBEARD BROTHERS?
AYE AND THESE FAIRY WOODS ARE NO PLACE FOR A DARK ELF TO DIE. LET'S FIND MALEKITH AND THE OTHERS AND GET THE HEL OFF THIS STINKING--
THUD
GAAAGHH!!!
HAVE AT THEE, DARK ELF!!!
AAAHH!!!

GRAGGHHH!!!
DAMN ENCHANTED HAMMER. CAN'T GET IT OFF...!
HELLO, ELF.
ELF FALL DOWN?
OH NO.
WHAT MATTER ELF CAN NO LIFT HAMMER?
NO STAY BACK, YOU WRETCHED FAIRIES STAY BACK!
ELF TOO SKINNY. ELF MUST EAT.
WE FEED HIM
TEAR HIM APART, DOG! EAT HIS STUPID PRETTY FACE!
RRRAAARGHH
WHOOK
YP
KROOOM

COME ON THEN, SWINE OF ASGARD!
ROTJAW! THE DARK ELF BACKS DOWN FROM NO ONE, BE THEY MAN OR GOD OR--
WHRAAM!
WELL DONE, TOOTHGNASHER
BUT NO EATING THIS ONE. YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE HE'S BEEN.
MORE FOOD FOR OUR ELF FRIEND!
MORE FOOD!
HHYYYYYRRGGH!!!

AAAARGGHH!!
MAY THE BOGS TAKE YOUR FAMILY YOU FOUL WH--
SHHK
PUNCH
LADY WAZIRIA, IT APPEARS YOU'VE RECOVERED QUITE NICELY FROM THE LOSS OF YOUR ARM.
BETTER THAN THIS ONE'S FACE WILL RECOVER. WHERE'S MALEKITH?
I LOST HIM IN THE FOREST NO DOUBT HE'S SLIPPED AWAY AGAIN LIKE THE BLACK-HEARTED COWARD HE IS.
HE'LL FIND HE'S MISSING SOME OF HIS TIDERS.
HE'LL BE MISSING MORE THAN THAT ONCE I CATCH UP TO HIM.
YOU RIDE WELL, FOR A GOD.
AND YOU FOR A ONE-ARMED ELF WITCH. SHALL WE?
PERHAPS SOMEDAY WE SHALL BUT FIRST.

Moments later. A Shantytown, Deep in the Sugar Woods.
SIR IVORY..
WE MANAGED TO SAVE THE REFUGEES THIS TIME. AND THE INVADERS SUFFERED MOST HEAVY LOSSES. MY OWN PISTOLS DID SEE TO THAT.
BUT MALEKITH THE ACCURSED HATH ESCAPED US YET AGAIN
WOULD NOT HAVE HAPPENED, BUT THOR TOOK DYNAMITE AWAY SO SCREWBEARD MAKE-DO
NEVER KILL ELF WITH CANDY CANE BEF
ARRGGHH!!

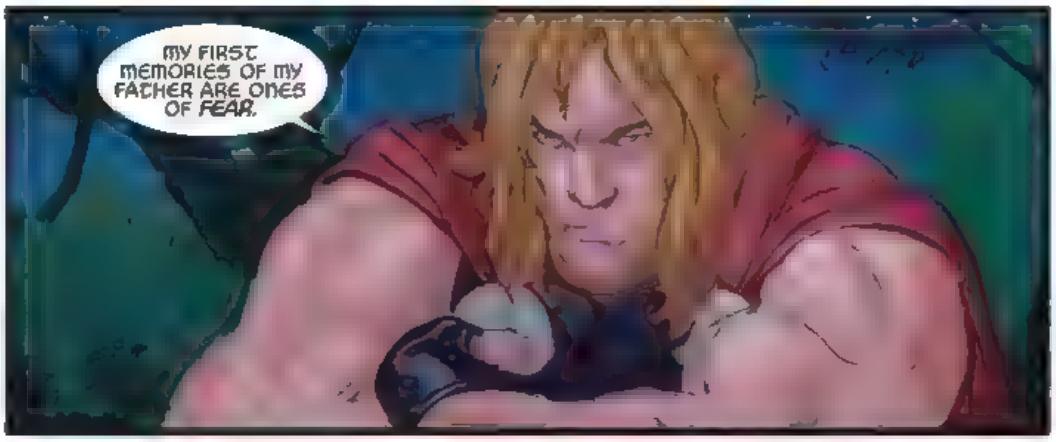
HO! WHAT IN ODIN'S NAME ARE YOU DOING?
WE'RE HERE TO FELL DARK ELVES. ARE WE NOT?
NOT THOSE DARK ELVES. THOSE ARE THE REFUGEES WE'RE MEANT TO PROTECT!
SO NOW I'M SUPPOSED TO KNOW ONE DARK ELF FROM ANOTHER AM I? SHOULD I BOW AND BEG THEIR LEAVE BEFORE I SPLIT THEM OPEN?
JUST PUT HIM DOWN!

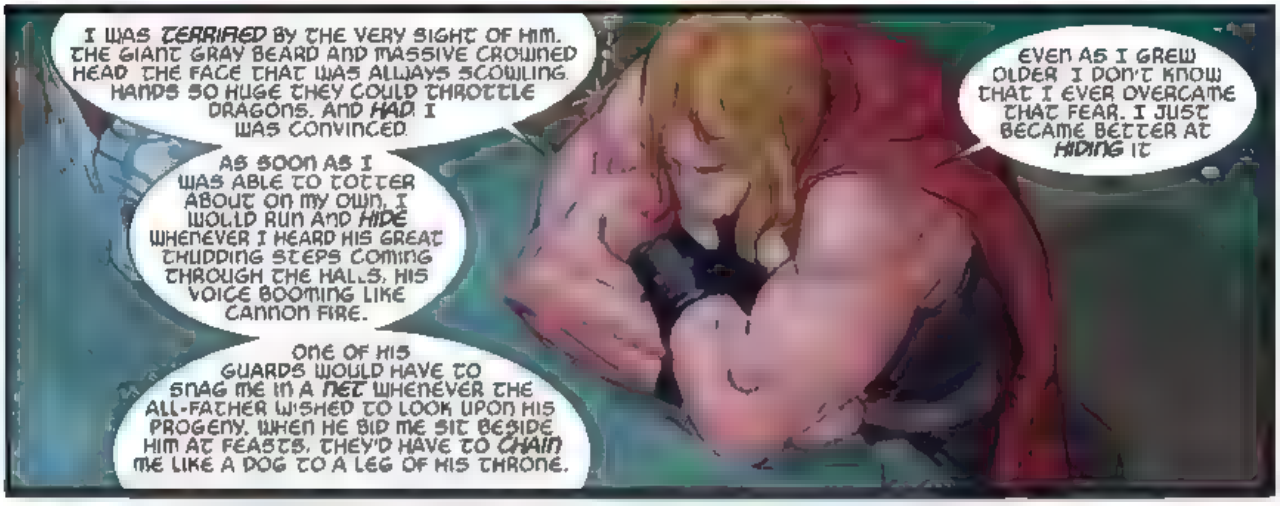
YOU ASK ME, INSTEAD OF WASTING TIME PICKING AND CHOOSING WE SHOULD WIPE OUT THE WHOLE DAMN RACE AND BE DONE WITH IT.
BAH. TO HEL WITH ALL GODS AND ELVES. THIS LEAGUE OF REALMS IS A FARCE.
NO ONE ASKED YOU TROLL. NO ONE EVER WILL.

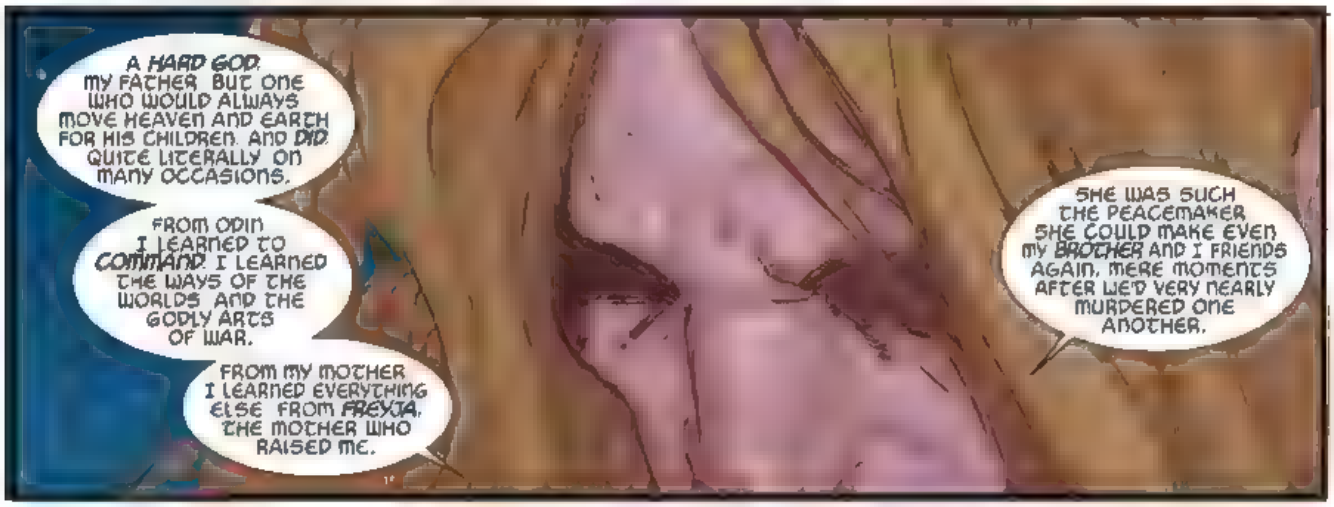
DON'T LISTEN TO HIM.
HE'S RIGHT ABOUT THE LEAGUE.
I KNOW HE'S RIGHT. BUT YOU STILL SHOULDN'T LISTEN.
WE SAVED ELVES TODAY. THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS
MALEKITH ELUDED US YET AGAIN AND REMAINS INTENT ON SLAUGHTERING HIS OWN PEOPLE. SO THOUSANDS MORE REMAIN IN DANGER.
MUCH LIKE OUR LEAGUE OF REALMS, IT SEEMS
AYE. THE DWARF HATES ME FOR TAKING AWAY HIS EXPLOSIVES. THE TROLL HAS ALWAYS HATED ME. AND THE GIANT STILL HASN'T SPOKEN A WORD.
IF IT'S ANY CONSOLATION, I HAVE HERETOFORE RESTRAINED MYSELF FROM SLAYING THE DARK ELF WITCH
AND I'VE YET TO MAKE LORD HONEYGUTS EAT HIS OWN PRETTY LITTLE PISTOLS.
THOUSANDS OF DARK ELVES. SCATTERED TO THE WIND, HIDING IN SMALL BANDS ACROSS ALL THE NINE REALMS. DON'T THEY SEE THAT IF THEY JUST STOOD TOGETHER
OUR QUEEN IS DEAD. AND EVEN WHEN SHE WAS ALIVE, WE WERE ALWAYS A FRACTURED PEOPLE. CONSUMED BY TRIBAL RIVALRIES AND ANCIENT BLOOD FEUDS
THE DARK ELVES WILL NEVER STAND TOGETHER
ENOUGH! IF WE CAN'T MAKE PEACE WITH ONE ANOTHER, THEN WE'LL NEVER BRING PEACE TO THE REALMS!
PEACE TO THE REALMS? FOR TIME IMMEMORIAL IT HAS BEEN THE SAME. THE GIANTS HATE THE GODS. GODS HATE THE ELVES. ELVES HATE THE DWARVES. DWARVES HATE THE GIANTS. EVERYONE HATES THE TROLLS.
HOW EXACTLY DO YOU PROPOSE TO BRING PEACE TO THE REALMS OR EVEN TO THIS LEAGUE OF YOURS?
LORD THOR?
YOU KNOW ALFHEIM WELL, SIR IVORY?
DOTH THE WIND KNOW HOW TO BLOW?
GOOD. I'LL BE NEEDING DIRECTIONS.
DIRECTIONS? TO WHERE?

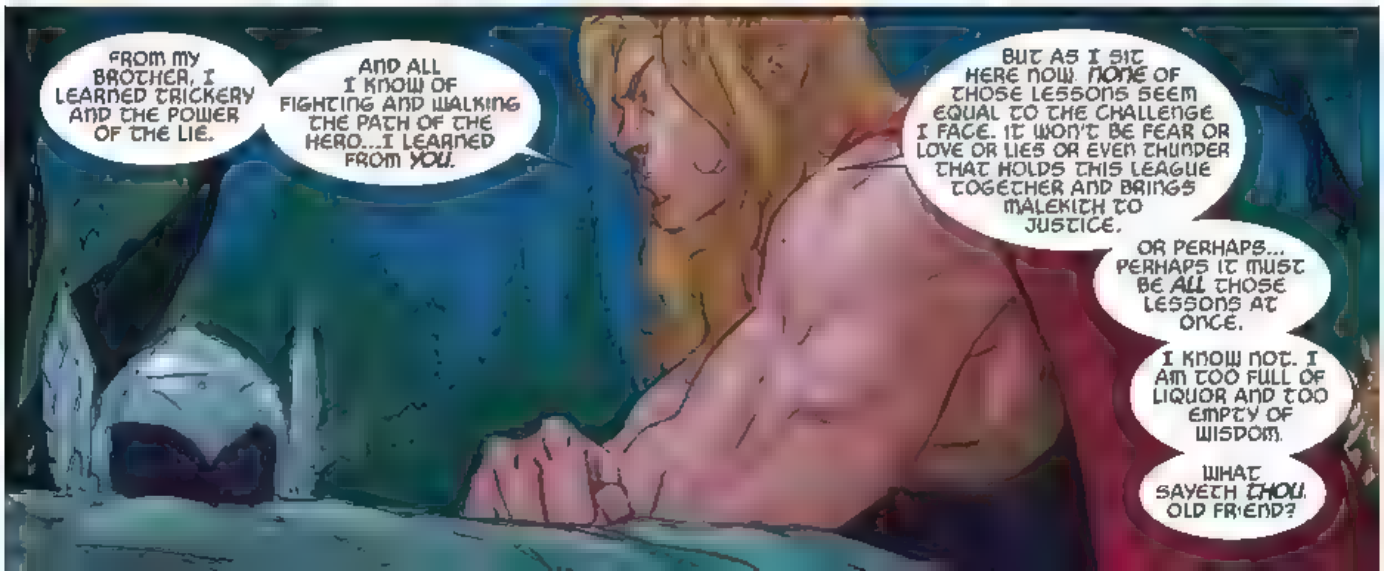
"THE NEAREST TAVERN."
BY THE SACRED SWAMPS. I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING WITHOUT GILLS CONSUME THIS MUCH LIQUID.
FOR. FOR ASGARD
METHINKS HE'S ABOUT TO POP LIKE AN OVERRIPE BUTTER MELON.
NEVER. NEVER SHALL THE MIGHTY THOR BE FELLED BY. ELF RUM.
OVER TO YOU THEN. MY PRODIGIOUSLY BELLIED FRIEND
ANOTHER FISTFUL OF RAW RUBIES SCREWBEARD IS BETTING ON THE MOUNTAIN GIANT!
I'LL TAKE THAT BET SIR SCREWBEARD NINE BUSHELS OF THE FINEST RUMBERRIES AND BRANDYWINE APPLES I WILL WAGER ALL ON THE GOD OF THUNDER.
GLUG GLUG GLUG
YES! DRINK HIM UNDER TABLE OGGY. SON OF JOTUNHEIM! SCREWBEARD HAS SEEN YOU EAT SAUSAGES BIGGER THAN THIS GOD!
BUHRRR
HA! SCREWBEARD THANKS YOU FOR APPLES AND BERR ES. LORD HONEYSNOTS HIS GOATS IN NIDAVELLIR WILL EAT FINE AS ELF LORDS FOR MANY--

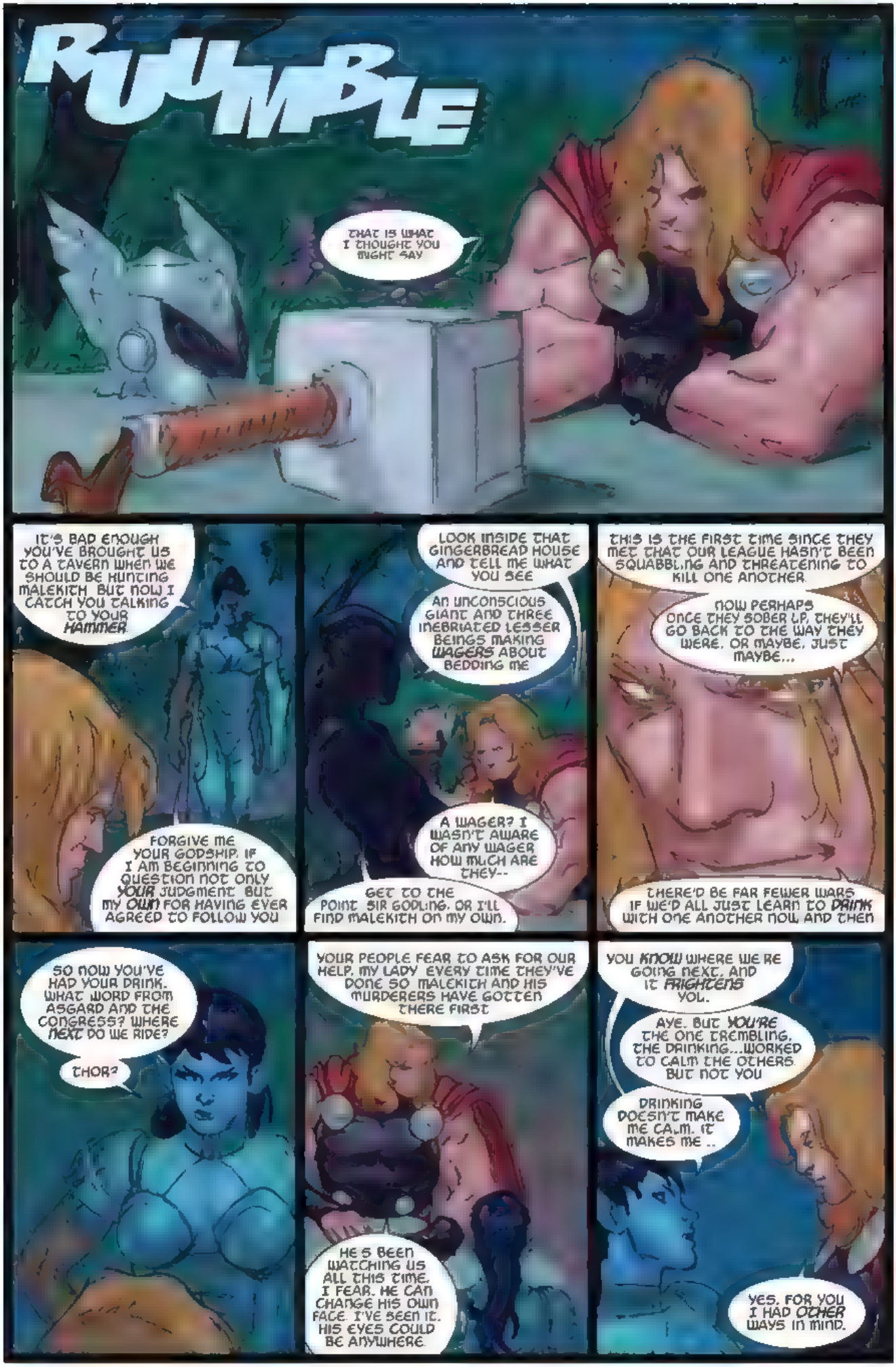
WHAT?
THOOOOM
STUPID GIANT
BAH. ENOUGH OF THIS FRUITY ELF SWILL! BRING ME GOBLIN GROG OR BOILED MAGGOT MASH!
THE ORPHANS OF ALFHEIM THANK YOU AND YOUR GOATS FOR THE GENEROUS CONTRIBUTION, SIR DWARF
YES, ANOTHER ROUND FOR ALL MY FRIENDS.
AND FOR YOU AS WELL MY LORD?
NO. ONLY AIR FOR ME.
AND LET US HOPE I CAN KEEP IT DOWN.
PERHAPS IT IS THE RUM AND BUTTERGIN TALKING. BUT SHE IS A COMELY WENCH, IS SHE NOT? FOR A DARK ELF AT LEAST
TWO FISTFULS OF DIAMONDS TO FIRST WHO BEDS HER.
I'D SOONER SEE HER DEAD.
FIVE FISTFULS OF DIAMONDS TO FIRST WHO DOES THAT.
GINGERSNEAD TAVERN
THOR?
A WORD?


MY FIRST MEMORIES OF MY FATHER ARE ONES OF *FEAR*.


I WAS *TERRIFIED* BY THE VERY SIGHT OF HIM. THE GIANT GRAY BEARD AND MASSIVE CROWNED HEAD. THE FACE THAT WAS ALWAYS SCOWLING. HANDS SO HUGE THEY COULD THROTTLE DRAGONS. AND *HAD*. I WAS CONVINCED.
AS SOON AS I WAS ABLE TO TOTTER ABOUT ON MY OWN, I WOULD RUN AND *HIDE* WHENEVER I HEARD HIS GREAT THUDDING STEPS COMING THROUGH THE HALLS, HIS VOICE BOOMING LIKE CANNON FIRE.
ONE OF HIS GUARDS WOULD HAVE TO SNAG ME IN A *NET* WHENEVER THE ALL-FATHER WISHED TO LOOK UPON HIS PROGENY. WHEN HE BID ME SIT BESIDE HIM AT FEASTS, THEY'D HAVE TO *CHAIN* ME LIKE A DOG TO A LEG OF HIS THRONE.
EVEN AS I GREW OLDER I DON'T KNOW THAT I EVER OVERCAME THAT FEAR. I JUST BECAME BETTER AT *HIDING* IT.


A *HARD GOD*, MY FATHER. BUT ONE WHO WOULD ALWAYS MOVE HEAVEN AND EARTH FOR HIS CHILDREN. AND *DID*. QUITE LITERALLY. ON MANY OCCASIONS.
FROM ODIN I LEARNED TO *COMMAND*. I LEARNED THE WAYS OF THE WORLDS, AND THE GODLY ARTS OF WAR.
FROM MY MOTHER I LEARNED EVERYTHING ELSE. FROM *FREYJA*, THE MOTHER WHO RAISED ME.
SHE WAS SUCH THE PEACEMAKER SHE COULD MAKE EVEN MY *BROTHER* AND I FRIENDS AGAIN, MERE MOMENTS AFTER WE'D VERY NEARLY MURDERED ONE ANOTHER.


FROM MY BROTHER, I LEARNED TRICKERY AND THE POWER OF THE LIE.
AND ALL I KNOW OF FIGHTING AND WALKING THE PATH OF THE HERO...I LEARNED FROM *YOU*.
BUT AS I SIT HERE NOW, *NONE* OF THOSE LESSONS SEEM EQUAL TO THE CHALLENGE I FACE. IT WON'T BE FEAR OR LOVE OR LIES OR EVEN THUNDER THAT HOLDS THIS LEAGUE TOGETHER AND BRINGS MALEKITH TO JUSTICE.
OR PERHAPS... PERHAPS IT MUST BE *ALL* THOSE LESSONS AT ONCE.
I KNOW NOT. I AM TOO FULL OF LIQUOR AND TOO EMPTY OF WISDOM.
WHAT SAYETH *THOU*, OLD FRIEND?

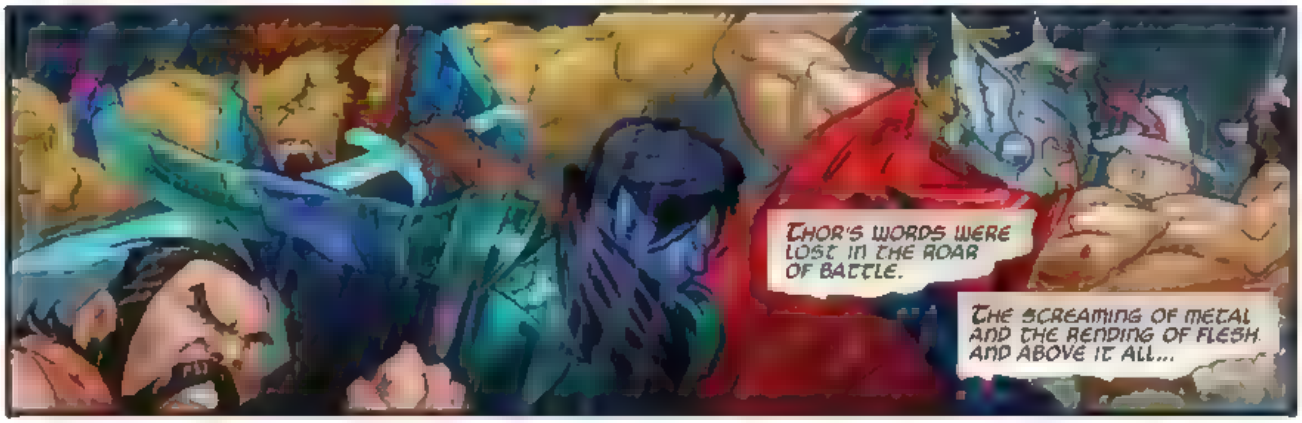

RUMBLE
THAT IS WHAT I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT SAY
IT'S BAD ENOUGH YOU'VE BROUGHT US TO A TAVERN WHEN WE SHOULD BE HUNTING MALEKITH. BUT NOW I CATCH YOU TALKING TO YOUR HAMMER.
FORGIVE ME YOUR GODSHIP. IF I AM BEGINNING TO QUESTION NOT ONLY YOUR JUDGMENT. BUT MY OWN FOR HAVING EVER AGREED TO FOLLOW YOU
LOOK INSIDE THAT GINGERBREAD HOUSE AND TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE
AN UNCONSCIOUS GIANT AND THREE INEBRIATED LESSER BEINGS MAKING WAGERS ABOUT BEDDING ME
A WAGER? I WASN'T AWARE OF ANY WAGER HOW MUCH ARE THEY--
GET TO THE POINT SIR GODLING. OR I'LL FIND MALEKITH ON MY OWN.
THIS IS THE FIRST TIME SINCE THEY MET THAT OUR LEAGUE HASN'T BEEN SQUABBLING AND THREATENING TO KILL ONE ANOTHER.
NOW PERHAPS ONCE THEY SOBER UP, THEY'LL GO BACK TO THE WAY THEY WERE. OR MAYBE, JUST MAYBE...
THERE'D BE FAR FEWER WARS IF WE'D ALL JUST LEARN TO DRINK WITH ONE ANOTHER NOW AND THEN
SO NOW YOU'VE HAD YOUR DRINK. WHAT WORD FROM ASGARD AND THE CONGRESS? WHERE NEXT DO WE RIDE?
THOR?
YOUR PEOPLE FEAR TO ASK FOR OUR HELP, MY LADY. EVERY TIME THEY'VE DONE SO MALEKITH AND HIS MURDERERS HAVE GOTTEN THERE FIRST
HE'S BEEN WATCHING US ALL THIS TIME, I FEAR. HE CAN CHANGE HIS OWN FACE. I'VE SEEN IT. HIS EYES COULD BE ANYWHERE.
YOU KNOW WHERE WE'RE GOING NEXT. AND IT FRIGHTENS YOU.
AYE. BUT YOU'RE THE ONE TREMBLING. THE DRINKING...WORKED TO CALM THE OTHERS. BUT NOT YOU
DRINKING DOESN'T MAKE ME CALM. IT MAKES ME ..
YES. FOR YOU I HAD OTHER WAYS IN MIND.

YOU! GIRL WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE?
THE GIANT JUST BURPED HALF THE BAR IN VOMIT. GET A SHOVEL AND GET BACK TO--
SQUISH
MY PEOPLE ARE AFRAID. GOOD. THEY WILL RUN SOMEWHERE THEY FIGURE NO ONE WOULD EVER DARE FOLLOW.
NOW I WONDER WHERE THAT MIGHT BE?

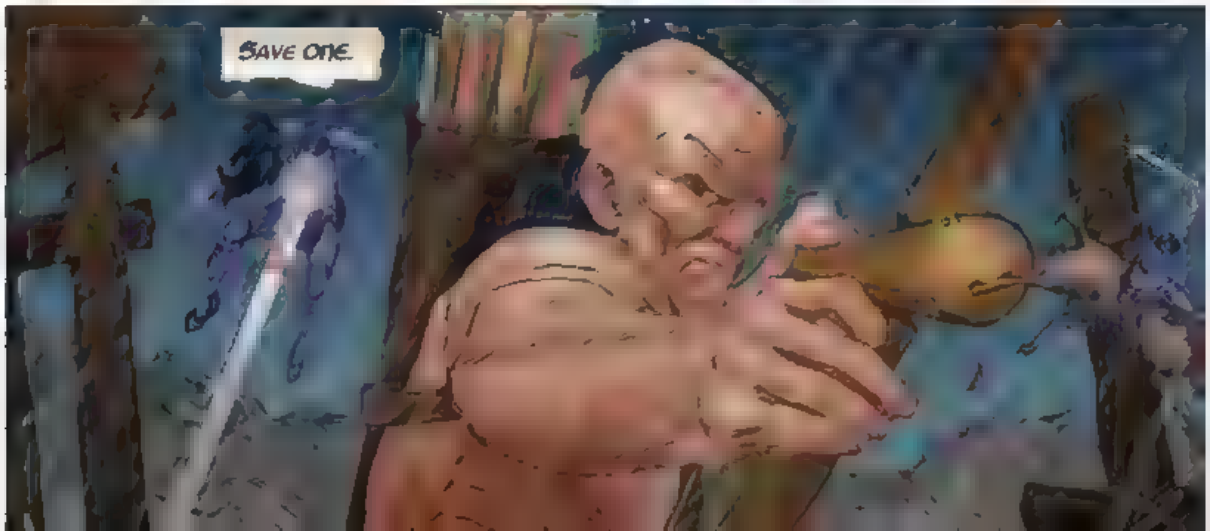
Jotunheim.
Land of the Giants
Somewhere in the Brown Alps.
Where mud flows in great, raging rivers. Where the mire can swallow men whole
Where dwell the mountain giants.
And where they are used to watching things die
Ha! Best run faster than that you elves. Run for your tiny little lives!

RUN. HE'S FOUND US!
THE ACCURSED HAS COME!
THE DARK ELF REFUGEES HAD BEEN LIVING AMONG THE MOUNTAIN GIANTS FOR WEEKS, HIDING IN THE WALLS OF THEIR CABINS LIKE MICE.
BUT STILL MALEKITH FOUND THEM.
BURN THE OLD. FLAY THE YOUNG! BRING ME THE EYES OF ALL WHO REFUSE TO SEE!
HE CAME WITH HIS RIDERS AND HIS WILD HUNT TO SHOW THEM THE STRENGTH THAT ONCE WAS THEIRS THE RAGE AND GLORY OF OLD SVARTALFHEIM.
BUT BEFORE HE COULD STRIKE LIKE LIGHTNING.
CAME THE THUNDER.
KR-BOOM
BY ALL THE BOGS DO I HATE THAT HAMMER.
BRING ME THE BLOOD OF THAT GOD!

LADY WAZIRIA·
MY SPELLS ARE IN PLACE! MALEKITH SHALL NOT MAGIC HIMSELF TO SAFETY THIS TIME!
THEN THIS IS IT: LEAGUE OF REALMS! LET THIS BE THE DAY THEY REMEMBER US FOR. LET ALL NINE WORLDS ECHO WITH OUR FURY·
LET MALEKITH KNOW HIS RECKONING HAS COME!!!


THOR'S WORDS WERE LOST IN THE ROAR OF BATTLE.
THE SCREAMING OF METAL AND THE RENDING OF FLESH. AND ABOVE IT ALL...

THE BOOMING LAUGHTER
NAH. LET'S WAIT AND SQUISH WHOEVER WINS
I'LL BET AN ARMLOAD OF WHALE BACON ON THE BLUE ONES.
THE OTHERS ARE A RAGGED LOOKING BUNCH. THE BLOND ONE WITH THE HAMMER SEEMS SORTA FAMILIAR
HA! LOOK AT 'EM GO. SHOULD WE SQUISH A FEW?
THE MOUNTAIN GIANTS ENJOYED THE SHOW NONE JOINED THE FIGHT THAT DAY.
I'LL BE DAMNED IS THAT...?


SAVE ONE.

WHOOOOM
BY THE WINES OF GOSAMER DID YOU SEE THAT?
HIS ARROWS FALL LIKE BOMBS.
SOMEONE SAY BOMBS?
A VALIANT GIANT WILL WONDERS NEVER CEASE.
WHAT NEXT? A WELL-DRESSED DWARF?
AN INTELLIGENT HUMAN?

WHOOOM
YOU'RE A QUIET ONE AREN'T YOU, SIR GIANT?
LET'S SEE IF WE CAN'T GET A SOUND OUT OF YOU!
HHGK

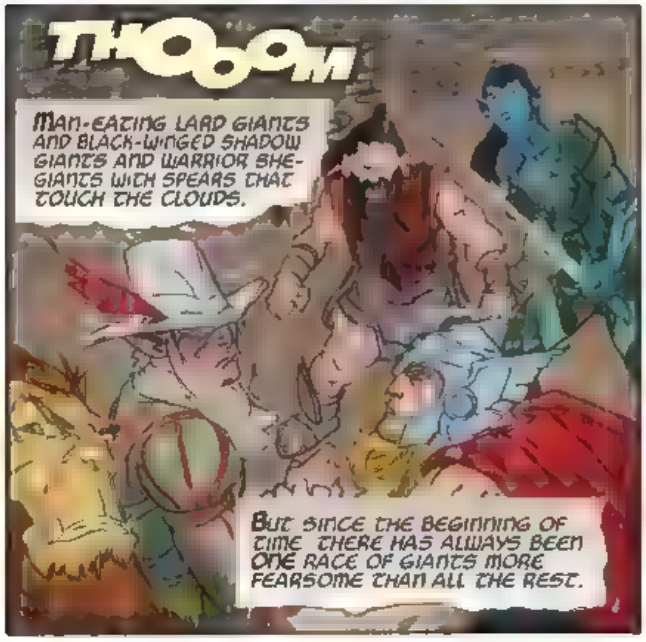
GGRRAAAAAARRRRGGHHHH!!!
STONES OF HEL WHAT IS THAT?
THE ROAR OF A WOUNDED GIANT.
OGGY!
OVER HERE!
OH NO
THERE'S NOT A MARK ON HIM. MAYBE HE'S ONLY DAZED.
OGGY FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIFE, SPEAK! TELL US WHAT HAPPENED!
I WASN'T..
...DONE LISTENING YET
SPLECH

GOODNESS ME FOR A GIANT, HE HAD A REMARKABLY TINY BRAIN.
I HAD TO HACK AROUND FOREVER JUST TO FIND IT

MALEKITH!!!
YOU WILL NEVER LEAVE JOTUNHEIM ALIVE! SO SWEARS THOR!
THOR WAIT. TAKE NOTE OF WHERE WE ARE NOW. THIS ISN'T THE LAND OF MOUNTAIN GIANTS.

YES, PERHAPS YOU SHOULD LISTEN TO THE LIGHT ELF
SCUMTONGUE THE HORN.

GARRRROOOOOOOO
THERE ARE MANY BREEDS OF GIANT IN JOTUNHEIM.
MOUNTAIN GIANTS. STORM GIANTS. BRINE GIANTS IN THEIR SHANTIES MADE OF SMASHED SHIPS.


THOOOM
MAN-EATING LAND GIANTS AND BLACK-WINGED SHADOW GIANTS AND WARRIOR SHE-GIANTS WITH SPEARS THAT TOUCH THE CLOUDS.
BUT SINCE THE BEGINNING OF TIME THERE HAS ALWAYS BEEN ONE RACE OF GIANTS MORE FEARSOME THAN ALL THE REST.

THOOM
GIANTS THEY SAY, THAT EVEN GODS HAVE LEARNED TO FEAR
NO.

YOU APPEAR TO HAVE LOST YOUR GIANT THOR OF ASGARD. WHILE AS FOR ME...
I'VE MADE FRIENDS WITH QUITE A FEW.
THE FROST GIANTS. LORDS OF THE RIME AND THE COLD.
SCOURGE OF ALL CREATURES WITH WARM BLOOD IN THEIR VEINS.
THEY SAY THAT ONCE YOU'RE CLOSE ENOUGH TO FEEL THEIR CHILL...
YOU'RE ALREADY DEAD AND JUST DON'T KNOW IT.

On the plains of Jotunheim. Where the nine realms have just come to the brink of war.
RRRGGGGHHH!!!! UNHAND ME..!!
THE DARK ELF MUST DIE!!!
YES. BY ALL MEANS LET THE FEISTY LITTLE GODLING GO I'M SURE MY FRIENDS HERE WOULD NOT MIND.
HHHRRGGGHH!!! MALEKITH!!! MY HAMMER WILL TASTE YOUR MARROW! :
THOR STOP THIS! WE DO NOT HAVE PERMISSION TO ENTER THE LANDS OF THE FROST GIANTS! TO DO SO WOULD BE SEEN AS AN ACT OF WAR! REALMS WOULD BURN!
MALEKITH WILL BURN FIRST.. OUT OF MY WAY!!
THOR WE CANNOT TOUCH MALEKITH! NOT HERE. NOT LIKE THIS!
LISTEN TO THE ELF. THESE ODDS ARE NOT IN OUR FAVOR.
[redacted] OF MAGGOTS HE'S STRONG
GGGGGRRRRGGGHHH.!!

LADY WAZIRIA. HOW NICE TO SEE YOU UP AND ABOUT. LOVE THE NEW ARM.
BETRAYER? ME? I HAVE BETRAYED NOTHING, MY LADY.
DO NOT SPEAK TO ME, KIN-SLAYER. BETRAYER!
IT IS MY PEOPLE WHO HAVE BETRAYED THE OLD WAYS, THE WAYS THAT ONCE MADE SVARTALFHEIM THE STRONGEST AND MOST FEARED OF ALL THE REALMS
I MERELY DO WHAT I MUST TO PRESERVE WHO THE DARK ELVES ONCE WERE, AND WHO WE SHALL BE AGAIN. ONCE THE BLOOD-PRICE HAS BEEN PAID.
ONCE THE YOKE OF ASGARD HAS BEEN CAST ASIDE, IN FAVOR OF NEW ALLIANCES.
AND PERHAPS EVEN THE REKINDLING... OF SOME FORMER ONES AS WELL
SPEAKING OF WHICH, WE HAVE MUCH TO DISCUSS, MY NEWFOUND ALLIES
SHALL WE RETIRE TO YOUR FABULOUS FROZEN STRONGHOLD OF UTGARD AND LEAVE THIS SO-CALLED LEAGUE OF REALMS TO LICK ITS WOUNDS?
AND BURY ITS DEAD?
SONS OF LAUFEY! HEAR THE WORDS OF THOR!
IF YOU HARBOR THIS ELF, THEN I SWEAR BY THE THRONE OF ASGARD..
I WILL SEE YOUR MOUNTAINS MELT AND YOUR FROZEN RIVERS BURN.
I WILL TURN YOUR LAND TO SLUSH AND ASH.
AND YOU WITH IT.

YOU'RE WELCOME TO COME AND TRY, LITTLE SPAWN OF ODIN.
ANYTIME YOU LIKE.
PTEW
KKRRAKK
AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE ELF. IF HE CAN'T DELIVER WHAT HE PROMISED US...WE'LL KILL HIM OURSELVES.
HEH I BELIEVE WE'RE GOING TO MAKE GREAT FRIENDS, DON'T YOU?
GOOD DAY, LEAGUE OF REALMS.
RUMBLE
KRAKOOOM

THOR! THAT'S QUITE ENOUGH!
THEY'RE GONE IT'S FINISHED. WHAT IN ALL THE WORLDS DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?
DIGGING A GRAVE.
KRAKKADRROOOM

HERE LIE
HE WAS...A FINE GIANT. I SUPPOSE I FEAR WE BARELY KNEW HIM.
HE DRANK MUCH SPOKE LITTLE FOUGHT HARD NO BETTER THINGS COULD BE SAID OF ANYONE
HE WAS THE LEAST ANNOYING ONE OF YOU I'LL GIVE HIM THAT.
THERE IS NOTHING WE CAN SAY HERE THAT MATTERS THE ONLY WAY TO HONOR OUR FALLEN COMRADE.. IS TO FINISH WHAT WE STARTED.
ISN'T THAT RIGHT THOR?
THOR?

VANAHEIM. WORLD OF RAGING RIVERS. WISE OLD GODS...
AND RUINS.

LONG AGO, WHEN THE STARS WERE BUT A FEW SCATTERED TWINKLES IN THE SKY, THE GODS OF THE VANIR BUILT CASTLES THE SIZE OF MOUNTAINS. GREAT CITADELS THAT COULD BE SEEN FROM WORLDS AWAY.
BUT OVER THE EONS, THE GODS GREW WEARY OF THE CONSTANT WARFARE REQUIRED TO DEFEND THEIR WALLS, OF THE BLOOD THAT WAS SHED OVER PILES OF ROCK...

AND SO ONE DAY THEY RETURNED TO THE DEPTHS OF THE FOREST, LEAVING THEIR GREAT STONE TOWERS TO CRUMBLE BACK INTO THE DUST FROM WHENCE THEY CAME.
YET EVEN IN A WORLD SUCH AS THIS... A WORLD THAT HAS TRIED ITS DAMNDEST TO TURN ITS BACK ON WAR, THE GREAT SLOUCHING BEAST STILL SOMEHOW FINDS FERTILE SOIL..

...IN WHICH TO PLANT ITS BLOODY SEEDS.

NO SIGN ANYWHERE OF MALEKITH OR HIS REAVERS.
SPLENDID. NOW HE DOESN'T EVEN DO US THE COURTESY OF WAITING UNTIL WE'RE HERE BEFORE HE DISAPPEARS AND HUMILIATES US.
EVERYWHERE WE GO. IN ALL NINE REALMS, MALEKITH GETS THERE FIRST. MAKES US LOOK LIKE FOOLS. HOW THIS POSSIBLE?
ONLY ONE EXPLANATION. YOU ARE FOOLS.
THERE'S NO SIGN OF MALEKITH... BECAUSE HE WAS NEVER HERE.
THESE TRIBES WEREN'T ATTACKED BY ANY OUTSIDE FORCE. THEY DID THIS TO EACH OTHER.

AS I'VE SAID, WE DARK ELVES HAVE ALWAYS BEEN A SELF-DESTRUCTIVE PEOPLE. MALEKITH'S MURDER SPREE HAS ONLY ENFLAMED OUR TRIBAL TENSIONS.
IN OTHER WORDS EVEN IF THE BASTARD DOESN'T SUCCEED IN WIPING US OUT. WE'RE BOUND TO DO THE JOB OURSELVES.

THAT DOESN'T CHANGE THE FACT THAT MALEKITH HAS BEEN ONE STEP AHEAD OF US THIS ENTIRE TIME.
FROM NIDAVELLIR TO JOTUNHEIM, HE KNOWS OUR EVERY MOVE. HOW EXACTLY COULD SUCH A THING BE POSSIBLE?
HE'S MALEKITH THE ACCURSED, GREATEST SORCERER IN ALL THE REALMS. HE HAS EYES AND EARS EVERYWHERE OF ALL SHAPES AND SIZES. BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN THAT WE--

"HE HAS EYES AND EARS EVERYWHERE." I BELIEVE YOU'RE EXACTLY RIGHT, MY LADY. I BELIEVE... HE EVEN HAS THEM RIGHT HERE AMONG US
LEAGUE OF REALMS. IT IS TIME TO FACE THE HARD TRUTH.
WE HAVE A TRAITOR IN OUR MIDST.

RIDICULOUS. WHAT REASON DO ANY OF US HAVE TO SIDE WITH MALEKITH?
WHAT REASON INDEED, LADY WAZIRIA?
ME? YOU THINK I'M A TRAITOR?!
YOU ARE THE ONLY OTHER DARK ELF HERE. LEFT ALIVE, AT LEAST.
MALEKITH MURDERED MY ENTIRE VILLAGE! HE CUT OFF MY ARM!
YES. WHICH BROUGHT YOU RIGHT INTO OUR MIDST, DIDN'T IT? HOW CONVENIENT
THIS IS LUDICROUS AND UNDOUBTEDLY RACIST!
SCREWBEARD NEVER LIKED WITCH. THINKS SHE SHOULD KEEP HER HANDS WHERE HE CAN SEE THEM
YOU IDIOTS! THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT MALEKITH WANTS US TO DO TO FIGHT EACH OTHER! THIS IS WHAT HE WANTS FOR ALL THE NINE REALMS!
YOU KNOW QUITE A LOT ABOUT WHAT HE WANTS, DON'T YOU MY LADY?
I SAW THE WAY MALEKITH LOOKED AT YOU IN JOTUNHEIM. I HAVE A MASTERS DEGREE IN THE EROTIC ARTS FROM THE FINEST UNIVERSITY IN ALL OF ALFHEIM
TELL ME MALEKITH HASN'T SHARED YOUR BED... AND I'LL CALL YOU A LYING DARK ELF WITCH.
YES BUT HOW DOES IT COMPARE TO MALEKITH'S TONGUE, DO TELL?
I WILL HAVE YOUR TONGUE, LIGHT ELF!
RRRGGHHH!!
BUILD FIRE! WE BURN ELF WITCH TRAITOR
I'M FINE WITH THAT.
OPEN YOUR EYES, YOU FOOLS! THERE IS NO TRAITOR!
THERE IS.
AND IT'S TIME THEY PAID THE PRICE FOR WHAT THEY'VE DONE!

WHUMP
THE TROLL? ARE YOU SERIOUS?
HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND ASGARDIAN?; I WILL TEAR YOU LIMB FROM LIMB FOR THAT!
I THINK NOT.
LADY WAZIRIA .
THOR WE SHOULD TALK ABOUT THIS BEFORE YOU DO ANYTHING RASH.
I'VE NEVER KNOWN A TROLL WHO COULD BE TRUSTED. WE WERE FOOLS TO BRING THIS ONE ALONG.
DAMN YOUR MAGIC! FIGHT LIKE AN OGRE YOU COWARD I CHALLENGE YOU TO TRIAL BY--
GAG HIM
THOR STOP I DO NOT SEE THE LOGIC IN THIS.
THIS BE MADNESS. DARK ELF HAS BEWITCHED HIM. SHE IS TRAITOR.
THIS IS NOT MADNESS MY EYES ARE FINALLY OPEN.
WHAT USE WAS THIS TROLL TO US? WHAT USE WAS HE IN BATTLE? HE ALWAYS DID MORE GRUMBLING THAN FIGHTING
YET HE WAS QUICK TO HOLD ME BACK IN JOTUNHEIM, WASN'T HE? ONCE HIS PRECIOUS MASTER MALEKITH WAS THREATENED?
WHATEVER HE PAID TO BUY YOU TROLL...I HOPE IT WAS WORTH YOUR LIFE
MMMMMRRRGHH!!

THOR, IF YOU TRULY BELIEVE THE TROLL IS GUILTY, THEN WE SHOULD RETURN WITH HIM TO ASGARDIA, AND LET THE CONGRESS OF WORLDS DECIDE HIS FATE.
INNOCENT ELVES DIED BECAUSE OF THIS ONE. THEY WERE HIS JUDGE AND JURY SIR HONEYSHOT, NOT ME.
IT ONLY FALLS TO THOR TO CARRY OUT THE SENTENCE.
LET GO OF MY ARM.
THOR, I BEG YOU, DON'T DO THIS. THE TROLLS WILL MAKE WAR IF YOU EXECUTE ONE OF--
UR THE TROLL, YOU ARE HEREBY FOUND GUILTY OF CRIMES AGAINST THE NINE REALMS.
THIS NOT RIGHT. THIS NOT WHY WE FORM LEAGUE OF REALMS.
OF CONSORTING WITH MALEKITH THE ACCURSED OF SERVING AS AN ACCESSORY IN THE SLAUGHTER OF ELVES OF THE BETRAYAL OF YOUR SACRED OATH.
THOR STOP YOU CAN'T JUST--
BY THE POWER VESTED IN ME BY THE THRONE OF ASGARD, I, THOR GOD OF THUNDER...
CONDEMN THEE TO DIE.
THOR NO!
ARRGGGHHH.!!
KRA-A-KAR OOOM

WELL...
OUR LEAGUE OF REALMS JUST KEEPS GETTING SMALLER.
LEAGUE OF REALMS?
THERE IS NO MORE LEAGUE OF REALMS.
HEH. BRAVO, BLONDIE
WE MAY MAKE A GOD OF YOU YET

SCREWBEARD NO MORE LISTEN TO GODS OR ELVES. RATHER GO HOME, BE SCREAMED AT BY WIFE.
UD WAS LAZY AND CRUEL AND HE SMELLED LIKE A DRAGON'S HINDQUARTERS, BUT HE WAS NO OATHBREAKER.
AND EVEN IF HE WAS, HE WAS ALSO THE OFFICIAL AMBASSADOR FOR THE KINGDOM OF THE TROLLS, A PEOPLE WHO AREN'T EXACTLY KNOWN FOR THEIR FORGIVENESS AND UNDERSTANDING.
AFTER THIS, MORE THAN JUST DARK ELVES WILL DIE. MANY MORE.
BE THAT ON YOUR BLASTED HEAD, THUNDER GOD.
YOU SHOULD BURY HIM, AT LEAST. TROLLS BELIEVE THE GREATEST BLASPHEMY IS FOR THEIR BODIES TO ROT ABOVE GROUND
GOOD. THEN HE STAYS RIGHT WHERE HE IS.
WHATEVER YOU SAY. YOU'RE THE GOD.
I JUST SAVED YOUR LIFE. THEY WOULD HAVE BURNED YOU FOR BEING A TRAITOR.
THEY MIGHT'VE TRIED. EITHER WAY, I OWE YOU NOTHING. THOR.
ONE NIGHT OF PASSION DOES NOT MAKE ME YOUR LOVER. ONE BATTLE DOES NOT MAKE ME YOUR COMRADE-IN-ARMS. I WILL FINISH THIS FIGHT ON MY OWN.
YOU CAN'T. NOT ALONE. BUT TOGETHER WE MIGHT STILL HAVE A CHANCE.
YOU HAVE A PLAN? EVEN NOW?
I DO. BUT WE MUST RIDE FAR AND WE MUST RIDE TOGETHER.
TO WHERE?
TO THE WORLD WHERE MIRACLES HAPPEN.

MIDGARD.
WORLD OF FOSSIL FUELS AND HIGH-FRUCTOSE CORN SYRUP.
WORLD OF MONSTERS AND MEN.
WHY HAVE WE COME TO THIS WRETCHED, GAUDY WORLD AND THIS HIDEOUS CITY THAT SMELLS OF URINE AND FRIED DOUGH? WHAT IS THIS PLACE WE SEEK, THOR?
A PLACE OF GREAT MAGIC
LET ME DO THE TALKING.
IF YOU'VE COME TO SELL THAT GOAT, I'LL GIVE YA A GOOD PRICE.
THE GOAT IS NOT FOR SALE. WE ARE INTERESTED IN SOMETHING A BIT MORE EXOTIC. WHAT MEATS HAVE YOU. .
FROM THE SWAMPS OF SVARTALFHEIM?

FARTLE-WHAT NOW? NEVER HEARD OF IT PAL. GO BACK TO WILLIAMSBURG YA WEIRDOS.
WE CAN PAY TOP DOLLAR. I ASSUME YOU TAKE GOLD?
THOR THOSE COINS ARE FROM THE ROYAL TREASURY OF QUEEN ALFYSE! WHERE DID YOU--
SHE HAS NO NEED OF THEM IN QUEEN HELA'S REALM, I ASSURE YOU
WILL THIS SUFFICE BUTCHER OF HOGS?
YEAH, ALL RIGHT. MAYBE YOU FOLKS WILL FIND WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR...WAY IN THE BACK THERE. JUST KEEP WALKING, PAST THE EYEBALL BAR AND THE DAY-OLD GRISTLE BINS.
ONCE YOU'RE ANKLE-DEEP IN ENTRAILS, YOU'RE GETTING CLOSE
THOR I FEAR WE ARE BEING WATCHED.
I WOULD HOPE SO IF WE WERE NOT.
THIS WOULDN'T BE MUCH OF A GUARD STATION, WOULD IT?

THOR OF ASGARD. WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU.
THOUGH WE WEREN'T EXPECTING HER. WHAT ARE YOU, WOMAN? SNAKE FACE TRIBE? HAG WART CLAN? IT'S HARD TO TELL JUST BY YOUR STENCH.
KISS MY POX. I'M DOVE GUT TRIBE
NOT LIKELY. THE DOVE GUTS ARE ALL DEAD
SO ARE YOU IF YOU DON'T MIND YOUR TONGUE WHO THE SCUM ARE YOU?
SIR CANKER OFFICIAL HERALD FOR THE COUNCIL OF THE UNHALLOWED.
YES. AND THEY'VE BEEN QUITE BUSY
THE COUNCIL? THE DARK ELF TRIBAL COUNCIL IS HERE?
AAARRGGHHH!
WHAT'S HAPPENING? WHAT ARE THEY DOING?
I ASKED THEM TO DEBATE MY PROPOSAL!
THEY'RE DOING JUST AS YOU ASKED THEM, LORD THOR
SO YOU DID.

AND THIS IS HOW DARK ELVES DEBATE.
YOU'RE LEAKING YOU WITHERED OLD SACK OF DIARRHEA. ARE YOU READY TO MAKE THOSE BUDGETARY CONCESSIONS?
ONLY IF YOU'RE WILLING TO CONCEDE THAT YOUR MOTHER IS A DISEASED HARLOT AND KNOWN CONSORTER WITH DWARVES
HOW LONG HAS THIS BEEN GOING ON? HAVE THEY MADE ANY PROGRESS ON MY PROPOSAL?
THIS IS STILL THE PRELIMINARY PHASE OF DEBATE. THEY'VE ONLY JUST GOTTEN TO THE INTRODUCTORY STABBING.
THIS MUST STOP.
THOR, WHAT IS THIS? WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?
TRYING TO SAVE YOUR PEOPLE, MY LADY WHILE WE STILL CAN
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND THE LEVEL OF TRIBAL PARTISANSHIP YOU'RE FACING HERE. THESE COUNCILMEN WOULD RATHER SEE THEIR PEOPLE DIE THAN DARE TO AGREE ON ANYTHING
PERHAPS. IF SO, THEY WILL HAVE THEIR CHANCE TO DIE AS WELL.
DARK ELF NOBLEMEN! I AM THOR, GOD OF ASGARD! HEAR MY WORDS!
WHAT? HOW DARE HE DISTURB THESE SACRED PROCEEDINGS! HE INTERRUPTED THE INTRODUCTORY STABBING!
ESTEEMED COUNCILMEN, WE HAVE NO TIME TO STAND ON PROTOCOL. UNLESS WE TAKE ACTION NOW ..YOU AND ALL YOUR PEOPLE ARE DOOMED.

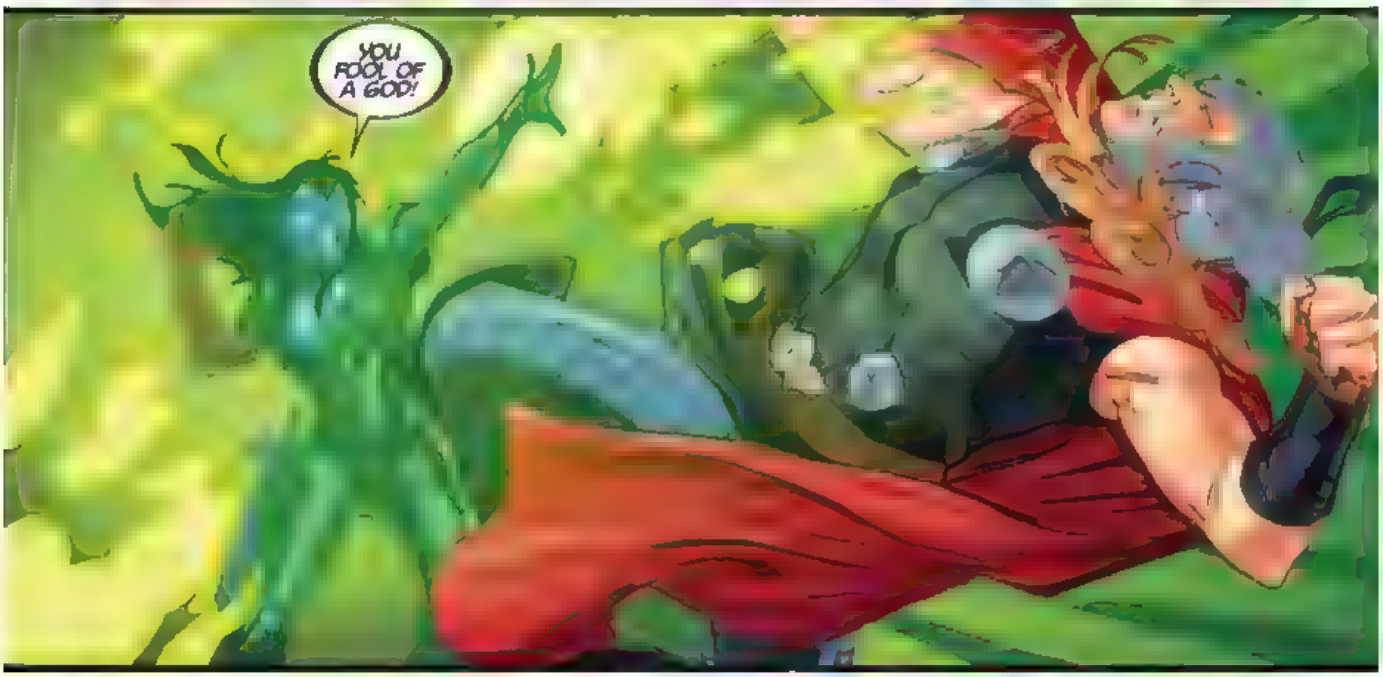
MALEKITH WILL NOT STOP. HE WILL KILL YOU ALL, IF THAT MEANS HE CAN BE LORD OF YOUR CORPSES. THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO END HIS REIGN OF TERROR.
THE TRIBES OF THE DARK ELVES . MUST STAND TOGETHER AS ONE.
YOU MUST PUT ASIDE OLD RIVALRIES AND EMBRACE CHANGE. YOU MUST HOLD OPEN ELECTIONS TO FIND A RULER WHO CAN UNIFY ALL THE CLANS. THE DARK ELVES MUST BE ONE OR ELSE--
IMPOSSIBLE! IN A THOUSAND EONS, IT HAS NEVER BEEN SO; KINGS AND QUEENS ARE MERE FIGUREHEADS. IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE TRIBAL LEADERS WHO RULE.
COUNCILMEN, LISTEN, WHILE THERE'S STILL--
BAH! REMOVE THIS FOOLISH GOD FROM OUR PRESENCE AND LET US RETURN TO OUR WORK!
RESUME THE STABBING!
YOU HAD NOBLE INTENTIONS, THOR, BUT AS I WARNED YOU, IT WAS A HOPELESS GESTURE. THE COUNCILMEN WILL NOT HEAR YOU.
NO, I DIDN'T EXPECT THEY WOULD. NOT RIGHT AWAY.
THOUGH WE'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENS...
"ONCE THEY'RE GIVEN THE PROPER MOTIVATION."
DING DING
BUSY DAY. WHAT CAN I GET FOR YA?
YOU SELL GUTS, I SEE SPLENDID

I'LL TAKE ALL YOU'VE GOT.
EEEEEENGGHHH!!!
THAT'S A PIXIE'S SCREAM
YES. IT WOULD APPEAR THE AFOREMENTIONED MOTIVATION HAS JUST ARRIVED.
THOR. WHAT IN SURTUR'S NAME HAVE YOU DONE?
NO MORE GAMES, WAZIRIA. WE HAVEN'T THE TIME FOR THEM NOW. MALEKITH THE ACCURSED HAS COME.
THOUGH I SUPPOSE YOU ALREADY KNEW THAT.

YOU ..YOU RE LIKE THE OTHERS .. YOU THINK I'M A TRAITOR?
CANKER! TELL THE BUTCHER AND HIS PIXIES TO STAND DOWN.
NOT IF YOU DO AS I SAY. LET HIM COME TO ME. HE AND ALL HIS ELVES.
STAND DOWN?! BUT MALEKITH IS HERE! HE WILL MURDER US ALL!

YOU THINK I'M A TRAITOR! BUT... YOU KILLED THE TROLL!
I THINK MALEKITH IS RIGHT WHERE I WANT HIM. AND FOR THAT, I HAVE NONE BUT YOU TO THANK MY LADY.
COUNCILMEN! I SUGGEST YOU DEBATE WITH A [illegible] HASTE!

YOU FOOL..
GO TO HIM, WAZIRIA. TELL HIM THOR WAITS WITHIN.
TELL HIM WE FINISH THIS HERE.


YOU FOOL OF A GOD!

AYE, I AM A FOOL FOR EVER HAVING DARED TO TRUST A DARK ELF SORCERESS. BUT THAT WILL...

HHRRGGH... THAT PAIN IN MY GUT. WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME WITCH?
I DID NOTHING. STOP YOUR--
WHAT DID YOU... HHHRRGGH!!!
MOTHER OF MAGGOTS.

NOW DO YOU SEE THE TRUTH THUNDER GOD? I WAS NEVER THE TRAITOR.
YOU WERE.
YES AND NOW HE'LL DIE A TRAITOR'S DEATH.
AS WILL YOU ALL.

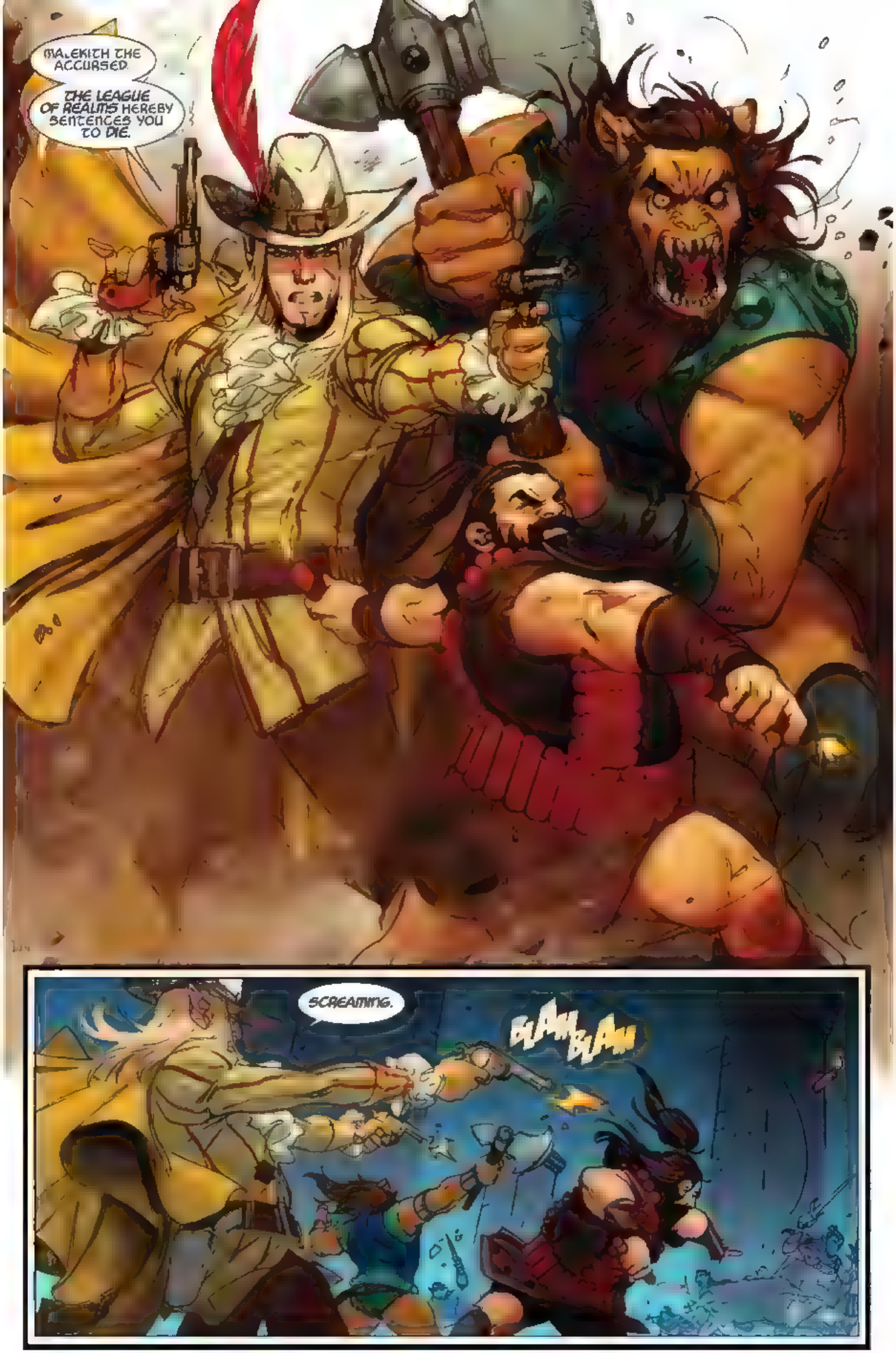
17

THE GOD WHO SAVED THE ELVES

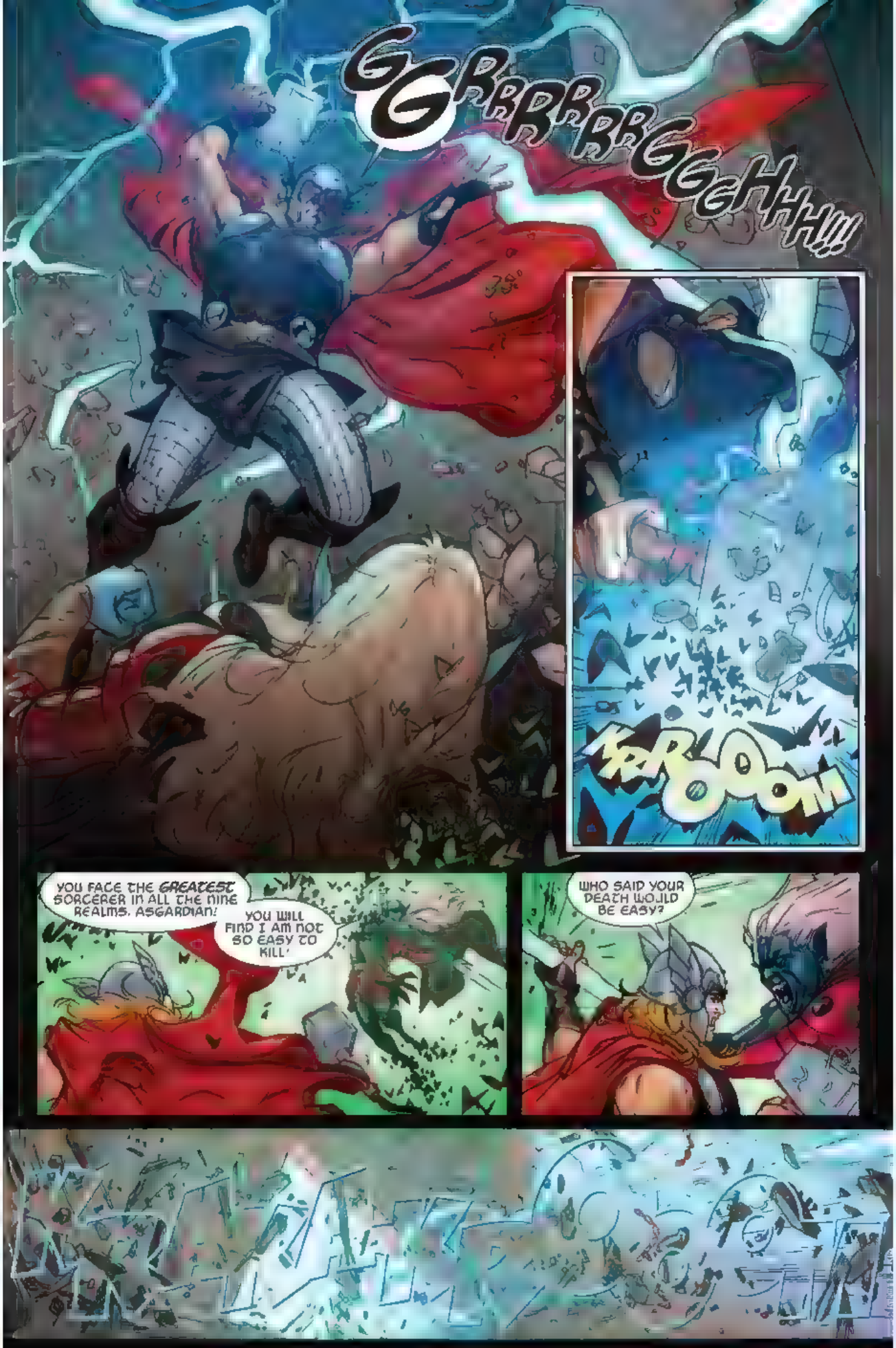
Midgard.
Beneath the Streets of
Manhattan.
YOU BUGGED HIM
HRRGHKK!

YOU BUGGED THOR. THAT'S HOW YOU'VE BEEN FOLLOWING US.
YES. I HAD ONE OF MY DARK ELVES SLIP A SPELL INTO THOR'S MEAD BACK ON ASGARD. BEFORE THIS WHOLE ORDEAL EVEN BEGAN. I'VE BEEN PLANNING THIS DAY FOR A VERY LONG TIME LADY WAZIRIA.
LET ME GUESS. HE THOUGHT YOU WERE THE TRAITOR.

I DID MY BEST TO MAKE IT OBVIOUS THAT WE HAD... A HISTORY.
YOU TOLD HIM WHAT, THAT YOU WERE YOUNG AND FOOLISH ONCE?
FOOLISH DOESN'T BEGIN TO COVER IT MALEKITH. BUT I'M NOT A LITTLE GIRL ANYMORE.
OH. TO BE YOUNG AGAIN AND UNBURDENED BY GREATNESS. I ALMOST MISS THOSE DAYS. WHEN I WAS BUT AN INNOCENT ELF WITH MERE DREAMS OF REGICIDE AND WAR.
GOODBYE, GOD OF THUNDER. SUCH A SHAME THAT YOU MURDERED THAT POOR TROLL FOR NOTHING.
I WOULDN'T SAY THAT.


MALEKITH THE ACCURSED.
THE LEAGUE OF REALMS HEREBY SENTENCES YOU TO DIE.
SCREAMING.
BLAM BLAM

IMPOSSIBLE. IT CAN'T BE THE SAME TROLL
WHERE ARE THE REST OF THE ELVES?! UD THE TROLL WAS PROMISED A FIGHT WORTHY OF HIS AWESOMENESS!
IT'S THE SAME TROLL
DON'T LOOK CONFUSED DOGS OF SVARTALFHEIM. IS TIME TO STAND AND FIGHT LIKE DWARVES, OR SCREWBEARD BLOW WHOLE PLACE TO HEL!
MALEKITH! LET US SEE HOW YOU LIKE THE TASTE OF MY IRON. VILLAIN! ONE BULLET FOR EVERY CHILD YOU'VE MURDERED!
THE GREAT SIR IVORY HONEYSHOT BRAVE HUNTER OF HUMMINGBIRDS AND PHEASANTS. LET US SEE HOW YOU LIKE THE TASTE OF YOUR OWN GUTS LIGHT ELF BAST--
WHA...?
KR-OOOM!


GGRRRRRGGHHH!!!
KA-BOOM
YOU FACE THE GREATEST SORCERER IN ALL THE NINE REALMS, ASGARDIAN!
YOU WILL FIND I AM NOT SO EASY TO KILL!
WHO SAID YOUR DEATH WOULD BE EASY?

HEH. I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW A LITTLE SOMETHING ABOUT SORCERY YOURSELF DON'T YOU?
THAT WAS QUITE THE LITTLE PANTOMIME YOU PLT TOGETHER BACK IN VANAHEIM WHEN YOU CONVINCED ME YOU'D SLA N THE TROLL. WHERE EXACTLY DID YOU PICK UP THAT SPELL?
YOU DON'T GROW UP THE BROTHER OF LOKI. . WITHOUT LEARNING A FEW OF HIS TRICKS
WHOOM
WELL THEN...
ALLOW ME TO SHOW YOU A FEW OF MINE

IT'S MALEKITH! DEFEND THE TRIBAL COUNCIL! DEFEND THE--
AAAAAARRRRRGGGHHH!!!
PARDON THE NOISE. BUT I DID JUST TURN HIS KIDNEYS INTO A PAIR OF STARVING RATS.
AND HIS BLOOD INTO LAVA. AND HIS EYES INTO VIPERS. AND OH LOOK THAT ELF'S BEARD WILL MAKE FOR A SPLENDID NEST OF SWAMP SPIDERS.
ENOUGH!
WHAT SORT OF MADMAN MURDERS HIS OWN PEOPLE?!
A MADMAN WITH A VISION.
AND THE STRENGTH TO SEE IT THROUGH.
MJOLNIR! NO!!!
A VISION OF WAR. OF REALMS BURNING.
AND OF THE DARK ELVES OF SVARTALFHEIM STANDING OVER IT ALL, TRIUMPHANT.
IT'S A PITY, REALLY... THAT YOU WON'T LIVE TO SEE IT.

THE LEAGUE OF REALMS RETURNS.
OR IS IT... THE LEAGUE OF MUMMERS AND MIMES?
THAT WAS NO ACTING ON MY PART. I THOUGHT THE TROLL MURDERED AS WELL. UNTIL SCREWBEARD AND I FOUND HIM WANDERING THE WOODS OF VANAHEIM, LOOKING JUST AS CONFUSED AS WE WERE.
BUT THEN WE READ THE NOTE THOR HAD PINNED TO HIS BACKSIDE WHICH LED US HERE. CLEVER PLOY. FOR A GOD

SO I GUESS THIS MEANS YOU WEREN'T THE TRAITOR AFTER ALL.
YOU SOUND ALMOST DISAPPOINTED. IF IT'S ANY CONSOLATION, I DID COME CLOSE TO MURDERING YOU ON MULTIPLE OCCASIONS.
THANK YOU, MY LADY. THAT DOES MAKE ME FEEL BETTER
THIS FOR DWARVES OF NIDAVELLIR, ELF DOGS!
WHERE IS ONE CALLED SCUMTONGUE?! WHERE'S MURDERER OF MY...

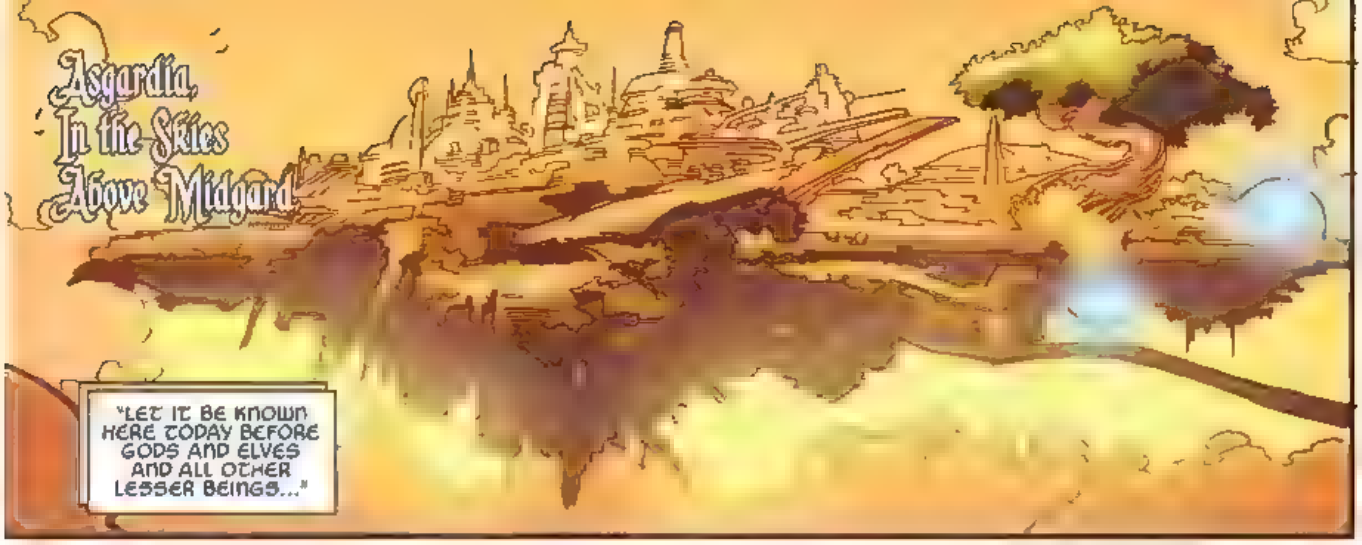
HA! THESE EARS CAN HEAR PEBBLE ST R FROM HUNDRED CAVES AWAY YOU CANNOT SNEAK UP ON THIS DWARF SCUMTONGUE THE TONGUELESS
NOW LET US DANCE THE BLOOD DANCE!
WHUD
SHUNK
GAHH. YOU ELVES. ALWAYS WITH KNIVES. FIGHT LIKE DWARF WITH REAL WEAPONS! WITH DYNAMITE AND ACID!
NNGHH.
OKAY.
THIS STARTING TO LOOK BAD.
THE DWARF'S IN TROUBLE!
I SEE HIM.
CAN YOU REACH HIM?
I CAN SHOOT THE FUSE IF YOU'LL STOP DISTRACTING ME!

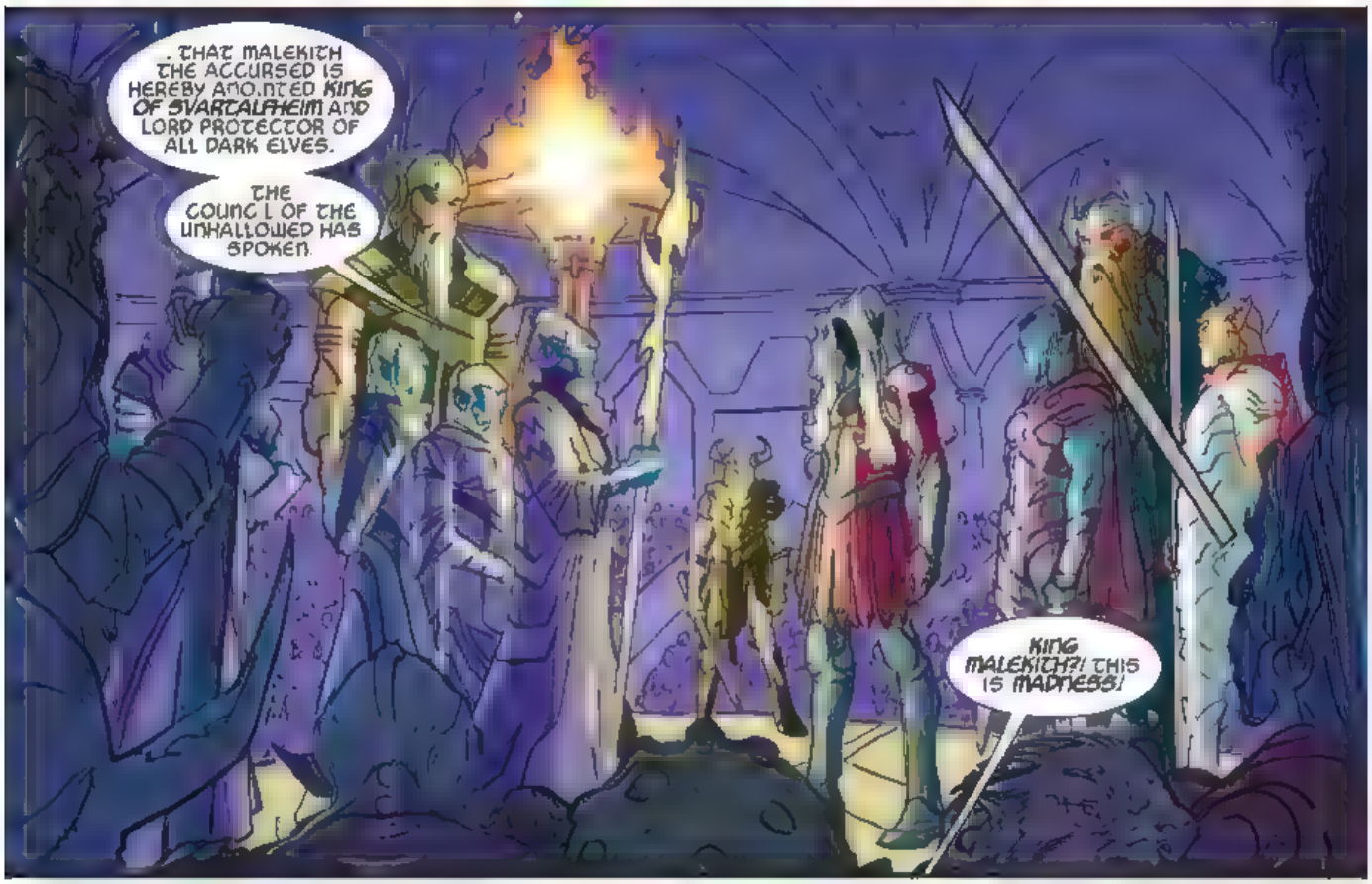
SHHKKK
MOVE!
BOOOOM
STUPID TROLL! YOU COULD'VE CUT FUSE, NOT ME!
YOU'RE WELCOME, DWARF
EYES FRONT HERE THEY COME
ONCE MORE INTO THE FRAY LEAGUE OF REALMS
FOR ALFHEIM!
FOR SVARTALFHEIM!
FOR THE TROLLS!
FOR MY HAND!

HHHHRRGHHH!!!
AH YES THERE ARE FEW SOUNDS MORE PLEASING IN ALL THE NINE REALMS... THAN THE SCREAMING OF A GOD.
TELL ME WAS IT TRUE WHAT I HEARD BEING WHISPERED BY THE SPIDERS IN NASTROND PRISON? THAT SOME HORRIBLE GOD BUTCHER NEARLY SLEW ALL THE GODS HIMSELF, IN ONE FELL SWOOP?
SUCH A TERRIBLE SHAME THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN. THINK OF THE CHILDREN. THE ONES WHO WOULD'VE DIED WITHOUT EVER KNOWING SUFFERING IT BREAKS MY HEART.
AND SPEAKING OF BROKEN ORGANS
I JUST TURNED YOUR LIVER INTO A TANGLE OF BROKEN GLASS. WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THAT GOD OF THUNDER?
I SAY...I DO NOT NEED A LIVER.
TO KILL AN ELF
PTEWWW
GAARGHH!!
KRACKLE

KRADADOOOOM
AH. THERE YOU ARE. THE DARK ELF TRIBAL COUNCIL. GOOD EVENING GENTLEMEN.
PARDON ME IF I DON'T GET UP.
COUNCILMEN.
I SUGGEST YOU STAND BACK.

WHOOOM
ROXXON!
WHOOOM
THWWACK
GUUUH--
I SHOULD HAVE SENT THAT BLASTED HAMMER INTO THE SUN.
AYE. YOU SHOULD'VE NOW IT'S GOING TO SEND YOL BACK TO HEL.
MALEKITH THE ACCURSED. PREPARE TO--
WAIT!
THE DARK ELF TRIBAL COUNCIL HAS DONE AS YOU ASKED ASGARDIAN
WE HAVE PUT AS DE OUR DIFFERENCES FOR THE GOOD OF OUR PEOPLE
AND WE HAVE REACHED A DECISION.


Asgardia, In the Skies Above Midgard
"LET IT BE KNOWN HERE TODAY BEFORE GODS AND ELVES AND ALL OTHER LESSER BEINGS..."


...THAT MALEKITH THE ACCURSED IS HEREBY ANOINTED KING OF SVARTALFHEIM AND LORD PROTECTOR OF ALL DARK ELVES.
THE COUNCIL OF THE UNHALLOWED HAS SPOKEN.
KING MALEKITH?! THIS IS MADNESS!

HE TRIED TO SLAUGHTER YOU ALL! AND YOU MAKE HIM YOUR KING!
THOR...
NO, I REFUSE TO STAND SILENT! I DEMAND TO KNOW WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS INSANITY!
ISN'T IT OBVIOUS? YOU ARE.

YOU WANTED THE DARK ELVES TO STAND TOGETHER, REMEMBER? AND SO THEY HAVE.
WHO DID YOU THINK THEY WOULD ELECT? A PEACEMAKER? HAVE YOU MET MY PEOPLE BEFORE?
DARK ELVES AREN'T WEAK LITTLE CHILDREN. LOOKING FOR A MOTHER TO LOVE AND CODDLE US. WE ONLY FOLLOW THE LEADERS WE FEAR.

AND AS OF NOW...SVARTALFHEIM FEARS NO ONE MORE THAN ME.
MANY THANKS FOR YOUR ASSIST IN THESE MATTERS, GOD OF THUNDER. WOULD YOU LIKE A SEAT OF HONOR AT MY CORONATION FEAST?

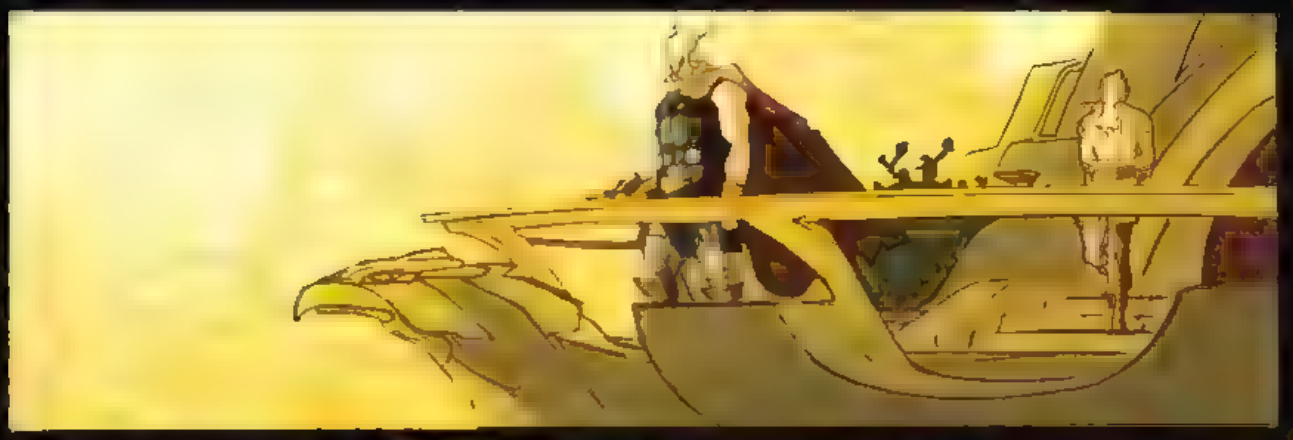
HEAR ME CONGRESS OF WORLDS. YOU FORMED THE LEAGUE OF REALMS IN ORDER TO BRING THIS ELF TO JUSTICE. AND WE BLED DOING SO. ONE OF US EVEN DIED! SLAIN BY MALEKITH HIMSELF!
YOU CANNOT LET THIS ELF MURDER HIS WAY TO A THRONE

IS IT JUST ME OR DOES THIS LEAGUE OF REALMS SEEM MOST EXCEEDINGLY STRANGE?
YES, GOOD FANDRAL. BUT THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGELY FAMILIAR ABOUT THEM AS WELL.

THAT FAT GOD KEEPS STARING AT US
KING OR NO KING, MALEKITH IS STILL A WANTED CRIMINAL. HE BELONGS IN NASTROND PRISON.

THIS IS TRUE, SIR HONEYSHOT. IF SVARTALFHEIM WOULD HAVE PEACE BETWEEN OUR REALMS THEN MALEKITH'S DEBT TO ASGARD MUST BE PAID IN FULL
YOU MAY TAKE THE THRONE OF SVARTALFHEIM AT YOUR LEISURE, MY LORD. ONCE YOUR SENTENCE HAS BEEN SERVED
WHAT DID YOU HAVE LEFT TO GO? A MERE THOUSAND YEARS OR SO? I'M SURE YOUR PEOPLE WILL WAIT FOR YOU.
I INVOKE THE ROYAL RIGHT TO CALL A PROXY
A PROXY? WHY YES, OF COURSE. IF YOU CAN FIND A VOLUNTEER WILLING TO TAKE YOUR PLACE IN THE SNAKE PITS OF NIFFLEHEIM, THEN BY ALL MEANS--
I WILL.
I WILL BE HIS PROXY.
LADY WAZIRIA?! HAS MALEKITH BEWITCHED YOU SOMEHOW? WHY WOULD YOU DO THIS?
I DO THIS OF MY OWN FREE WILL, I ASSURE YOU. THIS IS THE WAY IT MUST BE. THIS WILL END THE BLOODSHED. MY PEOPLE WILL BE SAFE ONCE MORE.
BUT BEWARE THOR... AS YOURS WILL NOT
I AM SORRY MY LADY. FOR EVER DOUBTING YOU. FOR EVERYTHING THAT--
NEVER APOLOGIZE, ASGARDIAN. FOR ANYTHING THAT YOU ARE. YOU FIGHT LIKE A TROLL. DRINK LIKE A GIANT. MAKE LOVE LIKE AN ELF. WOULD THAT ALL GODS WERE MORE LIKE THOR.
NOW...GIVE ME ONE LAST MEMORY...TO KEEP ME WARM IN THE LAND OF THE DEAD.

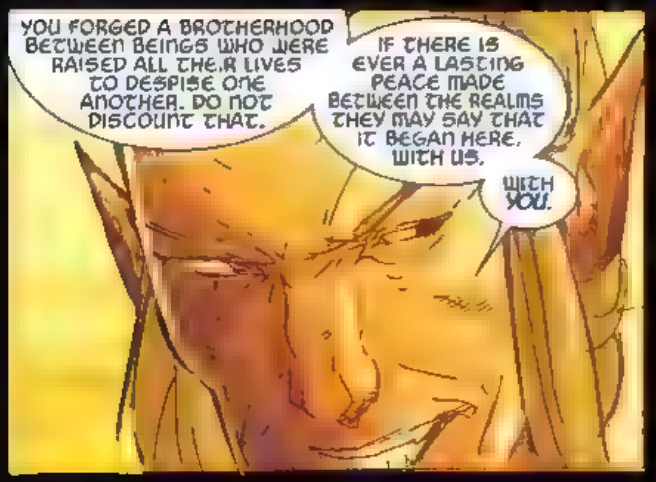
HHMMPF
GIVE MY REGARDS TO THE SPIDERS OF NIFFLEHEIM MY LADY. I WILL SEE IF I CAN ARRANGE SOME CONJUGAL VISITS FROM TIME TO TIME.
I DID THIS NOT FOR YOU MALEKITH BUT FOR SVARTALFHEIM. RULE OUR PEOPLE TRUE.
OR I WILL SEE YOU IN HEL.
MALEKITH OF SVARTALFHEIM...IF YOU WOULD SEEK THE APPROVAL OF THIS CONGRESS AND THE PEACE BETWEEN WORLDS THAT WE ALL KNOW YOU SO FERVENTLY CRAVE THEN YOU MUST OFFER ONE OF YOUR COURT AS AN EMISSARY.
WHO WILL SPEAK FOR SVARTALFHEIM IN THE CONGRESS OF WORLDS?
AH I KNOW JUST THE ELF.
RIGHT THIS WAY SENATOR SCUMTONGUE
THIS IS TOO MUCH THIS IS TOO GREAT AN INSULT.
PEACE NEVER COMES WITHOUT A PRICE, MY SON.
PEACE?
I SEE VERY LITTLE PEACE IN OUR FUTURE.

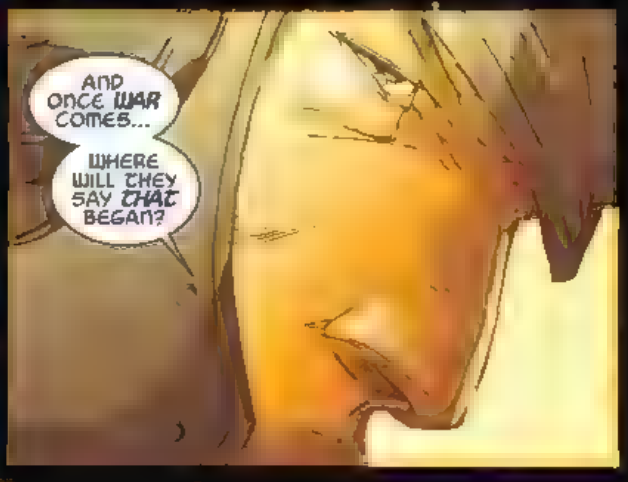


THESE DARK ELVES. ONE COULD GO QUITE MAD TRYING TO UNDERSTAND THEIR WAYS.
OH, I UNDERSTAND THEM QUITE CLEARLY.
THEY HAVE PLAYED ME FOR A FOOL.

YOU SAVED LIVES THUNDER GOD. DO NOT DOUBT THAT. YOU ENDED THE BLOODSHED.
AYE. I AM THE GOD WHO SAVED THE ELVES.
AND DOOMED ALL ELSE.

WITH MALEKITH AS KING, WHATEVER PEACE WE HAVE WON WILL BE SHORT-LIVED I ASSURE YOU. NO WORLD WILL BE SAFE. LEAST OF ALL ASGARD.
PERHAPS. BUT IF TROUBLE COMES AGAIN, YOU NOW HAVE A LEAGUE OF REALMS W TH WHICH TO FACE IT.


YOU FORGED A BROTHERHOOD BETWEEN BEINGS WHO WERE RAISED ALL THEIR LIVES TO DESPISE ONE ANOTHER. DO NOT DISCOUNT THAT.
IF THERE IS EVER A LASTING PEACE MADE BETWEEN THE REALMS THEY MAY SAY THAT IT BEGAN HERE, WITH US.
WITH YOU.

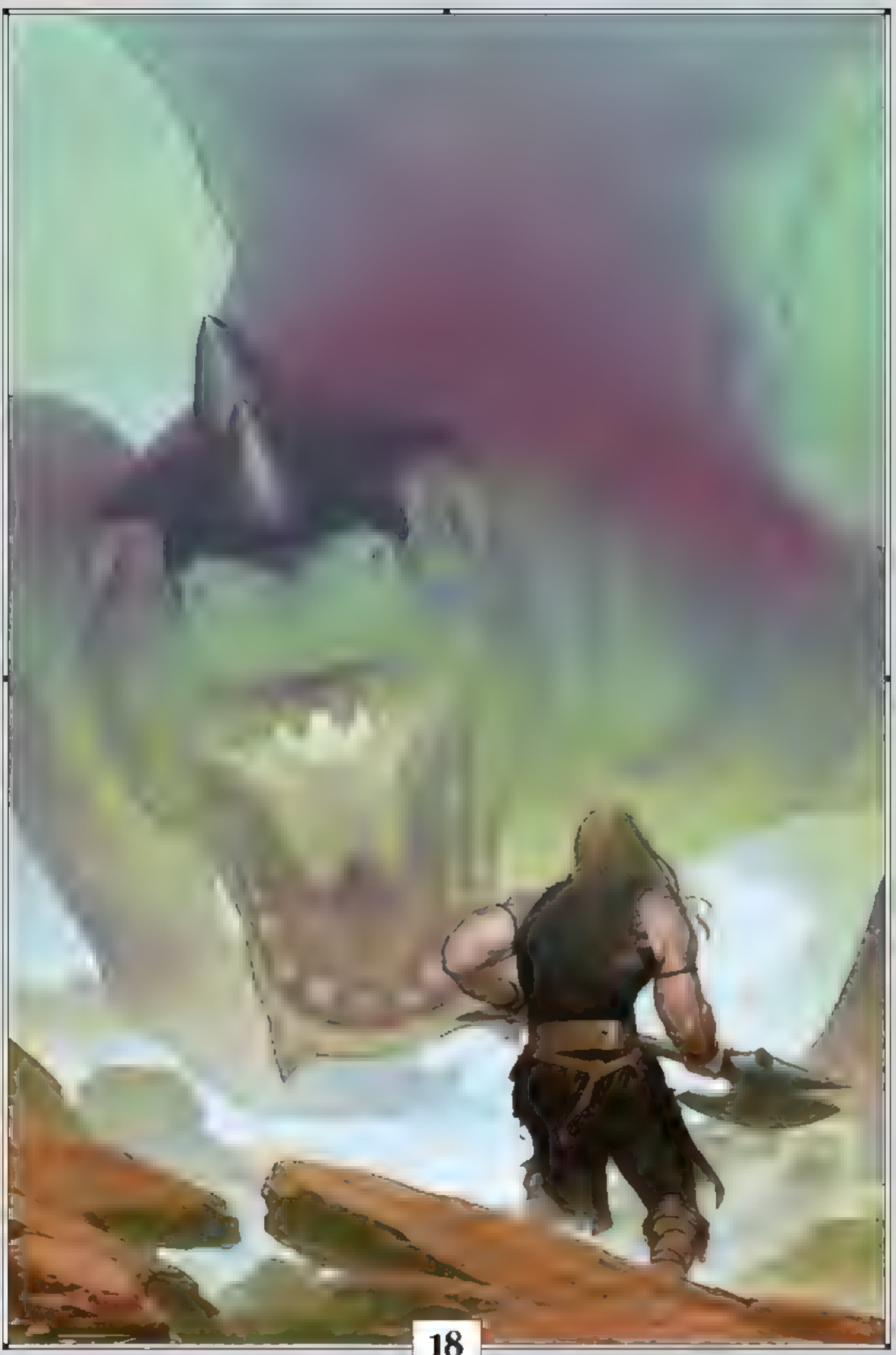

AND ONCE WAR COMES...
WHERE WILL THEY SAY THAT BEGAN?

SIMONSONS
Heathrow
Thus was born the legend of the League of Realms. A legend that would inspire a thousand new songs and sagas.
Sagas that would tell of who and where they fought. Of the names they gave their weapons. Of the sacred bonds that were formed.
Of the brave souls that were lost
Of the worlds that were changed forever

But mostly they would tell of a God. A God caught between being a king...
ROLL
AND
DIE
And an angry young boy who loved the sound of his own thunder.
KRAKA
KOOOM
A god who wondered every day if he was worthy, without ever realizing...
That was the very thing that made him so.

Epilogue
And the sagas would tell of far darker things as well.
Are you certain this is a good idea?
Of a secret born in flame and frost and nursed on the blackest of magic.
Relax son of Jotunheim. I know what I'm doing.
You had better Elf
King Elf. And as I told you, the Asgardians have their League of Realms. Why should we not have the same?
The sagas would tell of Muspelheim, the land of eternal fire and the dark pact that was born there.
Just let me do the talking
And of war. The war that was coming
A war unlike any the nine realms had ever known.

YGGDRASIL
THE WORLD TREE
VANAHEIM
ASGARD
ALFHEIM
MIDGARD
NIDAVELLIR
JOTUNHEIM
NIFFLEHEIM
SVARTALFHEIM
MUSPELHEIM
the nine realms



IS HE DEAD? I THINK HE'S DEAD
POKE HIM WITH YOUR SPEAR
UGGGH. UHA..
WHERE THE
BLAAURAGGH.
HE'S NOT DEAD HE JUST PUKED HIMSELF.
THOR! GET UP.
I'M TRYING
DONK
AAH. BLAST IT MY HEAD. WHY CAN I NOT MOVE? AND WHY IS IT SO DAMNED DARK?
IT'S NOT DARK IT'S MORNING CRAWL OUT AND YOU'LL SEE
YOU'RE GOING TO WANT TO CRAWL IN THE OTHER DIRECTION
WHERE IN THE DEPTHS OF HEL AM I? LAST THING I REMEMBER ..IT WAS THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT AND I

I HAD JUST POURED MYSELF A LARGE HORN OF MEAD
The Faroe Islands, 894 A.D.

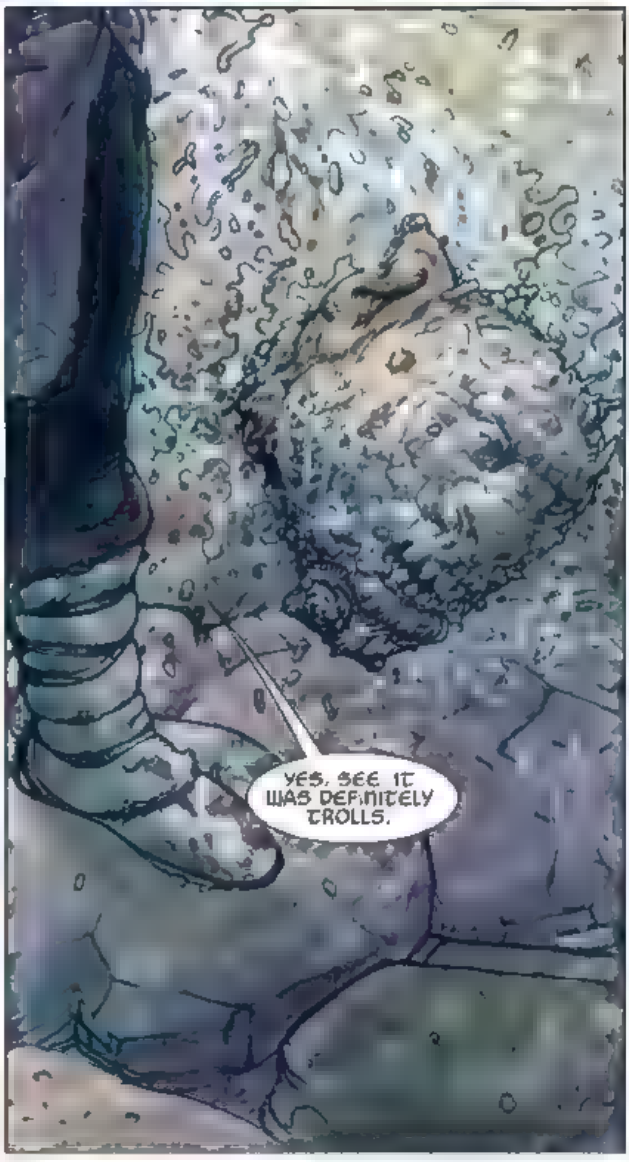
ODIN'S WHISKERS TELL ME IT'S NOT ME WHO SMELLS LIKE THAT.
GET HIM ON HIS FEET.
HE'S COVERED IN VOMIT. SOME HIS. SOME THE DRAGON'S
YES, I CAN SEE THAT
WHERE AM I? IS THIS MIDGARD? SINCE WHEN DOES IT SPIN LIKE THIS? AND WHO ARE--
HERE, WIPE THY FACE THUNDER GOD. I'VE SOMETH NG TO GIVE THEE
ALL HAIL THOR! SLAYER OF DRAGONS!

ALL HAIL THE SON OF ODIN. YOU TRULY ARE A GOD WHO ANSWERS PRAYERS
I AM?
IS IT REALLY HIM?
I THOUGHT HE HAD RED HAIR?
YES, AND WHERE'S HIS MAGIC HAMMER?
TELL THESE WENCHES NOT TO MENTION THE HAMMER
AND REMIND YOUR GOD OF THUNDER. WHO ARE YOU PEOPLE AGAIN?
I AM HALLDORA GRIMKILDOTTIR, FIRST AMONG THE WIDOWS OF THE FAROES, QUEEN OF THE NORTHERN SHE-VIKINGS.
I MUST CONFESS, MY LORD, IT WAS NOT I WHO PRAYED TO YOU, BUT SOME AMONG MY SHIELDMAIDENS. PERSONALLY, I FAVORED ASKING THE MIGHTY SIF FOR AID.
BUT YOU HAVE PROVEN YOURSELF A TRUE GOD OF GODS HERE TODAY. FOR MY DOUBTS, I DO HUMBLY BEG YOUR PARDON.
USUALLY I'M THE ONE DOING THAT.
YOUR GOD'S OMNIPOTENCE IS STILL A BIT... HAZY THIS MORNING. TELL ME, WOMAN, EXACTLY HOW WAS IT THAT THOR SO BRAVELY ANSWERED YOUR PRAYERS?
YOU FOUND THE BEAST THAT HAD TORMENTED OUR VILLAGE, THAT HAD EATEN OUR DOGS AND BURNED OUR LONGSHIPS
AND YOU FELLED IT WITH YOUR MIGHTY AXE, JARNBJORN.
I DID? THAT... SOMEHOW DOESN'T SOUND RIGHT
THE VIKINGS OF THE FAROE ISLANDS WILL FOREVER SING SONGS OF THIS DAY, MY LORD
UHHHH
THE DAY THE MIGHTY THOR SLEW THE FIERCEST OF DRAGONS.
PERHAPS YOU HAD BEST HOLD OFF ON THOSE SONGS...

HOLY ROTTING FISH GUTS
BY ALL THE GODS, DOES MY HEAD ACHE.
SPEARS! KILL THE BEAST BEFORE IT BURNS US ALL TO ASH!
WAIT A MINUTE... THERE'S A DAMN AXE IN MY FACE, ISN'T THERE?! THOR! TELL ME THIS ISN'T YOURS?
THE DRAGON SURTUR'S FLAMING BONES! IT'S ALL COMING BACK TO ME.
SHIELDMAIDENS! STAND DOWN!
SKABGAGG? YOUR NAME IS SKABGAGG ISN'T IT?
YES! NOW WILL YOU PULL THIS DAMN THING OUT?

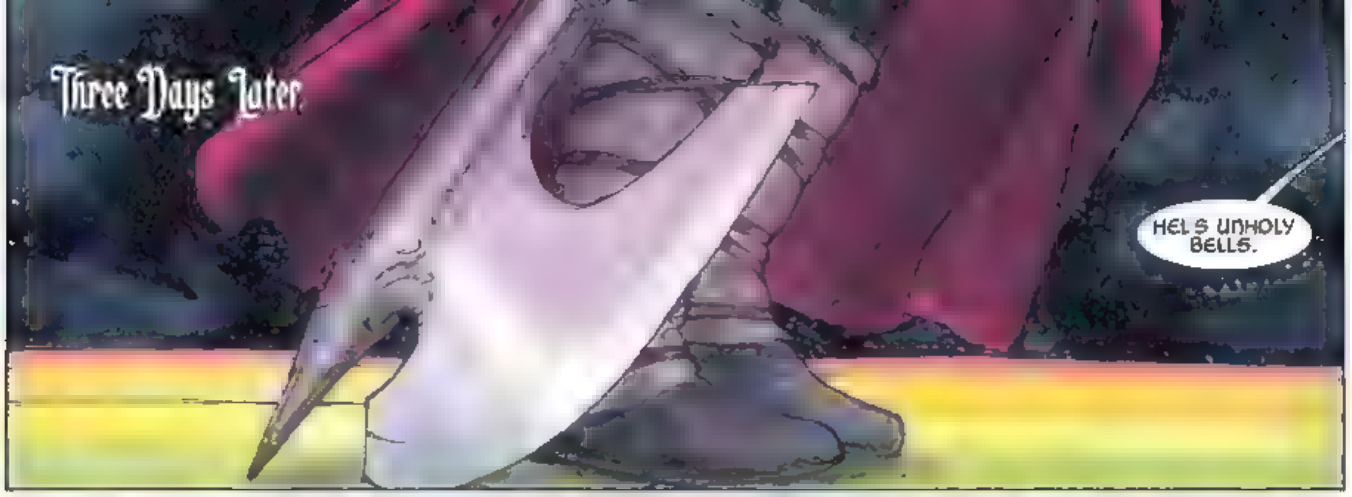
THOR
THERE'S BEEN A MISUNDERSTANDING LADIES
AAARROGHH!!! SON OF A STORM GIANT!
SKABGAGG HERE WASN'T THE ONE WHO ATE YOUR DOGS
OF COURSE HE WAS. JUST LOOK AT HIM!
NO!
THIS DRAGON HAS BEWITCHED YOU, LORD THOR STAND ASIDE AND LET US FINISH KILLING IT FOR YOU.
I FOUND SKABGAGG LAST NIGHT ALONG THE SHORE, WHILE I WAS FOLLOWING THE TRAIL OF YOUR DOG-EATERS. A TRAIL THAT WAS NOT LEFT BY ANY DRAGON
I WAS MINDING MY OWN BUSINESS, EATING SOME WHALES I'D CAUGHT. I DON'T EVEN LIKE DOGS. CERTAINLY NOT ENOUGH TO STEAL THEM.
THE DRAGON ASKED TO AID IN MY SEARCH. WE CONTINUED ON TOGETHER, AND...
AND AFTER THAT, WELL IT'S STILL A BIT ..FUZZY.
GULOHH SUDDENLY I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD
SO YOU'RE TELLING ME THE UNSEEN FIEND WHO'S BEEN PILLAGING US FOR WEEKS IS STILL OUT THERE? AND WE'VE LEFT OUR VILLAGE UNDEFENDED
SHE VIKINGS BACK TO THE BOATS!
NO. WE FOUND THEM. I'M SURE OF IT. I SWEAR I REMEMBER...
...KILLING SOMEONE..

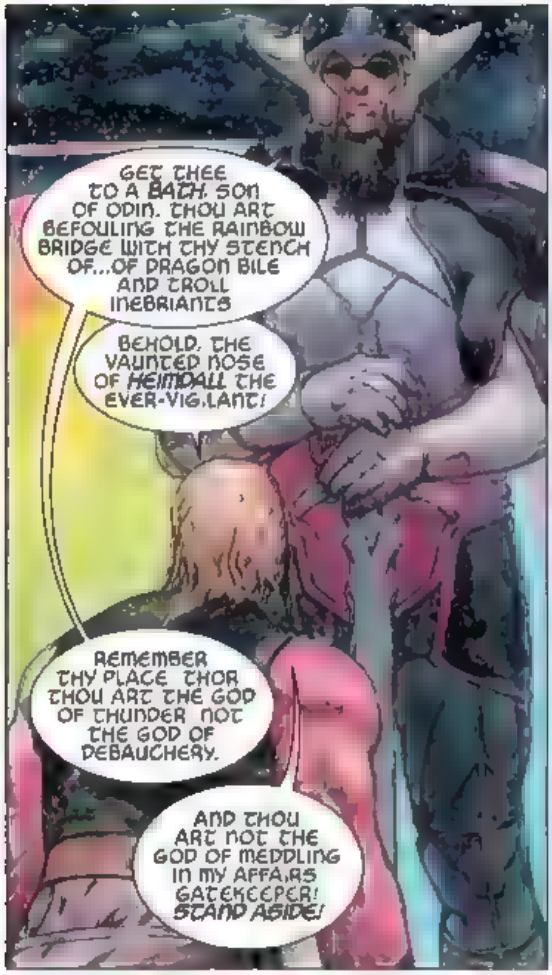
TROLLS. IT WAS TROLLS. WASN'T IT?
IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN TROLLS.
I SEEM TO REMEMBER SOMETHING ABOUT TROLLS
BLAAURRRRGH


YES. SEE. IT WAS DEFINITELY TROLLS.

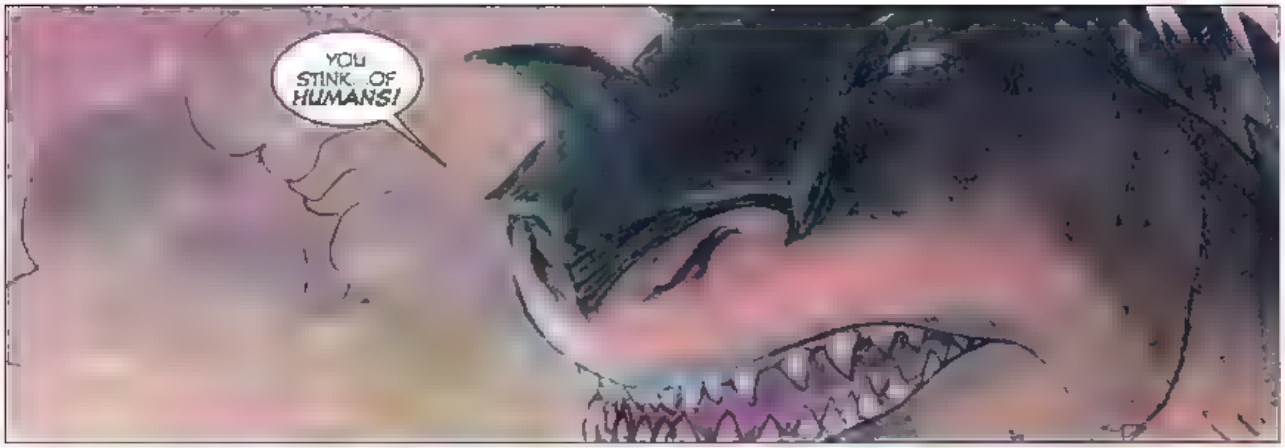
I CAN'T BELIEVE I ATE ONE. TROLLS ARE EVEN MORE DISGUSTING THAN DOGS.
IT WAS A PACK OF MARAUDING TROLLS WHO PILFERED YOUR LIVESTOCK AND BURNED YOUR SHIPS. MY LADIES OF THE FAROES. WE TRACKED THEM TO THEIR HIDEOUT IN THE CLIFFS AND FELLED THE ENTIRE HORDE
AND AFTERWARD... WE DISCOVERED THEIR STOCKPILE OF GROG.
ENOUGH RANCID LIQUOR TO FILL A SWAMP. I THOUGHT IT SMELLED OF ROTTING HORSE. BUT THE DRAGON DARED ME TO DRINK IT.
YES. AND THEN YOU WOULDN'T STOP
WHAT ABOUT YOU? YOU GULPED THAT SWILL BY THE BARRELFUL. AND THEN BLEW FIRE AT ME. I SEEM TO RECALL.
WAS THAT BEFORE OR AFTER YOU BURIED YOUR AXE IN MY FACE?
I WOKE UP INSIDE YOUR MOUTH, YOU FOUL--
STOP IT! BOTH OF YOU!
FOR A GOD AND A DRAGON, YOU BOTH ACT LIKE PRATTLING CHILDREN
YOU ARE GOING TO SHOW ME WHERE YOU SUPPOSEDLY KILLED THESE TROLLS. AND WE ARE GOING TO VERIFY THAT THIS RIDICULOUS STORY OF YOURS IS TRUE
EVERY. SINGLE. PART OF IT.

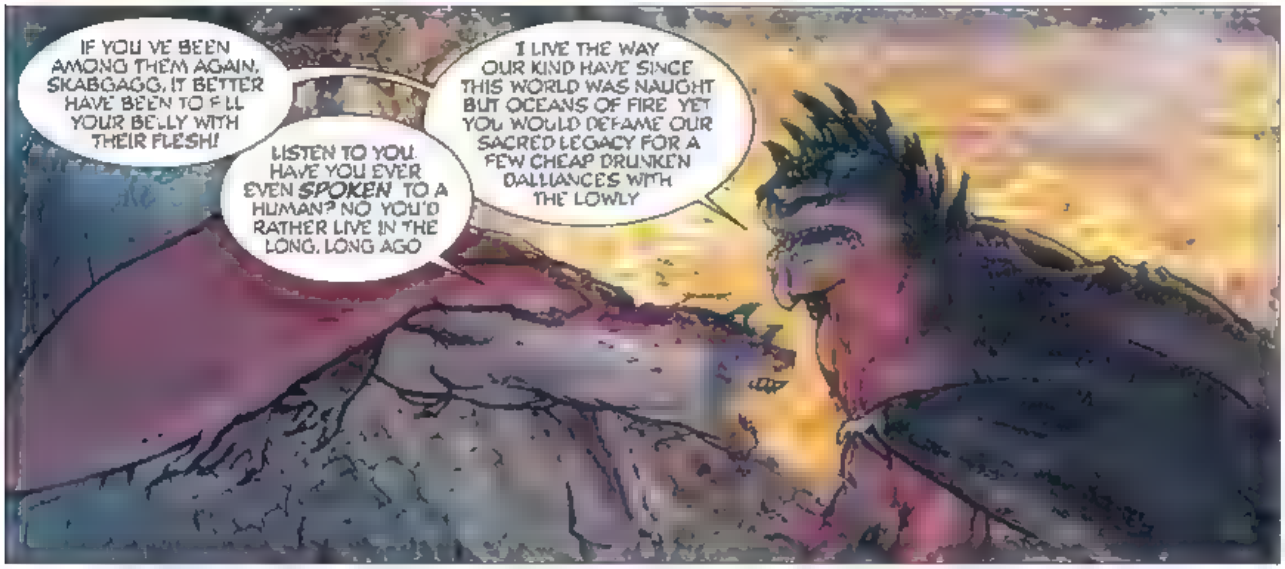
And lo, they did find the lair of the thieves right where Thor had foretold it would be.
And the trolls were indeed most good and truly dead.
And the grog did definitely smell of rotting horse.
Thus did Thor remain a god who answered prayers.
So very many prayers
Thus was life on Midgard in the golden age of the gods.


Three Days Later.
HEL'S UNHOLY BELLS.


GET THEE TO A BATH, SON OF ODIN. THOU ART BEFOULING THE RAINBOW BRIDGE WITH THY STENCH OF...OF DRAGON BILE AND TROLL INEBRIANTS
BEHOLD, THE VAUNTED NOSE OF HEIMDALL THE EVER-VIGILANT!
REMEMBER THY PLACE THOR THOU ART THE GOD OF THUNDER NOT THE GOD OF DEBAUCHERY.
AND THOU ART NOT THE GOD OF MEDDLING IN MY AFFAIRS GATEKEEPER! STAND ASIDE!

THY ROYAL FATHER HAS BEEN LOOKING FOR THEE FOR MANY DAYS
MY FATHER IS OMNIPOTENT. HE MUST NOT HAVE LOOKED VERY HARD!
YOU SHOULD GO TO HIM AND BEG HIS MERCY.
YES OF COURSE I WILL DO SO FORTHWITH, GOOD HEIMDALL! WITH ALL THE SPEED I CAN MUSTER!


YOU STINK OF HUMANS!

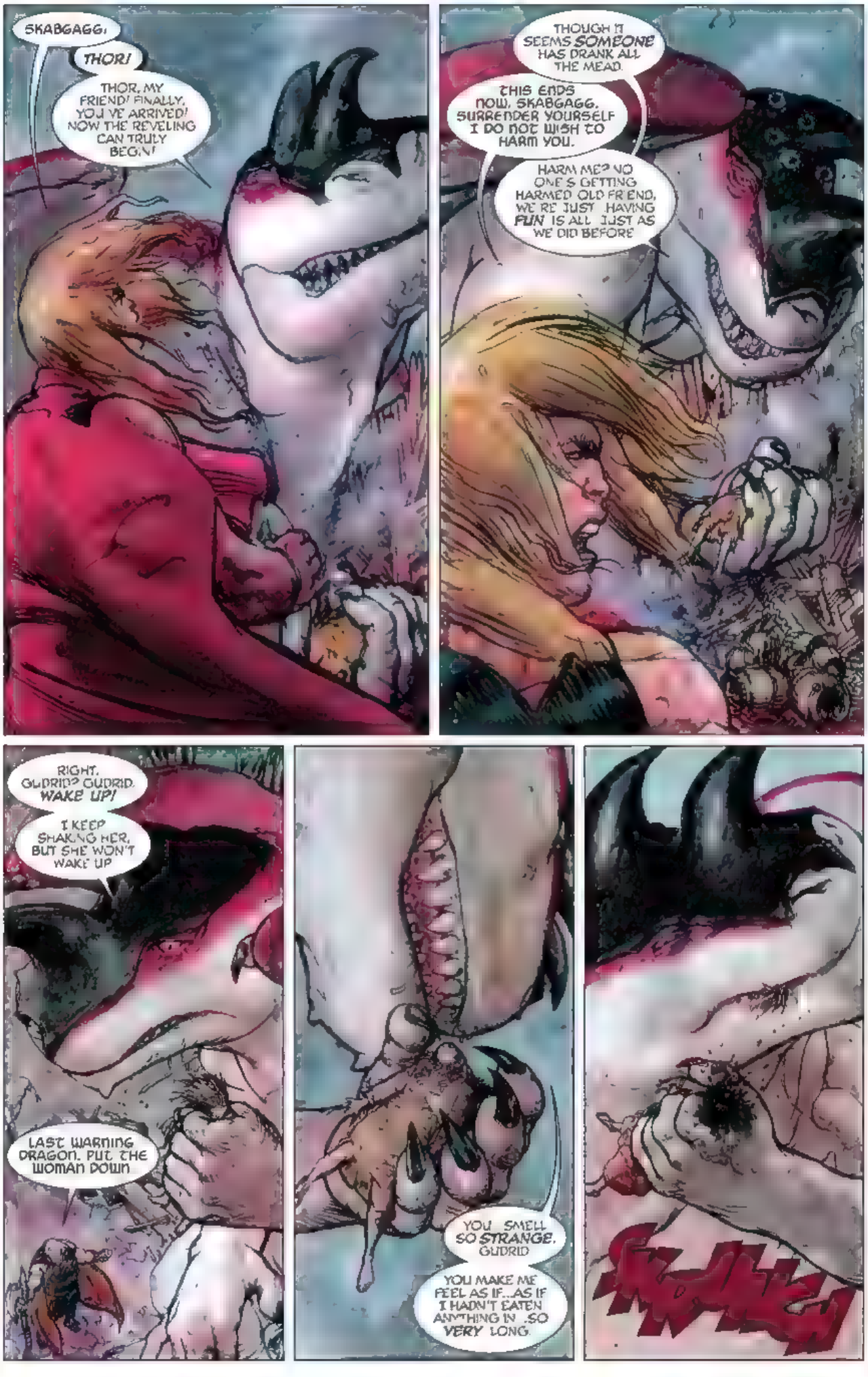

IF YOU'VE BEEN AMONG THEM AGAIN, SKABGAGG, IT BETTER HAVE BEEN TO FILL YOUR BELLY WITH THEIR FLESH!
LISTEN TO YOU. HAVE YOU EVER EVEN SPOKEN TO A HUMAN? NO. YOU'D RATHER LIVE IN THE LONG, LONG AGO
I LIVE THE WAY OUR KIND HAVE SINCE THIS WORLD WAS NAUGHT BUT OCEANS OF FIRE. YET YOU WOULD DEFAME OUR SACRED LEGACY FOR A FEW CHEAP DRUNKEN DALLIANCES WITH THE LOWLY

HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU, I'M NOT LIKE YOU, FATHER!
NO, YOU ARE MOST DECIDEDLY NOT SKABGAGG; YOU ARE A DISGRACE TO DRAGONS EVERYWHERE!
AND FROM THIS DAY FORTH, YOU ARE NO OFFSPRING OF MINE!

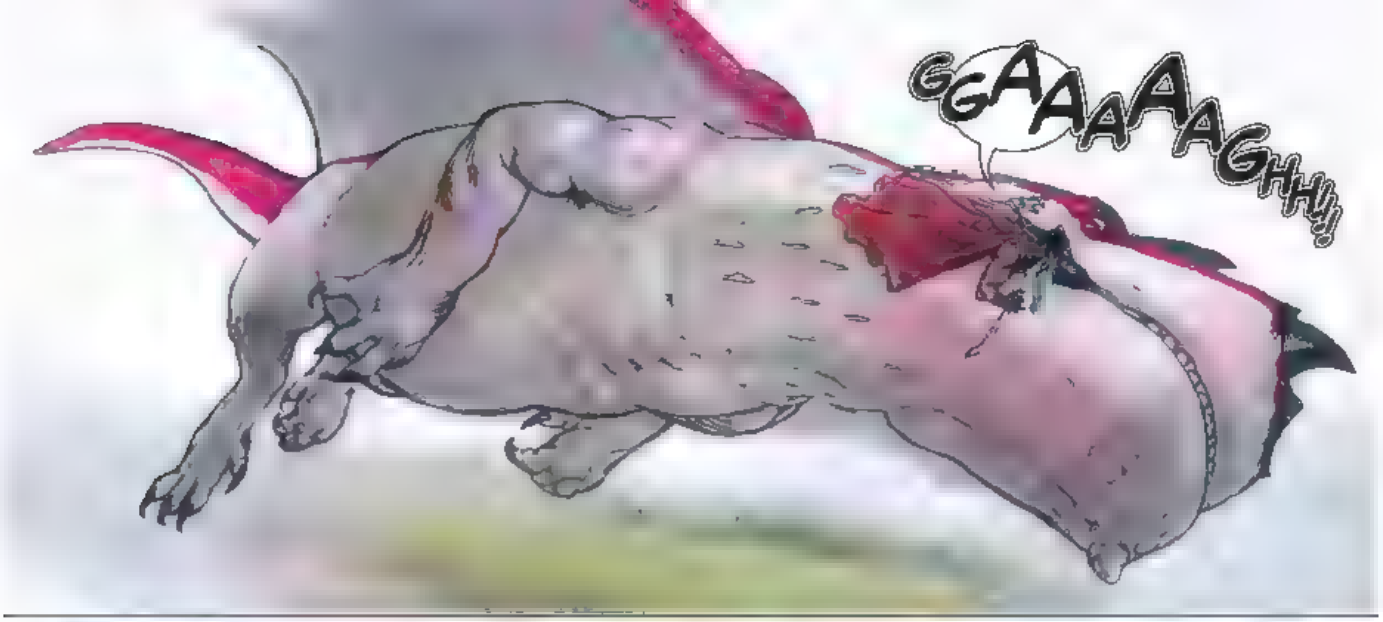
FINE WITH ME! TO THE HELLS WITH YOU!

One Week Later
WHERE IS HE? IF HE DOESN'T COME, I SAY WE BURN HIS TEMPLE AND BUILD ONE TO LOKI.
WE ROASTED AN ELK, BREWED A CAULDRON OF OUR FINEST MEAD AND SAID OUR PRAYERS WHILE NAKED
HE'LL COME
KRA-TOOM
TOOTHGNASHER TOOTHGRINDER! FASTER, YOU MISERABLE OLD GOATS!
THERE BE PRAYERS TO BE ANSWERED AND MEAD TO BE DRUNK!
HAIL, SHE-VIKINGS OF THE FAROES AND BE AT EASE! YOUR GOD OF THUNDER HAS HEARD YOUR HUMBLE PRAYERS!
BUT WHAT HAS BEFALLEN THIS PLACE? HAVE THOSE DAMNED TROLLS NOT LEARNED THEIR LESSON?
IT BE NOT THE TROLLS THIS TIME
NOT TROLLS, YOU SAY?

HE CAME OUT OF THE SKY THREE DAYS AGO, COVERED IN HIS OWN FILTH, TOO DRUNK TO FLY STRAIGHT.
HE DEMANDED THAT WE HAVE ANOTHER PARTY AND PROCEEDED TO DRINK ALL OUR LIQUOR, EAT OUR ENTIRE WINTER'S SUPPLY OF DRIED FISH AND SET HALF THE VILLAGE ABLAZE WITH HIS FIERY BELCHES
I'D WAGER THAT GUT OF HIS IS FILLED WITH ENOUGH ALE, MEAD AND RHINELAND WINE TO DROWN A FULL-GROWN FROST GIANT.
WE'D BEEN HOPING THAT HE WOULD EVENTUALLY DRINK HIS FILL OR AT LEAST PASS OUT. BUT THEN THIS MORNING...
...HE GRABBED UP POOR GUDRID...
ODIN'S BLOOD
AND TOOK HER "DANCING."
I KNOW THE BEAST IS YOUR FRIEND. THAT IS WHY WE CALLED FOR YOU. AND THAT IS THE ONLY REASON HE ISN'T ALREADY SKEWERED ON OUR SPEARS.
FRIEND? I BARELY KNOW THE CREATURE.
EITHER YOU DEAL WITH THIS, MY LORD, OR WE WILL. BUT EITHER WAY.. THE DRAGON MUST PAY FOR WHAT HE'S DONE


SKABGAGG!
THOR!
THOR, MY FRIEND! FINALLY, YOU'VE ARRIVED! NOW THE REVELING CAN TRULY BEGIN!
THOUGH IT SEEMS SOMEONE HAS DRANK ALL THE MEAD.
THIS ENDS NOW, SKABGAGG. SURRENDER YOURSELF I DO NOT WISH TO HARM YOU.
HARM ME? NO ONE'S GETTING HARMED OLD FRIEND, WE'RE JUST HAVING FUN IS ALL. JUST AS WE DID BEFORE
RIGHT, GUDRID? GUDRID. WAKE UP!
I KEEP SHAKING HER, BUT SHE WON'T WAKE UP
LAST WARNING DRAGON. PUT THE WOMAN DOWN
YOU SMELL SO STRANGE, GUDRID
YOU MAKE ME FEEL AS IF...AS IF I HADN'T EATEN ANYTHING IN SO VERY LONG.
SKRAKK!

RRRRRRRGGGH!!!
HEH WHAT DO YOU KNOW FATHER WAS RIGHT ALL ALONG.
GAAAAHHH!!! AGAIN WITH THE AXE!
THOR, STOP THIS MADNESS! WHAT'S COME OVER YOU? YOU'RE MY BEST FRIEND!
THOR IS NOT YOUR FRIEND!
THOR WOULD NEVER BE FRIENDS WITH A FOUL CREATURE SUCH AS YOU!
NOW STAND DOWN OR DIE, DRAGON!
NOT MY FRIEND? WHY... WHY WOULD YOU SAY THAT?
GAARGH
IF YOU'RE NOT MY FRIEND, THEN
THEN I THINK YOU SHOULD LEAVE MY PARTY


GGAAAAAGHHH!

HA! ADMIT IT! YOU'RE HAVING FUN NOW, AREN'T YOU, GOD OF THUNDER?
YOU'RE MAD! YOU'RE GOING TO KILL US BOTH, YOU DRUNKEN FOOL!

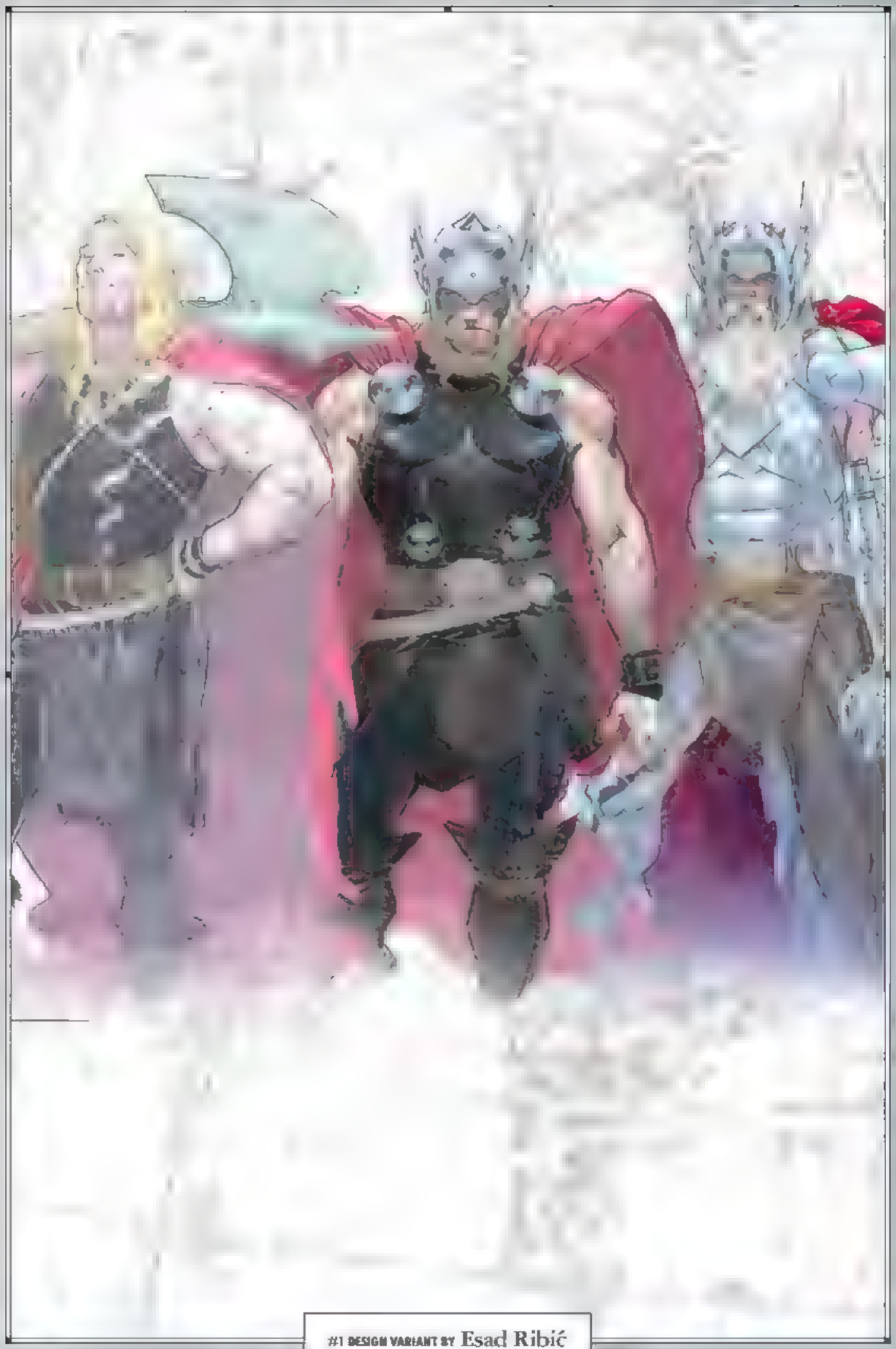
NONSENSE I'VE BEEN FLYING SINCE BEFORE YOU WERE
THE TREES! WATCH OUT FOR THE--

THAT WASN'T MY FAULT I JUST...
I ONLY WANTED TO HAVE SOME FUN
I'D SAY YOU'VE HAD QUITE ENOUGH!
WHAM!!!
OW! DON'T DO THAT! YOU'RE GONNA MAKE ME
BLAUUU RRR RGHH..
THIS ISN'T RIGHT! I WOULD NEVER HURT ANYONE! I'M NOT A MONSTER. I WOULD NEVER..
RRRRRRRGHH!!!!

SKABGAGG, LISTEN TO ME...
I MISSPOKE BEFORE, OUT OF ANGER. I AM YOUR FRIEND. AND AS YOUR FRIEND, I BEG OF YOU, ONE LAST TIME...
STOP THIS. BEFORE SOMEONE ELSE GETS HURT.
MOST LIKELY YOU.
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING. YOU'RE JUDGING ME, AREN'T YOU? YOU GODS, ALWAYS SO JUDGMENTAL
SKABGAGG, FOR THE LOVE OF--!
YES, I AM SKABGAGG
I AM SKABGAGG THE DRAGON! SON OF THE WINGED VIPERS FROM THE MOUNTAINS OF FIRE, WHO ATE THE FLESH OF THE FIRST MAN! WHO WERE ANCIENT WHEN THIS WORLD WAS NAUGHT BUT OCEANS OF FIRE!
I AM BROTHER TO NIDHOGG THE EATER OF THE TREE, AND JORMUNGAND THE MIDGARD SERPENT, WHO IS DESTINED TO BE YOUR DOOM COME THE DAY OF RAGNAROK!
I REFUSE TO BE JUDGED BY THE LIKES OF YOU, LITTLE ASGARDIAN!
BY YOU OR ANY OTHER DAMN GOD!
SO BE IT DRAGON.
HAVE AT ME THEN.
GGGGRRRRRGGGHHH!!!

Hours Later.
I'M GUESSING YOU COULD USE THIS.
THIS WASN'T YOUR FAULT, MY LORD. YOU DID WHAT HAD TO BE DONE
YOU SAVED THE LIVES OF MANY.
COME JOIN US IN THE VILLAGE YOU HELPED SAVE.
WE WILL DRINK AND SING SONGS OF YOUR MOST MASCULINE EXPLOITS.
WE WILL DINE LIKE GODS AND VIKINGS
PERHAPS SOME OTHER NIGHT MY LADY.
TOOTHGNASHER, TOOTHGRINDER, COME.

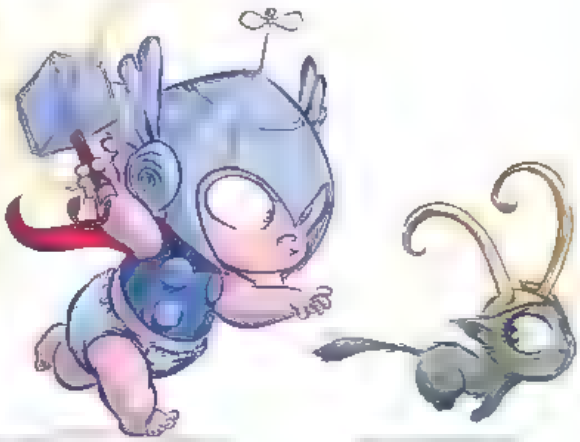
"LET'S GO HOME."
Next: The Last Days of Midgard!



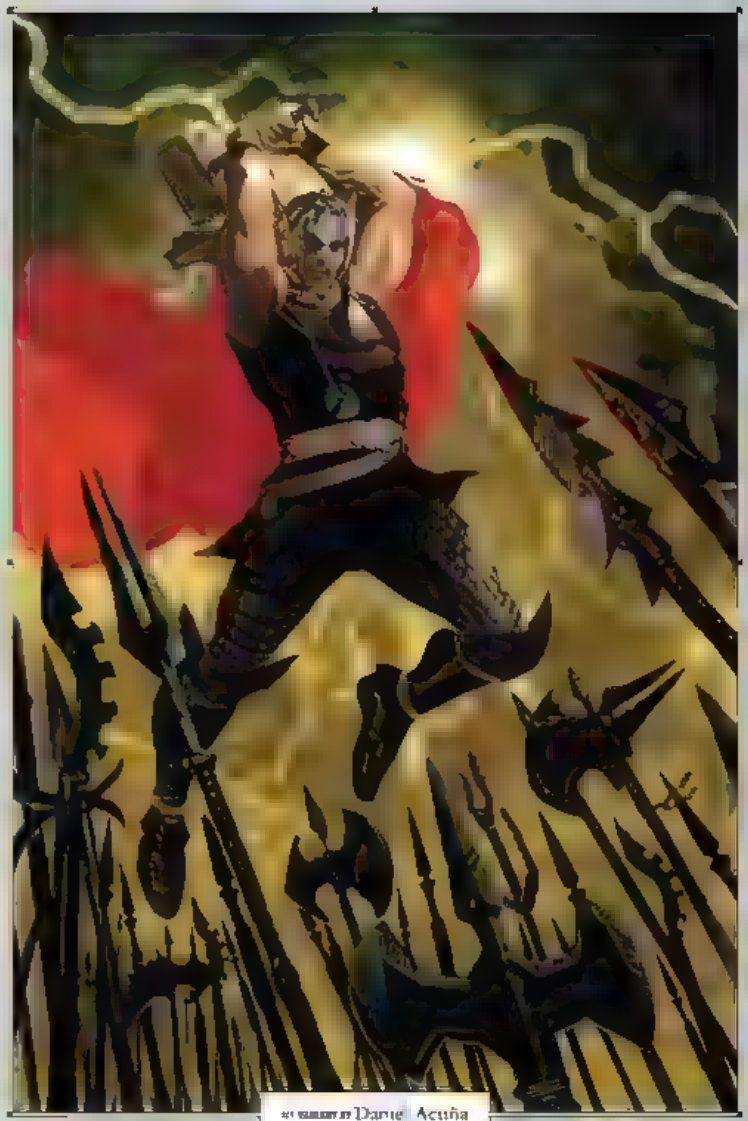
#1 DESIGN VARIANT BY Esad Ribić

#1 SKETCH VARIANT BY Joe Quesada & Danny Miki

#1 VARIANT BY Joe Quesada, Danny Miki & Richard Isanove

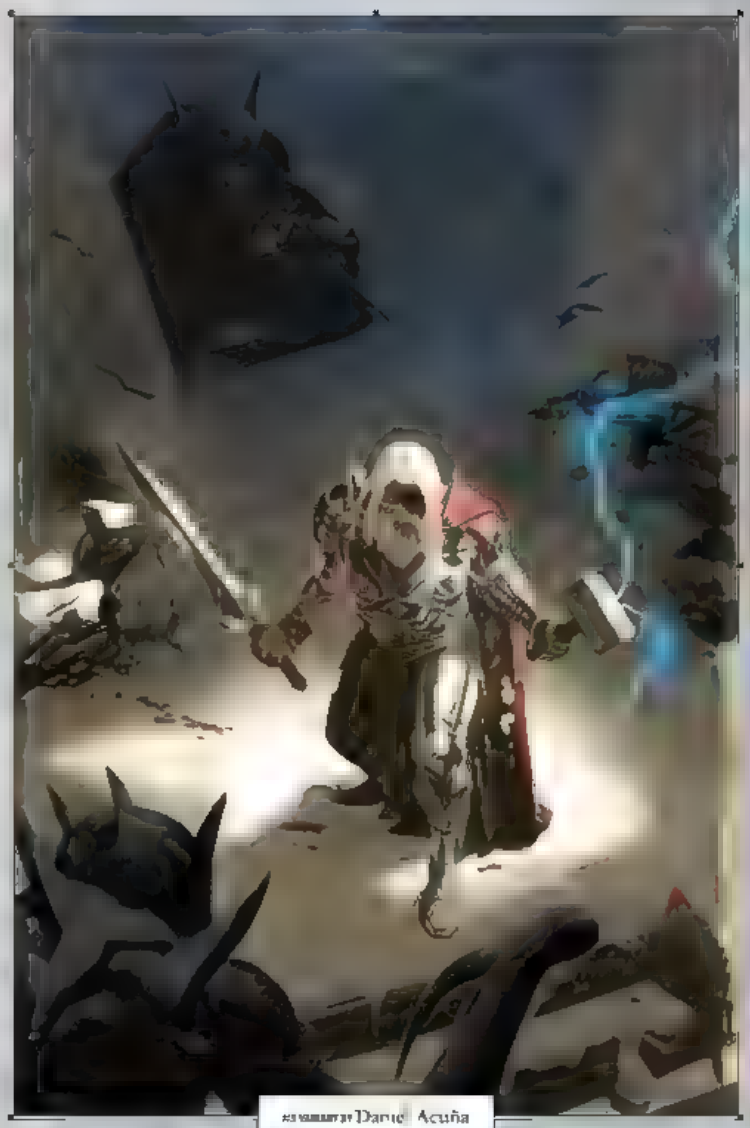


#1 VARIANT BY Skottie Young



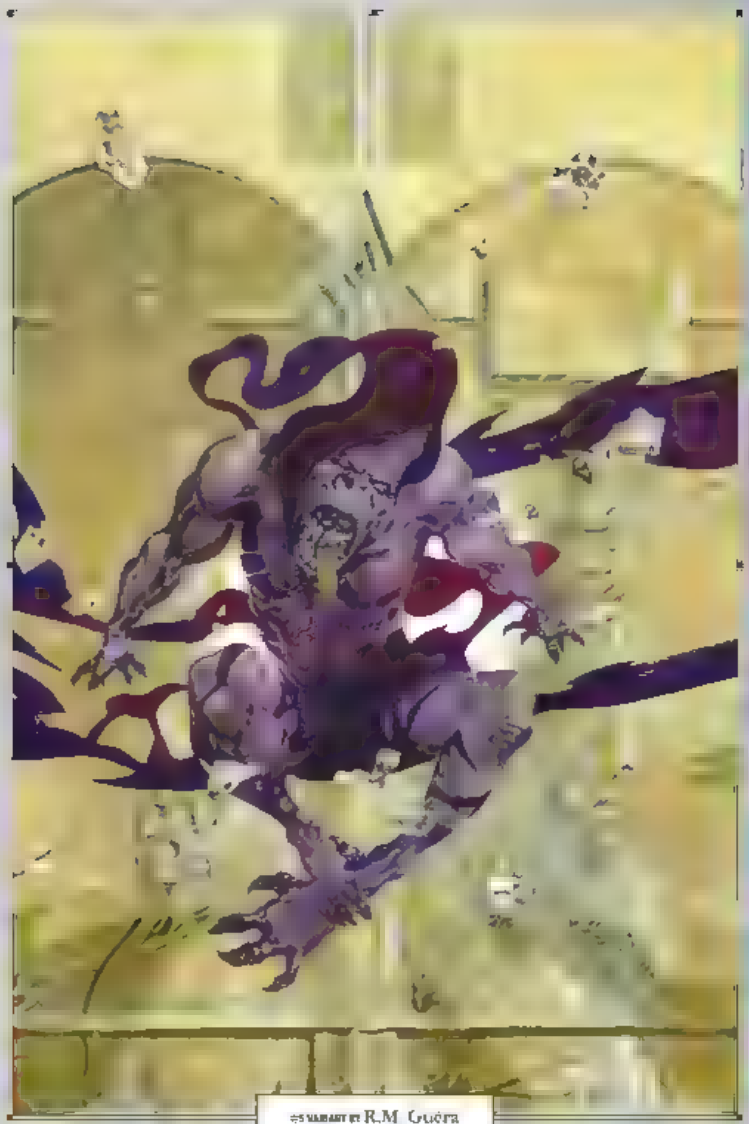
#1 VARIANT BY Dario Acuña

#2 variant by Daniel Acuña



#3 variant by Daniel Acuña

#4 VARIANT BY Olivier Coipel & Laura Martin



#5 VARIANT BY R.M. Guéra

#17 VARIANT ARMORS OF IRON MAN VARIANT BY Gabriele Dell'Otto

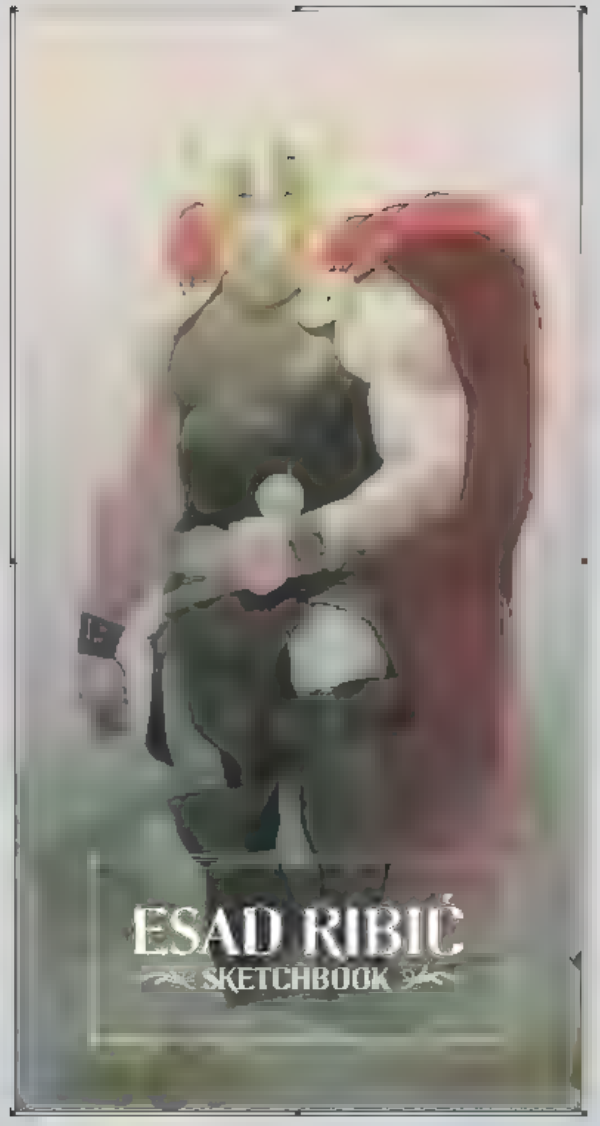
#13 VARIANT BY Walter Simonson & Paul Mounts

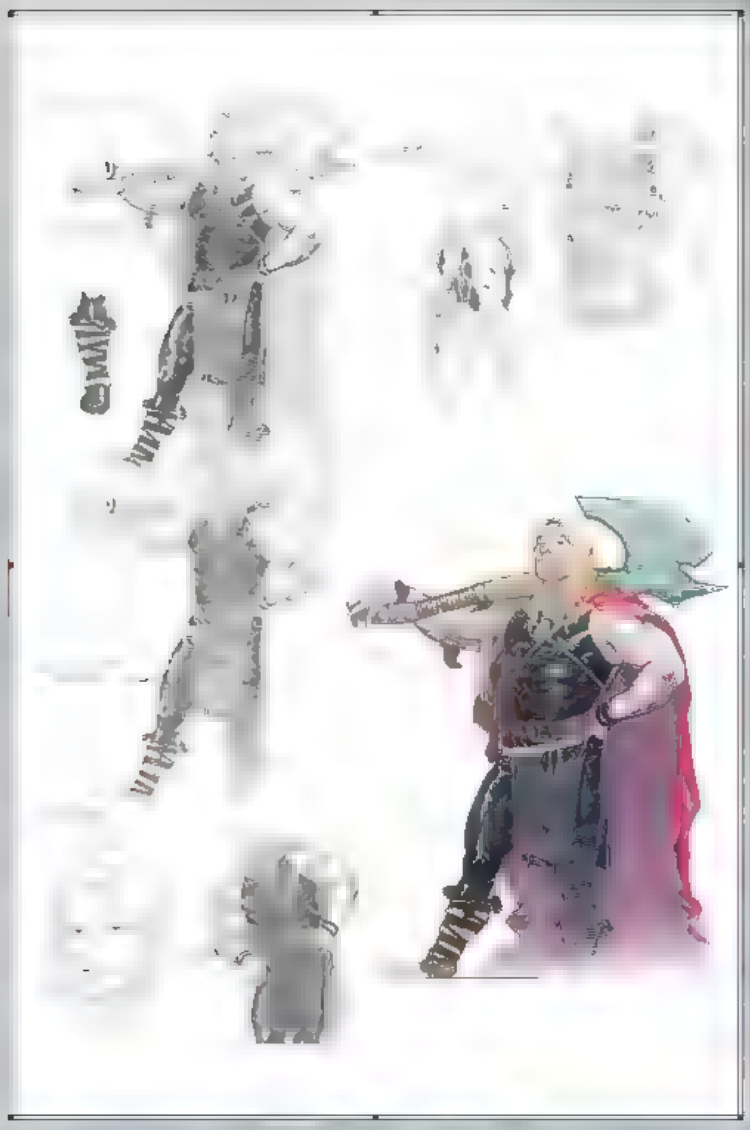
#15 MOVIE VARIANT

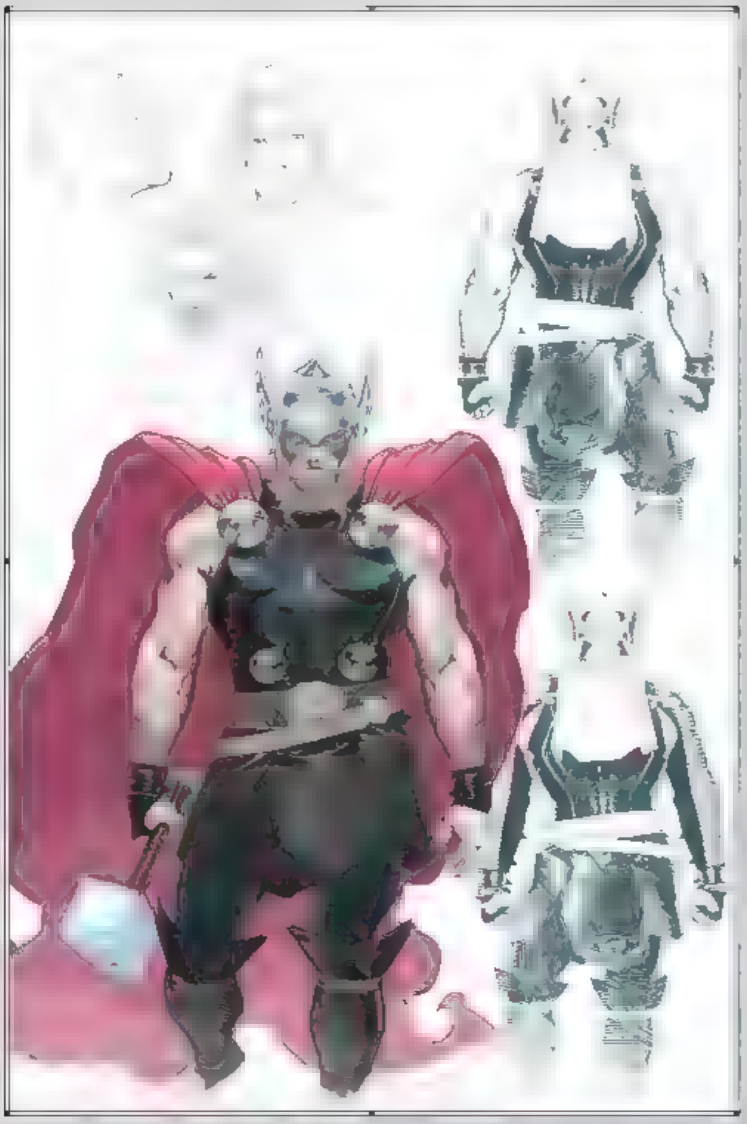
#14 1:50 VARIANT BY Leonel Castellani

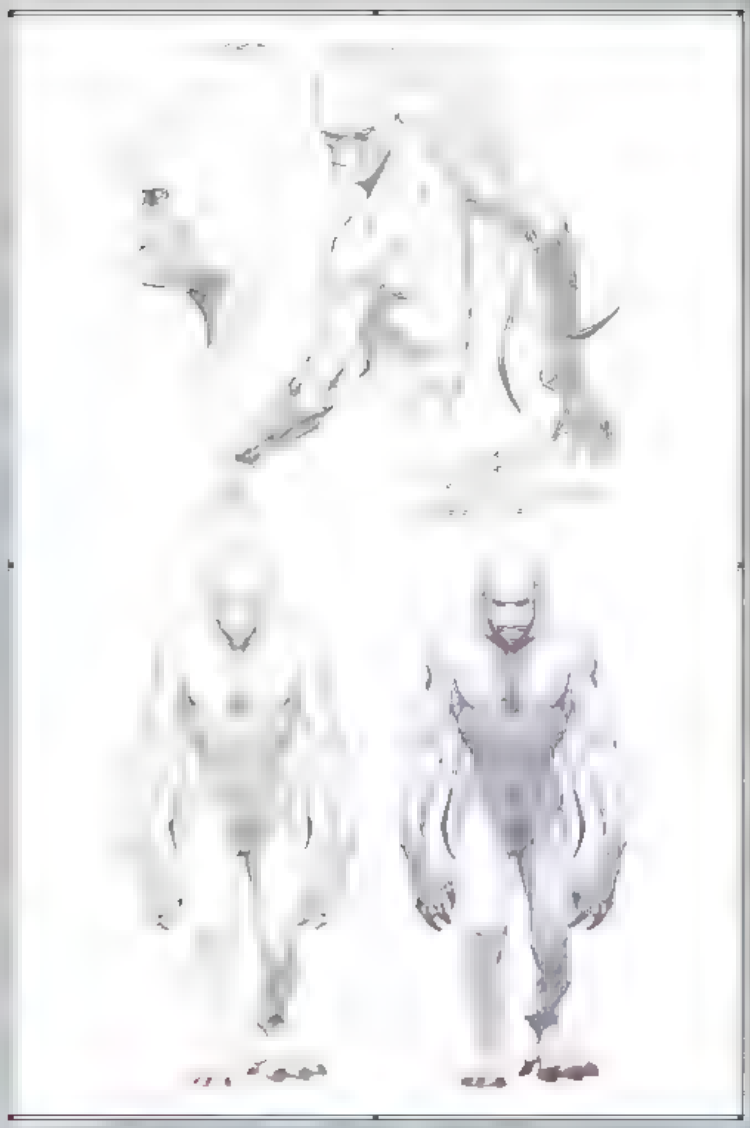
#14 THOR BATTLE VARIANT BY Dave Johnson

#14 SPECIAL VARIANT BY Humberto Ramos & Edgar Delgado

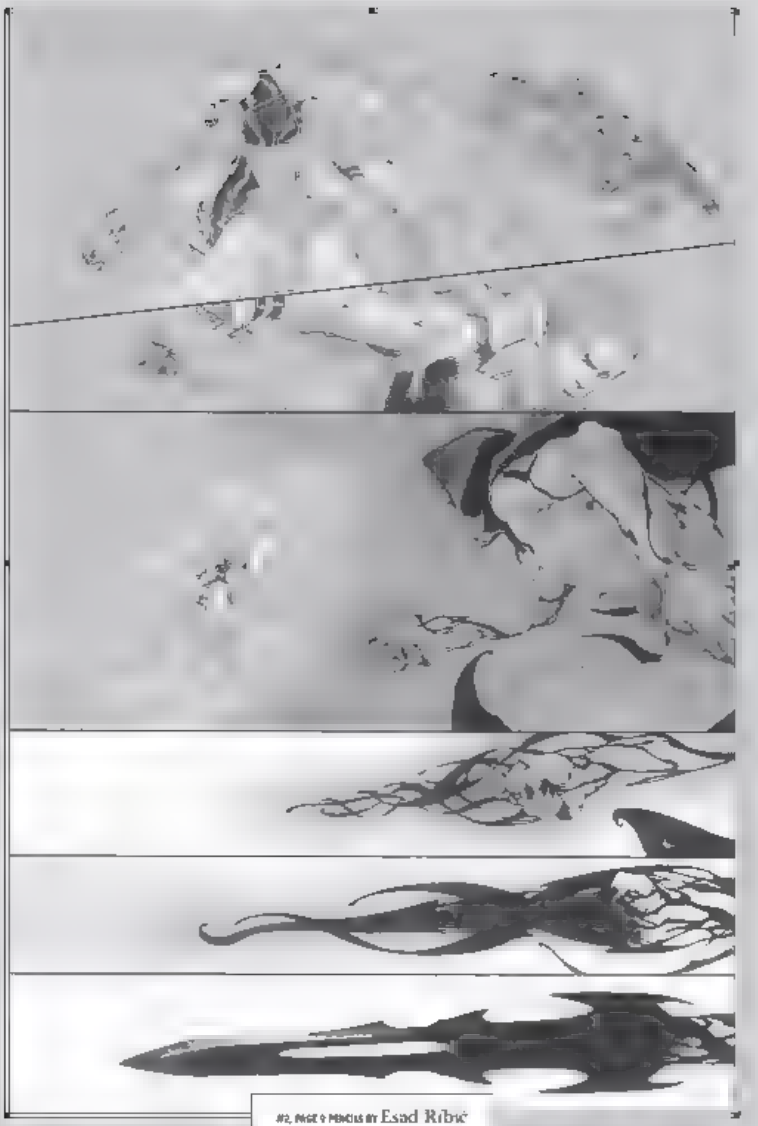

ESAD RIBIĆ
SKETCHBOOK





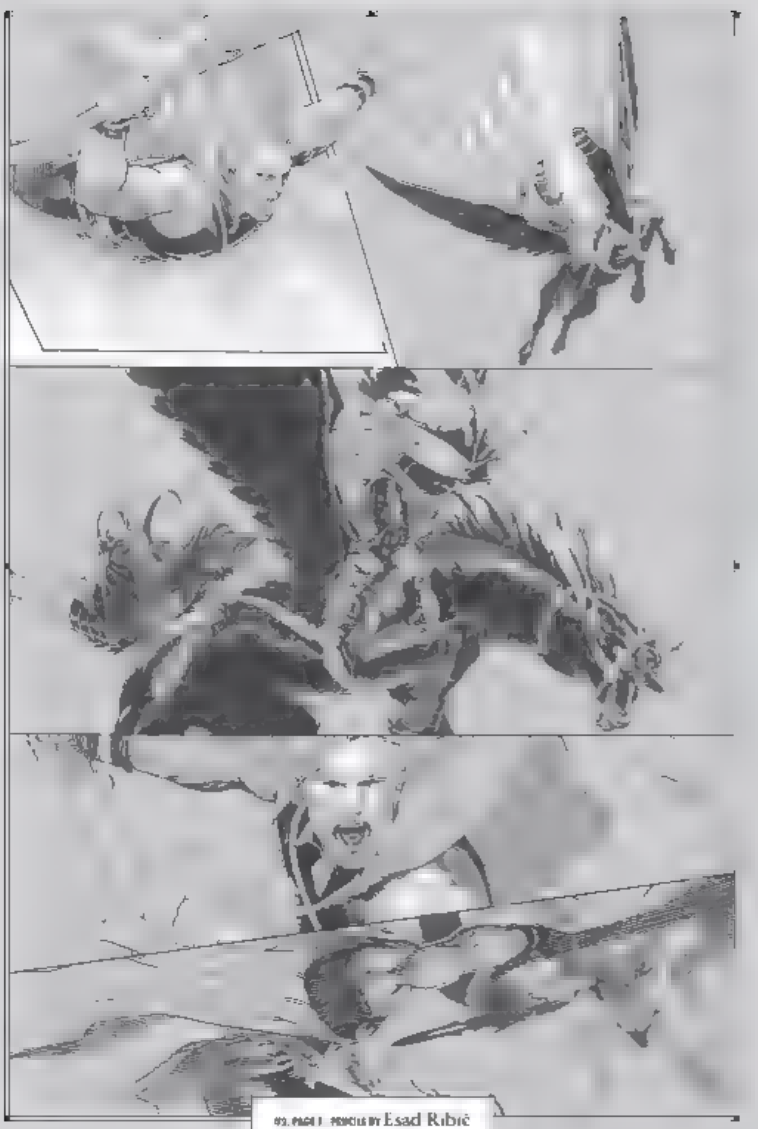


cover artwork by Esad Ribić



#2, PAGE 9 PENCILS BY Esad Ribić

#2, PAGE 10 PENCILS BY Esad Ribić

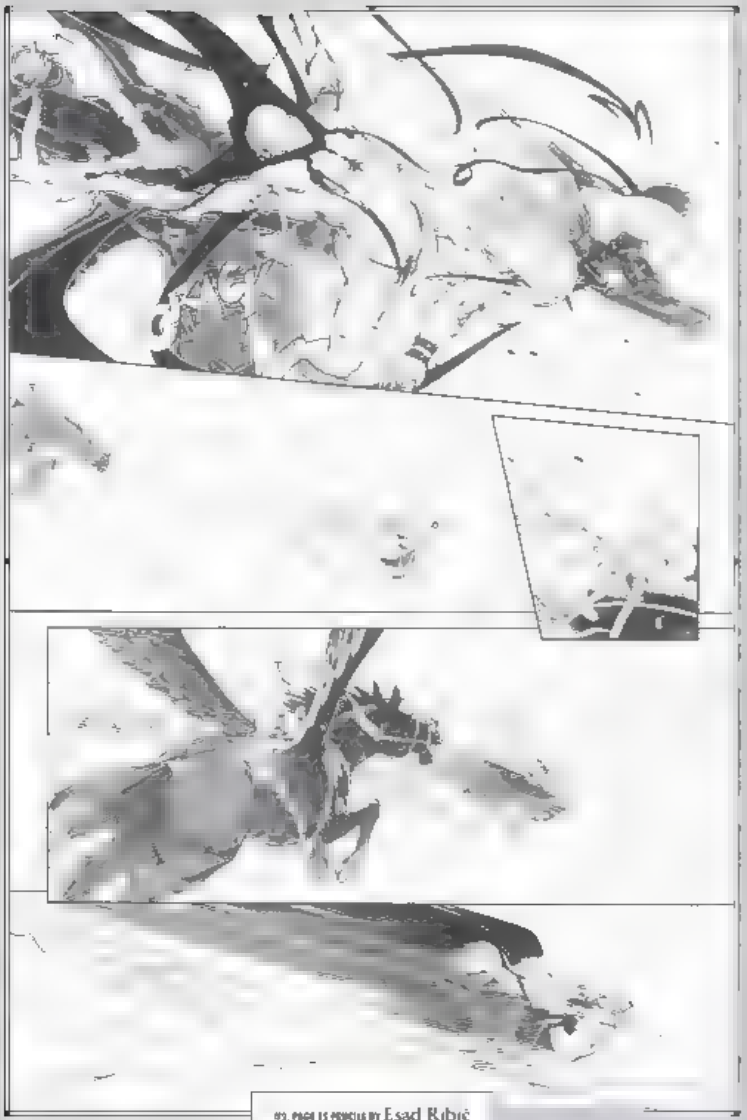


#2, PAGE 1 - PENCILS BY Esad Ribić

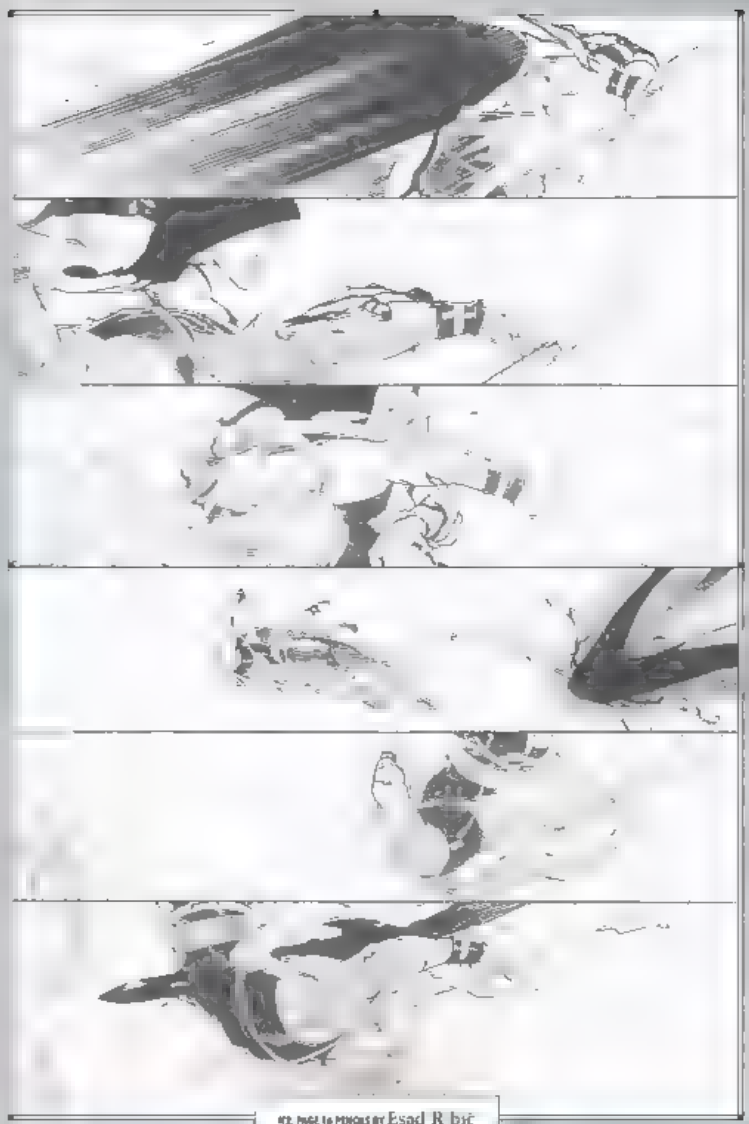
#2, PAGE 13 PENCILS BY Esad Ribic

#2, PAGE 13 PENCILS BY Esad Ribic

#2, PAGE 14 PENCILS BY Esad Ribić

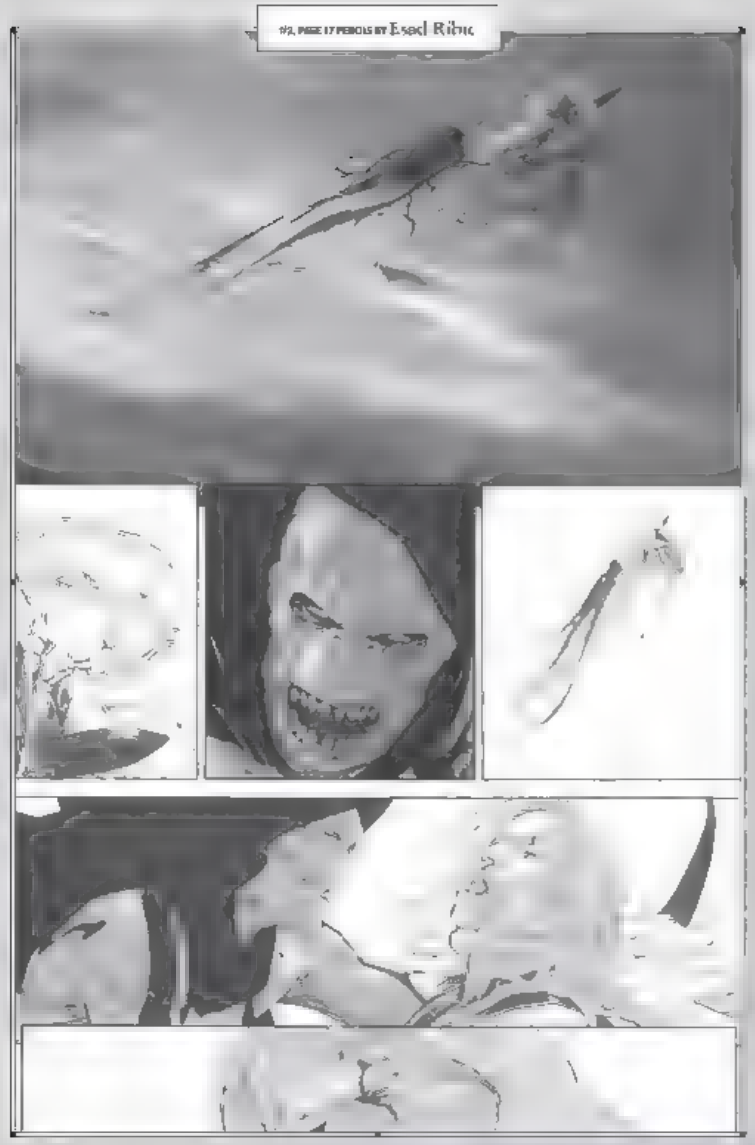


#2, PAGE 15 PENCILS BY Esad Ribić

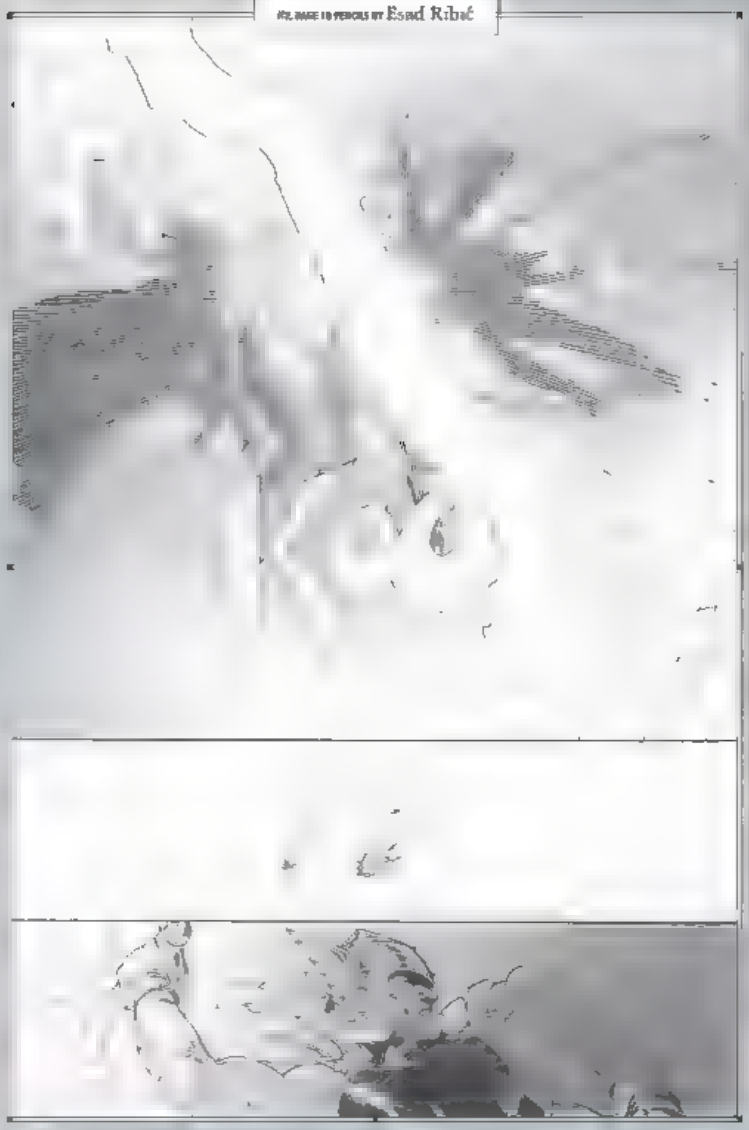


#2, PAGE 16 PENCILS BY Esad Ribić

#2, PAGE 17 PENCILS BY Esad Ribić



#2, PAGE 18 PENCILS BY Esad Ribić



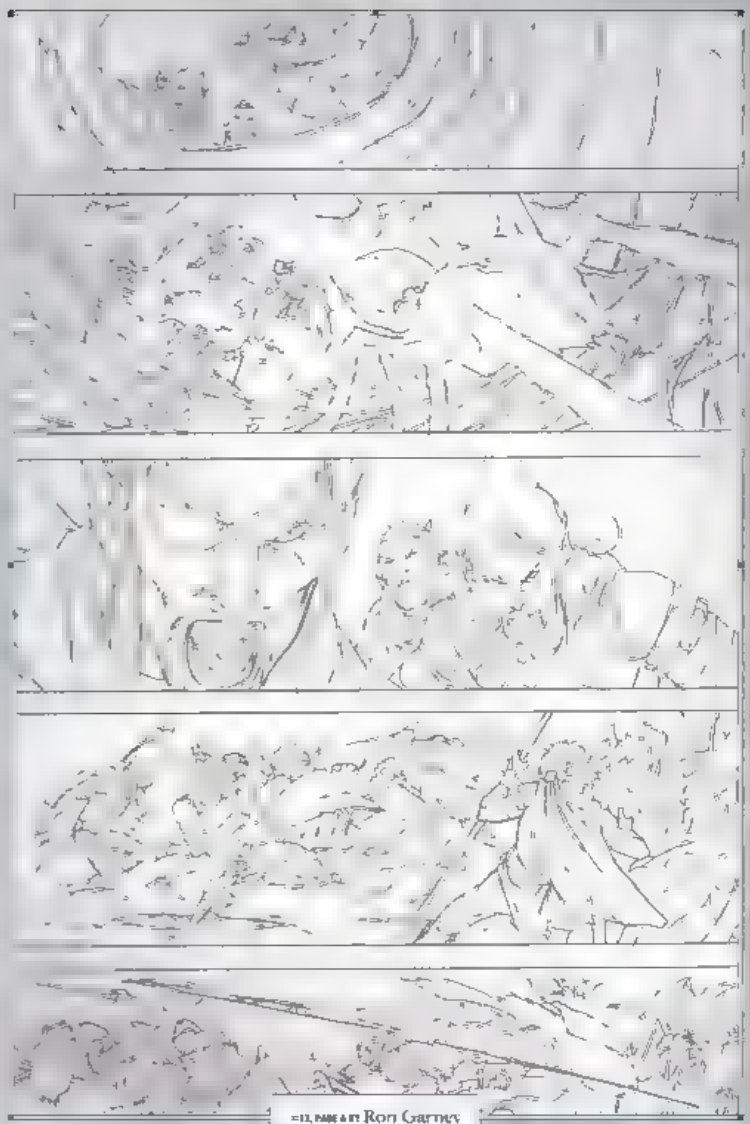
#4, page 15 by Butch Guice & Tom Palmer

#4, page 16 by Butch Guice & Tom Palmer

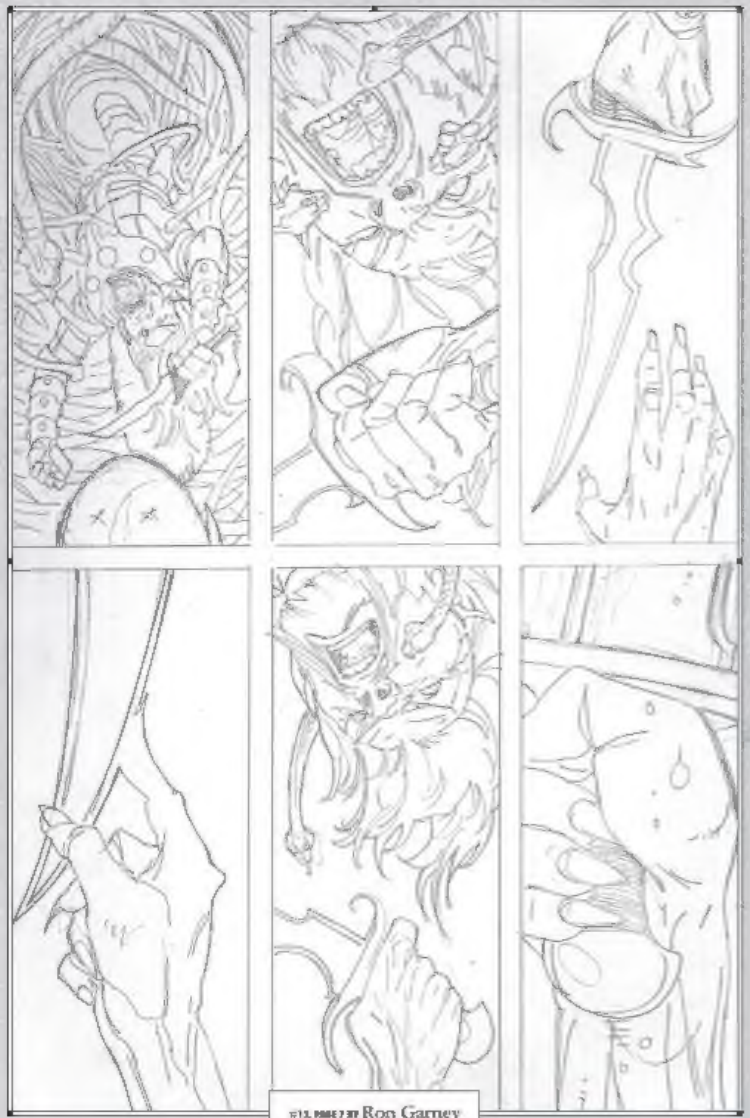
#4, page 11 by Butch Guice & Tom Palmer

#4, page 20 by Butch Guice & Tom Palmer

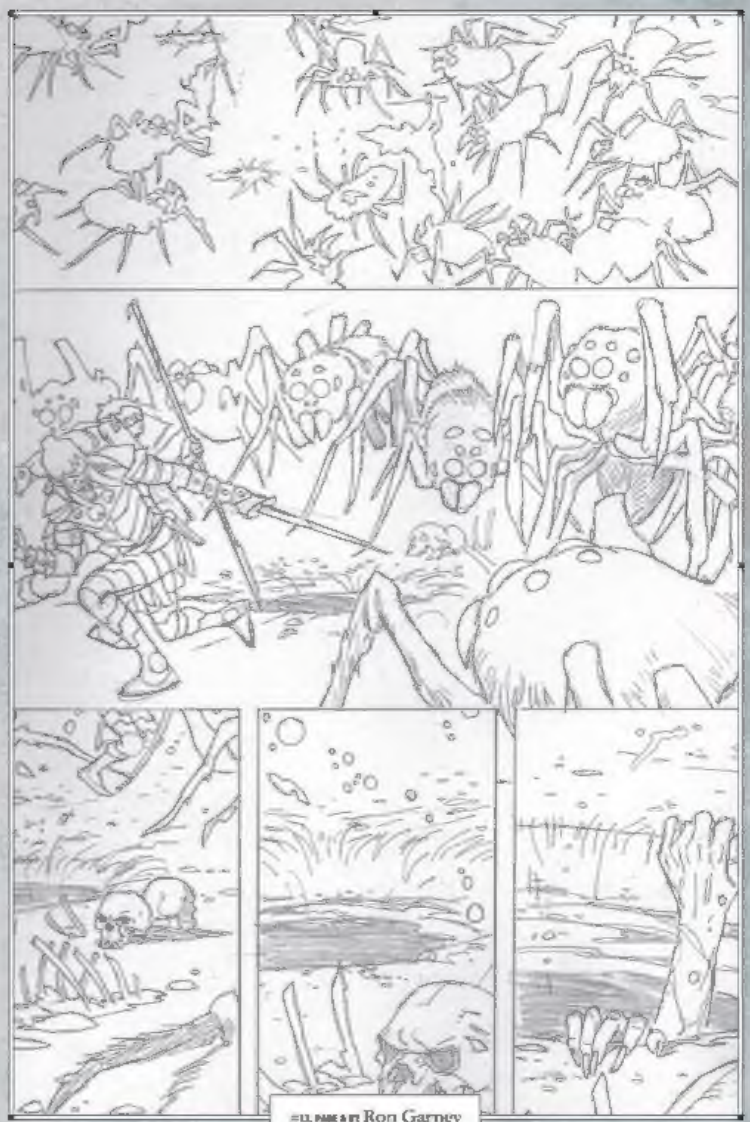
#3, page 5 by Ron Garney



#13, page 6 by Ron Garney



#13, PAGE 7 BY Ron Garney



#13, PAGE 8 BY Ron Garney

#13, PAGE 8 BY Ron Garney

A TRAIL OF BLOOD CONSUMES THOR'S PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE!

Throughout the ages, gods are vanishing — and Thor must unravel the gruesome mystery of Gorr the God Butcher! In the distant past, Thor discovers a cave that echoes with the cries of tortured gods. In the present, Thor follows the bloody wake of murdered gods across the depths of space. And millennia from now, the last god-king of Asgard makes his final stand. All three time-bending Thors must unite — but will it all be for naught if the massive Godbomb is triggered? Elsewhere, Malekith the Accursed makes his return! As the former lord of the Dark Elves begins a bloody rampage, Thor must find a new league of allies to aid him! And back on Midgard, what's going on with Dr. Jane Foster?

T+

MARVEL

COLLECTING *THOR: GOD OF THUNDER* #1-18 — WRITTEN BY JASON AARON; AND ILLUSTRATED BY ESAD RIBIĆ, BUTCH GUICE, NIC KLEIN, RON GARNEY, EMA LUPACCHINO AND DAS PASTORAS.

ZONE